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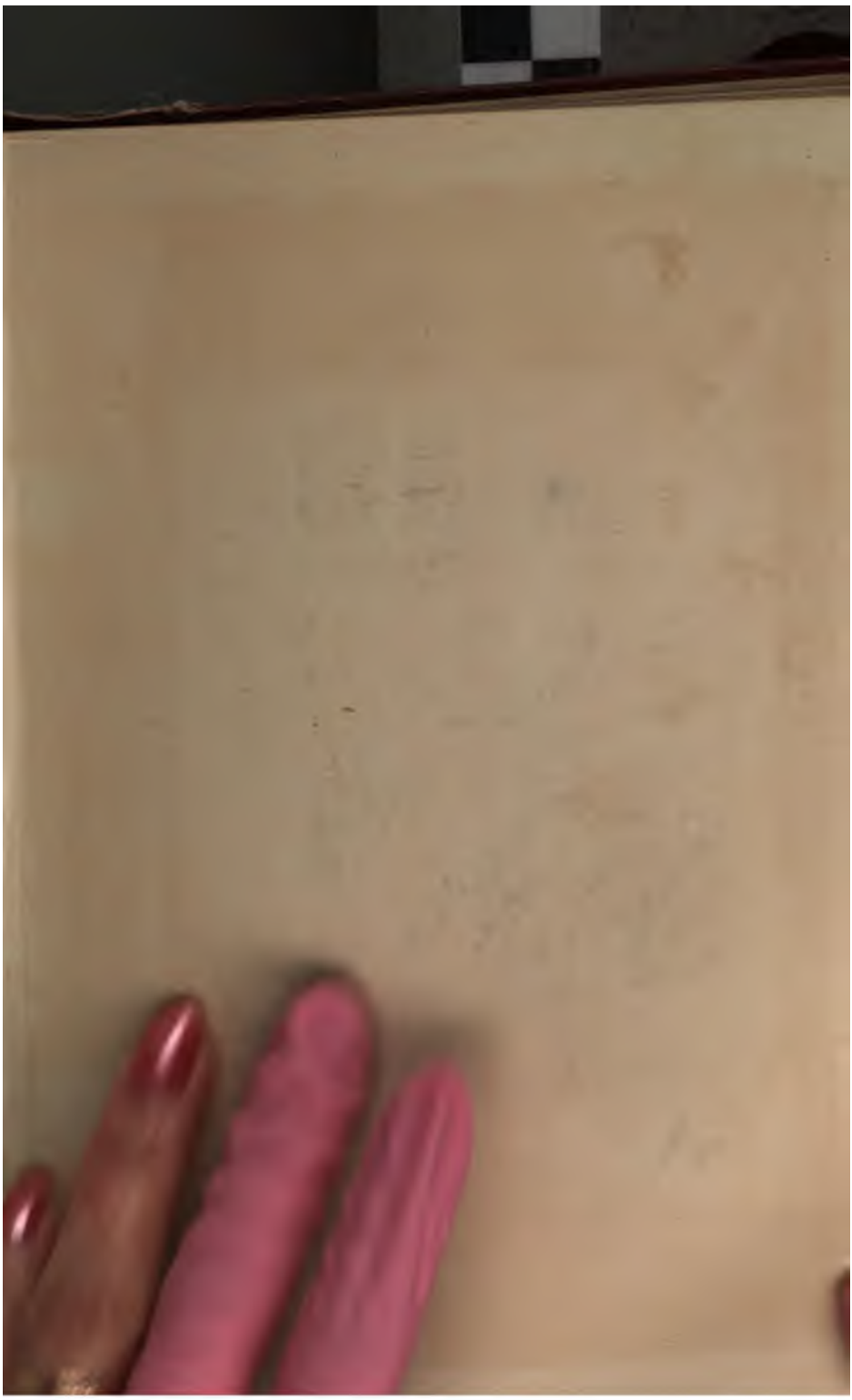

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A WIFE FOR A MONTH
THE LOVERS PROGRESS THE PILGRIM
THE CAPTAIN THE PROPHETESS

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A. R. WALLER, M.A.

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at the University Press
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A
Wife for a Month;
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Alphonso, *King of* Naples, *elder Brother to* Frederick.
Frederick, *unnatural and libidinous Brother to* Alphonso, *and usurper of his Kingdom.*
Sorano, *a Lord, Brother to* Evanthe, Frederick's *wicked instrument.*
Valerio, *a noble young Lord, servant to* Evanthe.
Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, } *three honest Court Lords.*
Rugio, *an honest Lord, friend to* Alphonso.
Marco, *a Frier,* Alphonso's *friend.*
Podramo, *a necessary creature to* Sorano.
Cupid, Graces, } *with other Masquers.*
Tonie, *King* Frederick's *Knavish fool.*
Castruccio, *Captain of the Cittadel, an honest man.*
Citizens.
Lawyer.
Physician.
Captain.
Cut-purse.
Fool.
Attendants.

WOMEN.

Queen, Wife to Frederick, *a vertuous Lady.*
Evanthe, *Sister to* Sorano, *the chaste Wife of* Valerio, *or a Wife for a Month.*
Cassandra, *an old Bawd, Waiting-woman to* Evanthe.
Ladies.
City-Wives.

The Scene Naples.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor. } { *Robert Benfield.*
Richard Robinson. } { *John Underwood.*
Nicholas Toolie. } { *George Birch.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter King Frederick, Sorano, Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, *and Attendants.*

Sor. WILL your Grace speak?
Fre. Let me alone, *Sorano*,
Although my thoughts seem sad, they are welcome to me.
Sor. You know I am private as your secret wishes,
Ready to fling my soul upon your service,
E're your command be on't.
Fre. Bid those depart.
Sor. You must retire my Lords.
Cam. What new design is hammering in his head now?
Cle. Let's pray heartily
None of our heads meet with it, my Wife's old,
That's all my comfort.
Men. Mine's ugly, that I am sure on,
And I think honest too, 'twould make me start else.
Cam. Mine's troubled in the Country with a Feaver,
And some few infirmities else; he looks again,
Come let's retire, certain 'tis some she-business,
This new Lord is imployed.
Val. I'le not be far off, because I doubt the cause. [*Ex.*
Fre. Are they all gone?
Sor. All but your faithful Servant.
Fre. I would tell thee,
But 'tis a thing thou canst not like. (Sir:
Sor. Pray ye speak it, is it my head? I have it ready for ye,
Is't any action in my power? my wit?
I care not of what nature, nor what follows.
Fre. I am in love.
Sor. That's the least thing of a thousand,
The easiest to atchieve.
Fre. But with whom, *Sorano*?
Sor. With whom you please, you must not be deny'd, Sir.
Fred. Say it be with one of thy Kinswomen.
Sor. Say withal,
I shall more love your Grace, I shall more honour ye,

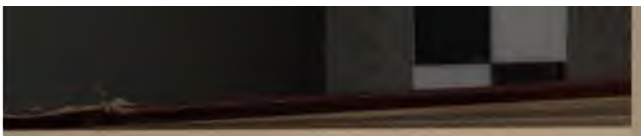
And would I had enough to serve your pleasure.
Fred. Why 'tis thy Sister then, the fair *Evanthe*,
I'le be plain with thee.
Sor. I'le be as plain with you, Sir,
She brought not her perfections to the world,
To lock them in a case, or hang 'em by her,
The use is all she breeds 'em for, she is yours, Sir.
Fred. Dost thou mean seriously?
Sor. I mean my Sister,
And if I had a dozen more, they were all yours:
Some Aunts I have, they have been handsome Women,
My Mother's dead indeed, and some few Cousins
That are now shooting up, we shall see shortly.
Fred. No, 'tis *Evanthe*.
Sor. I have sent my man unto her,
Upon some business to come presently
Hither, she shall come; your Grace dare speak unto her?
Large golden promises, and sweet language, Sir,
You know what they work, she is a compleat Courtier,
Besides I'le set in.
Fred. She waits upon my Queen,
What jealousie and anger may arise,
Incensing her?
Sor. You have a good sweet Lady,
A Woman of so even and still a temper,
She knows not anger; say she were a fury,
I had thought you had been absolute, the great King,
The fountain of all honours, plays and pleasures,
Your will and your commands unbounded also;
Go get a pair of Beads and learn to pray, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your servant stayes.
Sor. Bid him come hither, and bring the Lady with him.
Fred. I will woo her,
And either lose my self, or win her favour.
Sor. She is coming in.
Fred. Thy eyes shoot through the door,
They are so piercing, that the beams they dart
Give new light to the room.

Enter Podramo *and* Evanthe.

Evan. Whither dost thou go?
This is the Kings side, and his private lodgings,
What business have I here?
Pod. My Lord sent for ye.
Evan. His lodgings are below, you are mistaken,
We left them at the stair-foot.
Pod. Good sweet Madam.
Evan. I am no Counsellor, nor important Sutor,
Nor have no private business through these Chambers,
To seek him this way, o' my life thou art drunk,
Or worse than drunk, hir'd to convey me hither
To some base end; now I look on thee better,
Thou hast a bawdy face, and I abhor thee,
A beastly bawdy face, I'le go no further.
Sor. Nay shrink not back, indeed you shall good Sister,
Why do you blush? the good King will not hurt ye,
He honours ye, and loves ye.
Evan. Is this the business?
Sor. Yes, and the best you ever will arrive at if you be wise.
Evan. My Father was no bawd, Sir,
Nor of that worshipful stock as I remember.
Sor. [You] are a Fool.
Evan. You are that I shame to tell ye.
Fred. Gentle *Evanthe.*
Evan. The gracious Queen, Sir,
Is well and merry, Heaven be thanked for it,
And as I think she waits you in the Garden.
Fre. Let her wait there, I talk not of her Garden,
I talk of thee sweet Flower.
Evan. Your Grace is pleasant,
To mistake a Nettle for a Rose.
Fre. No Rose, nor Lilly, nor no glorious Hyacinth
Are of that sweetness, whiteness, tenderness,
Softness, and satisfying blessedness
As my *Evanthe.*
Evan. Your Grace speaks very feelingly,
I would not be a handsome wench in your way, Sir,
For a new Gown.



Fred. Thou art all handsomness,
Nature will be asham'd to frame another
Now thou art made, thou hast rob'd her of her cunning:
Each several part about thee is a beauty.
Sor. Do you hear this Sister?
Evan. Yes, unworthy Brother, but all this will not do.
Fred. But love *Evanthe.*
Thou shalt have more than words, wealth, ease, and honours,
My tender Wench.
Evan. Be tender of my credit,
And I shall love you, Sir, and I shall honour ye.
Fred. I love thee to enjoy thee, my *Evanthe*,
To give thee the content of love.
Evan. Hold, hold, Sir, ye are too fleet,
I have some business this way, your Grace can ne'r content.
Sor. You stubborn toy.
Evan. Good my Lord *Bawd* I thank ye.
Fre. Thou shalt not go believe me, sweet *Evanthe*,
So high I will advance thee for this favour,
So rich and potent I will raise thy fortune,
And thy friends mighty.
Evan. Good your Grace be patient,
I shall make the worst honourable wench that ever was,
Shame your discretion, and your choice.
Fred. Thou shalt not.
Evan. Shall I be rich do you say, and glorious,
And shine above the rest, and scorn all beauties,
And mighty in command?
Fred. Thou shalt be any thing.
Eva. Let me be honest too, and then I'le thank ye.
Have you not such a title to bestow too?
If I prove otherwise, I would know but this, Sir;
Can all the power you have or all the riches,
But tye mens tongues up from discoursing of me,
Their eyes from gazing at my glorious folly,
Time that shall come, from wondering at my impudence,
And they that read my wanton life from curses?
Can you do this? have ye this Magick in ye?
This is not in your power, though you be a Prince, Sir,
No more than evil is in holy Angels,

Nor I, I hope: get wantonness confirm'd
By Act of Parliament an honesty,
And so receiv'd by all, I'le hearken to ye.
Heaven guide your Grace.
Fred. *Evanthe*, stay a little,
I'le no more wantonness, I'le marry thee.
Evan. What shall the Queen do?
Fred. I'le be divorced from her.
Eva. Can you tell why? what has she done against ye?
Has she contrived a Treason 'gainst your Person?
Abus'd your bed? does disobedience urge ye?
Fred. That's all one, 'tis my will.
Evan. 'Tis a most wicked one,
A most absurd one, and will show a Monster;
I had rather be a Whore, and with less sin,
To your present lust, than Queen to your injustice.
Yours is no love, Faith and Religion fly it,
Nor has no taste of fair affection in it,
Some Hellish flame abuses your fair body,
And Hellish furies blow it; look behind ye,
Divorce ye from a Woman of her beauty,
Of her integrity, her piety?
Her love to you, to all that honours ye,
Her chaste and vertuous love, are these fit causes?
What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd ye?
You may find time out in eternity,
Deceit and violence in heavenly Justice,
Life in the grave, and death among the blessed,
Ere stain or brack in her sweet reputation.
Sor. You have fool'd enough, be wise now, and a woman,
You have shew'd a modesty sufficient,
If not too much for Court.
Evan. You have shew'd an impudence,
A more experienc'd bawd would blush and shake at;
You will make my kindred mighty.
Fred. Prethee hear me.
Evan. I do Sir, and I count it a great offer.
Fred. Any of thine.
Evan. 'Tis like enough you may clap honour on them,
But how 'twill sit, and how men will adore it,

Is still the question. I'le tell you what they'l say, Sir,
What the report will be, and 'twill be true too,
And it must needs be comfort to your Master,
These are the issues of her impudence:
I'le tell your Grace, so dear I hold the Queen,
So dear that honour that she nurs'd me up in,
I would first take to me, for my lust, a Moor,
One of your Gally-slaves, that cold and hunger,
Decrepit misery, had made a mock-man,
Than be your Queen.

Fred. You are bravely resolute.

Evan. I had rather be a Leper, and be shun'd,
And dye by pieces, rot into my grave,
Leaving no memory behind to know me,
Than be a high Whore to eternity.

Fre. You have another Gamester I perceive by ye,
You durst not slight me else.

Sor. I'le find him out,
Though he lye next thy heart hid, I'le discover him,
And ye proud peat, I'le make you curse your insolence.

Val. Tongue of an Angel, and the truth of Heaven,
How am I blest! [*Exit* Val.

Sor. *Podramo* go in hast
To my Sisters Gentlewoman, you know her well,
And bid her send her Mistris presently
The lesser Cabinet she keeps her Letters in,
And such like toyes, and bring it to me instantly. Away.

Pod. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queen with two Ladies.

Sor. The Queen.

Fred. Let's quit the place, she may grow jealous.
[*Ex.* Fred. Sorano.

Queen. So suddenly departed! what's the reason?
Does my approach displease his Grace? are my eyes
So hateful to him? or my conversation
Infected, that he flies me? Fair *Evanthe*,
Are you there? then I see his shame.

Evan. 'Tis true, Madam,
'Thas pleas'd his goodness to be pleasant with me.

Que. 'Tis strange to find thy modesty in this place,
Does the King offer fair? does thy face take him?
Ne'r blush *Evanthe*, 'tis a very sweet one,
Does he rain gold, and precious promises
Into thy lap? will he advance thy fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty, Wench?
Evan. Never mock, Madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At least reveng'd, I can be mighty Lady,
And glorious too, glorious and great, as you are.
Que. He will Marry thee?
Evan. Who would not be a Queen, Madam?
Que. 'Tis true *Evanthe*, 'tis a brave ambition,
A golden dream, that may delude a good mind,
What shall become of me?
Evan. You must learn to pray,
Your age and honour will become a Nunnery.
Que. Wilt thou remember me? [*Weeps.*
Evan. She weeps. Sweet Lady
Upon my knees I ask your sacred pardon,
For my rude boldness: and know, my sweet Mistris,
If e're there were ambition in *Evanthe*,
It was and is to do you faithful duties;
'Tis true I have been tempted by the King,
And with no few and potent charms, to wrong ye,
To violate the chaste joyes of your bed;
And those not taking hold, to usurp your state;
But she that has been bred up under ye,
And daily fed upon your vertuous precepts,
Still growing strong by example of your goodness,
Having no errant motion from obedience,
Flyes from these vanities, as meer illusions;
And arm'd with honesty, defies all promises.
In token of this truth, I lay my life down
Under your sacred foot, to do you service.
Que. Rise my true friend, thou vertuous bud of beauty,
Thou Virgins honour, sweetly blow and flourish,
And that rude nipping wind, that seeks to blast thee,
Or taint thy root, be curst to all posterity;
To my protection from this hour I take ye,

Yes, and the King shall know—
Evan. Give his heat way, Madam,
And 'twill go out again, he may forget all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.

Cam. What have we to do with the times? we cannot cure
Let 'em go on, when they are swoln with Surfeits ('em.
They'l burst and stink, then all the world shall smell 'em.
Cle. A man may live a bawd, and be an honest man.
Men. Yes, and a wise man too, 'tis a vertuous calling.
Cam. To his own Wife especially, or to his Sister,
The nearer to his own bloud, still the honester;
There want such honest men, would we had more of 'em.
Men. To be a villain is no such rude matter.
Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect,
Art makes all excellent: what is it, Gentlemen,
In a good cause to kill a dozen Coxcombs,
That blunt rude fellows call good Patriots?
Nothing, nor ne'r look'd after.
Men. 'Tis e'en as much, as easie too, as honest, and as clear,
To ravish Matrons, and deflower coy Wenches,
But here they are so willing, 'tis a complement.
Cle. To pull down Churches with pretension
To build 'em fairer, may be done with honour,
And all this time believe no gods. (angers,
Cam. I think so, 'tis faith enough if they name 'em in their
Or on their rotten Tombs ingrave an Angel;
Well, brave *Alphonso*, how happy had we been,
If thou had'st raign'd!
Men. Would I had his Disease,
Tyed like a Leprosie to my posterity,
So he were right again.
Cle. What is his Malady?
Cam. Nothing but sad and silent melancholy,
Laden with griefs and thoughts, no man knows why neither;
The good *Brandino* Father to the Princess
Used all the art and industry that might be,
To free *Alphonso* from this dull calamity,
And seat him in his rule, he was his eldest
And noblest too, had not fair nature stopt in him,

For which cause this was chosen to inherit,
Frederick the younger.
Cle. Does he use his Brother
With that respect and honour that befits him?
Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more ease and comfort to his sickness;
But he has honest servants, the grave *Rugio*,
And Fryar *Marco*, that wait upon his Person.
And in a Monastery he lives.
Men. 'Tis full of sadness,
To see him when he comes to his Fathers Tomb,
As once a day that is his Pilgrimage,
Whilst in Devotion, the Quire sings an Anthem:
How piously he kneels, and like a Virgin
That some cross Fate had cozen'd of her Love,
Weeps till the stubborn Marble sweats with pity,
And to his groans the whole Quire bears a *Chorus*.

Enter Frederick, Sorano, *with the Cabinet, and* Podramo.

Cam. So do I too. The King with his Contrivers,
This is no place for us. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Fred. This is a jewel,
Lay it aside, what paper's that?
Pod. A Letter,
But 'tis a womans, Sir, I know by the hand,
And the false Orthography, they write old Saxon.
Fred. May be her ghostly Mother's that instructs her.
Sor. No, 'tis a Cousins, and came up with a great Cake.
Fred. What's that?
Sor. A pair of Gloves the Dutchess gave her,
For so the outside says.
Fred. That other paper? (Saints and Crosses.
Sor. A Charm for the tooth-ach, here's nothing but
Fre. Look in that Box, methinks that should hold secrets.
Pod. 'Tis Paint, and curls of Hair, she begins to exercise.
A glass of Water too, I would fain taste it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill silence me,
Never a Conduit-Pipe to convey this water.
Sor. These are all Rings, Deaths-heads, and such *Memento's*
Her Grandmother, and worm-eaten Aunts left to her,

To tell her what her Beauty must arrive at.
Fred. That, that. (Ladies;
Pod. They are written songs, Sir, to provoke young Lord, here's a Prayer-Book, how these agree!
Here's a strange union. (Patient.
Sor. Ever by a surfeit you have a julep set to cool the
Fred. Those, those.
Sor. They are Verses to the blest *Evanthe.*
Fred. Those may discover,
Read them out, *Sorano.*

To the blest Evanthe.

Let those complain that feel Loves cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes,
With Roses gently has corected me,
My War is without rage or blows:
My Mistriss eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up enflam'd with her new fires.

No more an Exile will I dwell,
With folded arms, and sighs all day,
Reckoning the torments of my Hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away:
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My Mistriss smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her Eye?
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply?
A golden Give, a pleasing wrong:
To be your own but one poor Month, I'd give
My Youth, my Fortune, and then leave to live.

Fred. This is my Rival, that I knew the hand now.
Sor. I know it, I have seen it, 'tis *Valerio*'s,
That hopeful Gentlemans, that was brought up with ye,
And by your charge, nourish'd and fed
At the same Table, with the same allowance.
Fred. And all this courtesie to ruine me?
Cross my desires? 'had better have fed humblier,
And stood at greater distance from my fury:

Go for him quickly, find him instantly,
Whilst my impatient heart swells high with choler;
Better have lov'd despair, and safer kiss'd her. [*Ex. Lords.*

Enter Evanthe, *and* Cassandra.

Evan. Thou old weak fool, dost thou know to what end,
To what betraying end he got this Casket?
Durst thou deliver him without my Ring,
Or a Command from mine own mouth, that Cabinet
That holds my heart? you unconsiderate Ass,
You brainless Ideot.

Cas. I saw you go with him,
At the first word commit your Person to him,
And make no scruple, he is your Brothers Gentleman,
And for any thing I know, an honest man;
And might not I upon the same security deliver him a Box?

Evan. A Bottle-head.

Fred. You shall have cause to chafe, as I will handle it.

Evan. I had rather thou hadst delivered me to Pirats,
Betray'd me to uncurable diseases,
Hung up my Picture in a Market-place,
And sold me to wild Bawds.

Cas. As I take it, Madam,
Your maiden-head lies not in that Cabinet,
You have a Closer, and you keep the Key too,
Why are you vex'd thus?

Evan. I could curse thee wickedly,
And wish thee more deformed than Age can make thee,
Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to satisfie it,
Wait on thee still, nor sleep be found to ease it;
Those hands that gave the Casket, may the Palsie
For ever make unuseful, even to feed thee:
Long winters, that thy Bones may turn to Isicles,
No Hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee.
Is thy Care like thy Body, all one crookedness?
How scurvily thou cryest now! like a Drunkard,
I'll have as pure tears from a dirty spout;
Do, swear thou didst this ignorantly, swear it,
Swear and be damn'd, thou half Witch.

Cas. These are fine words, well Madam, Madam.

Evan. 'Tis not well, thou mummy,
'Tis impudently, basely done, thou durty—
Fred. Has your young sanctity done railing, Madam,
Against your innocent 'Squire? do you see this Sonnet,
This loving Script? do you know from whence it came too?
Evan. I do, and dare avouch it pure, and honest.
Fred. You have private Visitants, my noble Lady,
That in sweet numbers court your goodly Vertues,
And to the height of adoration.
Evan. Well, Sir,
There's neither Heresie nor Treason in it. (with ye;
Fred. A Prince may beg at the door, whilst these feast
A favour or a grace, from such as I am,

Enter Valerio, *and* Podramo.

Course common things. You are welcome; Pray come near
Do you know this paper? (Sir,
Val. I am betray'd; I do, Sir,
'Tis mine, my hand and heart, if I dye for her,
I am thy Martyr, Love, and time shall honour me.
Cas. You sawcy Sir, that came in my Ladies name,
For her gilt Cabinet, you cheating Sir too,
You scurvy Usher, with as scurvy legs,
And a worse face, thou poor base hanging holder,
How durst thou come to me with a lye in thy mouth?
An impudent lye?
Pod. Hollow, good *Gill*, you hobble.
Cas. A stinking lye, more stinking than the teller,
To play the pilfering Knave? there have been Rascals
Brought up to fetch and carry, like your Worship,
That have been hang'd for less, whipt they are daily,
And if the Law will do me right—
Pod. What then old Maggot?
Cas. Thy Mother was carted younger; I'll have thy hide,
Thy mangy hide, embroider'd with a dog-whip,
As it is now with potent Pox, and thicker.
Fred. Peace good Antiquity, I'll have your Bones else
Ground into Gunpowder to shoot at Cats with;
One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an almond,
There's no such cure for the she-falling sickness

As the powder of a dryed Bawds Skin, be silent.
You are very prodigal of your service here, Sir,
Of your life more it seems.
Val. I repent neither,
Because your Grace shall understand it comes
From the best part of Love, my pure affection,
And kindled with chaste flame, I will not flye from it,
If it be errour to desire to marry,
And marry her that sanctity would dote on,
I have done amiss, if it be a Treason
To graft my soul to Vertue, and to grow there,
To love the tree that bears such happiness;
Conceive me, Sir, this fruit was ne'r forbidden;
Nay, to desire to taste too, I am Traytor;
Had you but plants enough of this blest Tree, Sir,
Set round about your Court, to beautifie it,
Deaths twice so many, to dismay the approachers,
The ground would scarce yield Graves to noble Lovers.
Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd, you wish and pray to fortune,
Here in your Sonnet, and she has heard your prayers,
So much you dote upon your own undoing,
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,
Though at the expiring of that time you dye for't.
Val. I could wish many, many Ages, Sir,
To grow as old as Time in her embraces,
If Heaven would grant it, and you smile upon it;
But if my choice were two hours, and then perish,
I would not pull my heart back.
Fred. You have your wish,
To morrow I will see you nobly married,
Your Month take out in all content and pleasure;
The first day of the following Month you dye for't;
Kneel not, not all your Prayers can divert me;
Now mark your sentence, mark it, scornful Lady,
If when *Valerio*'s dead, within twelve hours,
For that's your latest time, you find not out
Another Husband on the same condition
To marry you again, you dye your self too.
Evan. Now you are merciful, I thank your Grace.
Fred. If when you are married, you but seek to 'scape

Out of the Kingdom, you, or she, or both,
Or to infect mens minds with hot commotions,
You dye both instantly; will you love me now, Lady?
My tale will now be heard, but now I scorn ye. [*Exit.*
[*Manent* Valerio, *and* Evanthe.

Evan. Is our fair love, our honest, our entire,
Come to this hazard? (for it,

Val. 'Tis a noble one, and I am much in love with malice
Envy could not have studied me a way,
Nor fortune pointed out a path to Honour,
Straighter and nobler, if she had her eyes;
When I have once enjoy'd my sweet *Evanthe*,
And blest my Youth with her most dear embraces,
I have done my journey here, my day is out,
All that the World has else is foolery,
Labour, and loss of time; what should I live for?
Think but mans life a Month, and we are happy.
I would not have my joys grow old for any thing;
A Paradise, as thou art, my *Evanthe*,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for human eyes, and then to wander from.
Come, do not weep, sweet, you dishonour me,
Your tears and griefs but question my ability,
Whether I dare dye; Do you love intirely?

Evan. You know I do.

Val. Then grudge not my felicity.

Evan. I'll to the Queen.

Val. Do any thing that's honest,
But if you sue to him, in Death I hate you. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.

Cam. WAS there ever heard of such a Marriage?

Men. Marriage and Hanging go by destiny,
'Tis the old Proverb, now they come together.

Cle. But a Month married, then to lose his life for't?
I would have a long Month sure, that pays the Souldiers.

Enter Tony *with Urinal.*

Cam. Or get all the Almanacks burnt, that were a rare
And have no Month remembred. How now *Tony*? (trick,
Whose water are you casting?

Tony. A sick Gentlemans,
Is very sick, much troubled with the Stone,
He should not live above a Month, by his Urine,
About St. *David*'s Day it will go hard with him,
He will then be troubled with a pain in his Neck too.

Men. A pestilent fool; when wilt thou marry, *Tony*?

Ton. When I mean to be hang'd, & 'tis the surer contract.

Cle. What think you of this Marriage of *Valerio*'s?

Tony. They have given him a hot Custard, and mean to burn his mouth with it; had I known he had been given to dye honourably, I would have helpt him to a Wench, a rare one, should have kill'd him in three weeks, and sav'd the sentence. (too.

Cam. There be them would have spared ten days of that

Tony. It may be so, you have Women of all Vertues:
There be some Guns that I could bring him too,
Some mortar-pieces that are plac'd i'th' Suburbs,
Would tear him into quarters in two hours,
There be also of the race of the old Cockatrices,
That would dispatch him with once looking on him.

Men. What Month wouldst thou chuse, *Tony*, if thou hadst the like Fortune?

Tony. I would chuse a mull'd sack-month, to comfort my Belly, for sure my Back would ake for't, and at the months end I would be most dismally drunk, & scorn the gallows.

Me. I would chuse *March*, for I would come in like a Lion.

To. But you'd go out like a Lamb when you went to hang-

Ca. I would take *April*, take the sweet o'th' year, (ing.
And kiss my Wench upon the tender flowrets,
Tumble on every Green, and as the Birds sung,
Embrace, and melt away my Soul in pleasure.

Tony. You would go a *Maying* gayly to the Gallows.

Cle. Prithee tell us some news.

Tony. I'll tell ye all I know,
You may be honest, and poor fools, as I am,

And blow your fingers ends.
Cam. That's no news, Fool. (knaves,
Tony. You may be knaves then when you please, stark
And build fair houses, but your heirs shall have none of 'em.
Men. These are undoubted.
Tony. Truth is not worth the hearing,
I'll tell you news then; There was a drunken Saylor,
That got a Mermaid with child as she went a milking,
And now she sues him in the Bawdy-Court for it,
The infant-Monster is brought up in *Fish-Street.*
Cam. I, this is something.
Tony. I'll tell you more, there was a Fish taken,
A monstrous Fish, with a sword by his side, a long sword,
A Pike in's Neck, and a Gun in's Nose, a huge Gun,
And letters of Mart in's mouth, from the Duke of *Florence.*
Cle. This is a monstrous lye.
Tony. I do confess it: ('em?
Do you think I would tell you truths, that dare not hear
You are honest things, we Courtiers scorn to converse with.
[*Exit.*
Cam. A plaguey fool: but let's consider, Gentlemen,
Why the Queen strives not to oppose this sentence,
The Kingdoms honour suffers in this cruelty.
Men. No doubt the Queen, though she be vertuous,
Winks at the Marriage, for by that only means
The Kings flame lessens to the youthful Lady,
If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt not,
She hopes to rock asleep his anger also;
Shall we go see the preparation?
'Tis time, for strangers come to view the wonder. (dings.
Cam. Come, let's away, send my friends happier wed
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Evanthe.

Queen. You shall be merry, come, I'll have it so,
Can there be any nature so unnoble?
Or anger so inhumane to pursue this?
Evan. I fear there is.
Queen. Your fears are poor and foolish,
Though he be hasty, and his anger death,

His will like torrents, not to be resisted,
Yet Law and Justice go along to guide him;
And what Law, or what Justice can he find
To justifie his Will? what Act or Statute,
By Humane, or Divine establishment,
Left to direct us, that makes Marriage death?
Honest fair Wedlock? 'twas given for encrease,
For preservation of Mankind I take it;
He must be more than man then that dare break it.
Come, dress ye handsomely, you shall have my jewels,
And put a face on that contemns base fortune,
'Twill make him more insult to see you fearful,
Outlook his anger.

Evan. O my *Valerio*!
Be witness my pure mind, 'tis thee I grieve for.

Queen. But shew it not, I would so crucifie him
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,
A brave strong pious scorn, that I would shake him;
Put all the wanton *Cupids* in thine eyes,
And all the graces on that nature gave thee,
Make up thy beauty to that height of excellence,
I'll help thee, and forgive thee, as if *Venus*
Were now again to catch the god of War,
In his most rugged anger, when thou hast him,
(As 'tis impossible he should resist thee)
And kneeling at thy conquering feet for mercy,
Then shew thy Vertue, then again despise him,
And all his power, then with a look of honour
Mingled with noble chastity, strike him dead.

Evan. Good Madam dress me,
You arm me bravely.

Queen. Make him know his cruelty
Begins with him first, he must suffer for it,
And that thy sentence is so welcome to thee,
And to thy noble Lord, you long to meet it.
Stamp such a deep impression of thy Beauty
Into his soul, and of thy worthiness,
That when *Valerio* and *Evanthe* sleep
In one rich earth, hung round about with blessings,
He may run mad, and curse his act; be lusty,

I'll teach thee how to dye too, if thou fear'st it.
Ev. I thank your Grace, you have prepar'd me strongly,
And my weak mind.
Queen. Death is unwelcome never,
Unless it be to tortur'd minds and sick souls,
That make their own Hells; 'tis such a benefit
When it comes crown'd with honour, shews so sweet too!
Though they paint it ugly, that's but to restrain us,
For every living thing would love it else,
Fly boldly to their peace ere Nature call'd 'em;
The Rest we have from labour, and from trouble
Is some Incitement, every thing alike,
The poor Slave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his Master, in that Tomb
The Earth as light upon him, and the flowers
That grow about him, smell as sweet, and flourish.
But when we love with honour to our ends,
When Memory and Vertue are our Mourners;
What pleasure's there! they are infinite, *Evanthe*;
Only, my vertuous Wench, we want our senses,
That benefit we are barr'd, 'twould make us proud else,
And lazy to look up to happier life,
The Blessings of the people would so swell us.
Evan. Good Madam, dress me, you have drest my soul,
The merriest Bride I'll be for all this misery,
The proudest to some Eyes too.
Queen. 'Twill do better, come, shrink no more.
Evan. I am too confident. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frederick, *and* Sorano.

Sor. You are too remiss and wanton in your angers,
You mold things handsomely; and then neglect 'em;
A powerful Prince should be constant to his power still,
And hold up what he builds, then People fear him:
When he lets loose his hand it shews a weakness,
And men examine or contemn his greatness:
A scorn of this high kind should have call'd up
A revenge equal, not a pity in you.
Fred. She is thy Sister.
Sor. And she were my Mother,

Whilst I conceive 'tis you she has wrong'd, I hate her,
And shake her nearness off; I study, Sir,
To satisfie your angers that are just,
Before your pleasures.
Fred. I have done that already,
I fear has pull'd too many curses on me.
Sor. Curses or envies, on *Valerio*'s head,
Would you take my counsel, Sir, they should all light,
And with the weight not only crack his scull,
But his fair credit; the exquisite vexation
I have devis'd, so please you give way in't,
And let it work, shall more afflict his soul,
And trench upon that honour that he brags of,
Than fear of Death in all the frights he carries;
If you sit down here they will both abuse ye,
Laugh at your poor relenting power, and scorn ye.
What satisfaction can their deaths bring to you,
That are prepar'd, and proud to dye, and willingly,
And at their ends will thank you for that honour?
How are you nearer the desire you aim at?
Or if it be revenge your anger covets,
How can their single deaths give you content, Sir?
Petty revenges end in blood, sleight angers,
A Princes rage should find out new diseases,
Death were a pleasure too, to pay proud fools with.
Fred. What should I do?
Sor. Add but your power unto me,
Make me but strong by your protection,
And you shall see what joy, and what delight,
What infinite pleasure this poor Month shall yield him.
I'll make him wish he were dead on his Marriage-day,
Or bed-rid with old age, I'll make him curse,
And cry and curse, give me but power.
Fred. You have it,
Here, take my Ring, I am content he pay for't.
Sor. It shall be now revenge, as I will handle it,
He shall live after this to beg his life too,
Twenty to one by this thread, as I'll weave it,
Evanthe shall be yours.
Fred. Take all authority, and be most happy.

Sor. Good Sir, no more pity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, *three Citizens, and three Wives.*

1 *Wife.* Good Master *Tony*, put me in.

Tony. Where do you dwell? (Mutton.

1 *Wife.* Forsooth, at the sign of the great Shoulder of

Ton. A hungry man would hunt your house out instantly,
Keep the Dogs from your door; Is this Lettice Ruff your
Husband? a fine sharp sallet to your sign.

2 *Wife.* Will you put me in too?

3 *Wife.* And me, good Master *Tony.*

Tony. Put ye all in? you had best come twenty more; you
Think 'tis easie, a trick of legerdemain, to put ye all in,
'Twould pose a fellow that had twice my body,
Though it were all made into chines and fillets.

2 *Wi.* Put's into th' wedding, Sir, we would fain see that.

1 *Wife.* And the brave Masque too.

To. You two are pretty women, are you their husbands?

2 *Citiz.* Yes, for want of better.

Tony. I think so too, you would not be so mad else
To turn 'em loose to a company of young Courtiers,
That swarm like Bees in *May*, when they see young wen-
You must not squeak. (ches;

3 *Wife.* No Sir, we are better tutor'd.

Tony. Nor if a young Lord offer you the courtesie—

2 *Wife.* We know what 'tis, Sir.

Tony. Nor you must not grumble,
If you be thrust up hard, we thrust most furiously.

1 *Wife.* We know the worst.

Tony. Get you two in then quietly,
And shift for your selves; we must have no old women,
They are out of use, unless they have petitions,
Besides they cough so loud they drown the Musick.
You would go in too, but there is no place for ye?
I am sorry for't, go and forget your wives,
Or pray they may be able to suffer patiently.
You may have Heirs may prove wise Aldermen,
Go, or I'le call the Guard.

3 *Citi.* We will get in, we'l venture broken pates else.
[*Ex. Citiz. and Women.*

Tony. 'Tis impossible,
You are too securely arm'd; how they flock hither,
And with what joy the women run by heaps
To see this Marriage! they tickle to think of it,
They hope for every month a husband too;
Still how they run, and how the wittals follow 'em,
The weak things that are worn between the leggs,
That brushing, dressing, nor new naps can mend,
How they post to see their own confusion!
This is a merry world.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Look to the door Sirrah,
Thou art a fool, and may'st do mischief lawfully.
Tony. Give me your hand, you are my Brother fool,
You may both make the Law, and marr it presently.
Do you love a wench?
Fred. Who does not, fool? (marry her.
Tony. Not I, unless you will give me a longer lease to
Fre. What are all these that come, what business have they?
Tony. Some come to gape, those are my fellow fools;
Some to get home their wives, those be their own fools;
Some to rejoyce with thee, those be the times fools;
And some I fear to curse thee, those are poor fools,

Enter Cassand[ra], *an old Lady passing over.*

A set people call them honest. Look, look King, look,
A weather-beaten Lady new caresn'd.
Fred. An old one.
Tony. The glasses of her eyes are new rub'd over,
And the worm-eaten records in her face are daub'd up neatly?
She layes her breasts out too, like to poch'd eggs
That had the yelks suckt out; they get new heads also,
New teeth, new tongues, for the old are all worn out,
And as 'tis hop'd, new tayls.
Fred. For what?
Tony. For old Courtiers,
The young ones are too stirring for their travels.
Fred. Go leave your knavery, and help to keep the door
I will have no such press. (well,

Tony. Lay thy hand o'thy heart King.
Fred. I'le have ye whipt.
Tony. The fool and thou art parted. [*Exit.*
Fred. *Sorano* work, and free me from this spell,
'Twixt love and scorn there's nothing felt but hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, *and Servants.*

Val. Tye on my Scarf, you are so long about me,
Good my Lords help, give me my other Cloak,
That Hat and Feather, Lord what a Taylor's this,
To make me up thus straight! one sigh would burst me,
I have not room to breath, come button, button,
Button, apace.
Cam. I am glad to see you merry Sir.
Val. 'Twould make you merry had you such a wife,
And such an age to injoy her in.
Men. An age Sir?
Val. A moneth's an age to him that is contented,
What should I seek for more? give me my sword.
Ha my good Lords, that every one of you now
Had but a Lady of that youth and beauty
To bless your selves this night with, would ye not?
Pray ye speak uprightly.
Cle. We confess ye happy,
And we could well wish such another Banquet,
But on that price my Lord—
Val. 'Twere nothing else,
No man can ever come to aim at Heaven,
But by the knowledge of a Hell. These shooes are heavy,
And if I should be call'd to dance they'l clog me,
Get me some pumps; I'le tell ye brave *Camillo*,
And you dear friends, the King has honour'd me,
Out of his gracious favour has much honour'd me,
To limit me my time, for who would live long?
Who would be old? 'tis such a weariness,
Such a disease, that hangs like lead upon us.
As it increases, so vexations,
Griefs of the minde, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrhs, we are but our living coffins;

Besides, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,
Which shews all honour is departed from us,
And we are Earth again.
Cle. You make fair use Sir.
Val. I would not live to learn to lye *Cleanthes*
For all the world, old men are prone to that too;
Thou that hast been a Souldier, *Menallo*,
A noble Souldier, and defied all danger,
Adopted thy brave arm the heir to victory,
Would'st thou live so long till thy strength forsook thee?
Till thou grew'st only a long tedious story
Of what thou hadst been? till thy sword hang by,
And lazie Spiders fill'd the hilt with cobwebs?
Men. No sure, I would not.
Val. 'Tis not fit ye should,
To dye a young man is to be an Angel,
Our great good parts put wings unto our souls:
We'l have a rouse before we go to bed friends,
Pray ye tell me, is't a hansome Mask we have?
Cam. We understand so.
Val. And the young gent. dance?
Cle. They do Sir, and some dance well.
Val. They must before the Ladies,
We'l have a rouse before we go to bed friends,
A lusty one, 'twill make my blood dance too. [*Musick.*
Cam. Ten if you please.
Val. And we'l be wondrous merry,
They stay sure, come, I hear the Musick forward,
You shall have all Gloves presently. [*Exit.*
Men. We attend Sir, but first we must look to th'
Doors. [*Knocking within.*
The King has charged us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* What a noise do you keep there? call my fellows
O' the Guard; you must cease now untill the King be
Enter'd, he is gone to th' Temple now.
2 *Serv.* Look to that back door, and keep it fast,
They swarm like Bees about it.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, Tony *following.*

Cam. Keep back those Citizens, and let their wives in,
Their handsome wives.

Tony. They have crowded me to Verjuyce,
I sweat like a Butter-box.

1 *Serv.* Stand further off there.

Men. Take the women aside, and talk with 'em in private,
Give 'em that they came for.

Tony. The whole Court cannot do it;
Besides, the next Mask if we use 'em so,
They'l come by millions to expect our largess;
We have broke a hundred heads.

Cle. Are they so tender?

Ton. But 'twas behind, before they have all murrions.

Cam. Let in those Ladies, make 'em room for shame there.

Ton. They are no Ladies, there's one bald before 'em,
A gent. bald, they are curtail'd queans in hired clothes,
They come out of *Spain* I think, they are very sultry.

Men. Keep 'em in breath for an Embassadour.

[*Knocks within.*

Me thinks my nose shakes at their memories,
What bounsing's that?

Within. I am one of the Musick Sir.

Within. I have sweat-meats for the banquet.

Cam. Let 'em in.

Ton. They lye my Lord, they come to seek their wives,
Two broken Citizens.

Cam. Break 'em more, they are but brusled yet.
Bold Rascals, offer to disturb your wives?

Cle. Lock the doors fast, the Musick, hark, the King comes.

A Curtain drawn.

The King, Queen, Valerio, Evanthe, *Ladies, Attendants,* Camillo, Cleanthes, Sorano, Menallo.

A Mask.

Cupid *descends, the Graces sitting by him,* Cupid *being bound the Graces unbind him, he speaks.*

Cup. Unbind me, my delight, this night is mine,
Now let me look upon what Stars here shine,

Let me behold the beauties, then clap high
My cullor'd wings, proud of my Deity;
I am satisfied, bind me again, and fast,
My angry Bow will make too great a wast
Of beauty else, now call my Maskers in,
Call with a Song, and let the sports begin;
Call all my servants the effects of love,
And to a measure let them nobly move.
Come you servants of proud love,
Come away:
Fairly, nobly, gently move.
Too long, too long you make us stay;
Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
Distrust and Jealousie, be you too here;
Consuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor attire,
March fairly in, and last Despair;
Now full Musick strike the Air.

Enter the Maskers, Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear, Distrust, Jealousie, Care, Ire, Despair, they dance, after which Cupid *speaks.*

Cup. Away, I have done, the day begins to light,
Lovers, you know your fate, good night, good night.

Cupid *and the Graces ascend in the Chariot.*

King. Come to the Banquet, when that's ended Sir,
I'le see you i' bed, and so good night; be merry,
You have a sweet bed-fellow.
Val. I thank your Grace,
And ever shall be bound unto your nobleness.
King. I pray I may deserve your thanks, set forward.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter divers Monks, Alphonso *going to the Tomb,* Rugio, *and Frier* Marco, *discover the Tomb and a Chair.*

Mar. THe night grows on, lead softly to the Tomb,
And sing not till I bid ye; let the Musick

Play gently as he passes.
Rug. O fair picture,
That wert the living hope of all our honours;
How are we banisht from the joy we dreamt of!
Will he ne're speak more?
Mar. 'Tis full three moneths Lord *Rugio*,
Since any articulate sound came from his tongue,
Set him down gently. [*Sits in a Chair.*
Rug. What should the reason be Sir?
Mar. As 'tis in nature with those loving Husbands,
That sympathize their wives pains, and their throes
When they are breeding, and 'tis usuall too,
We have it by experience; so in him Sir,
In this most noble spirit that now suffers;
For when his honour'd Father good *Brandino*
Fell sick, he felt the griefs, and labour'd with them,
His fits and his disease he still inherited,
Grew the same thing, and had not nature check'd him,
Strength, and ability, he had dyed that hour too.
Rug. Embleme of noble love!
Mar. That very minute
His Fathers breath forsook him, that same instant,
A rare example of his piety,
And love paternal, the Organ of his tongue
Was never heard to sound again; so near death
He seeks to wait upon his worthy Father,
But that we force his meat, he were one body.
Rug. He points to'th' Tomb.
Mar. That is the place he honours,
A house I fear he will not be long out of.
He will to th' Tomb, good my Lord lend your hand;
Now sing the Funeral Song, and let him kneel,
For then he is pleas'd. [*A Song.*
Rug. Heaven lend thy powerfull hand,
And ease this Prince.
Mar. He will pass back again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio.

Val. They drink abundantly, I am hot with wine too,
Lustily warm, I'le steal now to my happiness,

'Tis midnight, and the silent hour invites me,
But she is up still, and attends the Queen;
Thou dew of wine and sleep hang on their eye-lids,
Steep their dull senses in the healths they drink,
That I may quickly find my lov'd *Evanthe.*
The King is merry too, and drank unto me,
Sign of fair peace, O this nights blessedness!
If I had forty heads I would give all for 't.
Is not the end of our ambitions,
Of all our humane studies, and our travels,
Of our desires, the obtaining of our wishes?
Certain it is, and there man makes his Center.
I have obtain'd *Evanthe*, I have married her,
Can any fortune keep me from injoying her?

Enter Sorano.

I have my wish, what's left me to accuse now?
I am friends with all the world, but thy base malice;
Go glory in thy mischiefs thou proud man,
And cry it to the world thou hast ruin'd vertue;
How I contemn thee and thy petty malice!
And with what scorn, I look down on thy practice!

Sor. You'l sing me a new Song anon *Valerio*,
And wish these hot words—

Val. I despise thee fellow,
Thy threats, or flatteries, all I fling behind me;
I have my end, I have thy noble Sister,
A name too worthy of thy blood; I have married her,
And will injoy her too.

Sor. 'Tis very likely.

Val. And that short moneth I have to bless me with her
I'le make an age, I'le reckon each embrace
A year of pleasure, and each night a Jubile,
Every quick kiss a Spring; and when I mean
To lose my self in all delightfulness,
Twenty sweet Summers I will tye together
In spight of thee, and thy malignant Master:
I will dye old in love, though young in pleasure.

Sor. But that I [h]ate thee deadly, I could pity thee,
Thou art the poorest miserable thing

This day on earth; I'le tell thee why *Valerio*,
All thou esteemest, and build'st upon for happiness,
For joy, for pleasure, for delight is past thee,
And like a wanton dream already vanisht.
Val. Is my love false?
Sor. No, she is constant to thee,
Constant to all thy misery she shall be,
And curse thee too.
Val. Is my strong body weakn'd,
Charm'd, or abus'd with subtle drink? speak villain.
Sor. Neither, I dare speak, thou art still as lusty
As when thou lov'dst her first, as strong and hopefull,
The month thou hast given thee is a month of misery,
And where thou think'st each hour shall yield a pleasure,
Look for a killing pain, for thou shalt find it
Before thou dyest, each minute shall prepare it,
And ring so many knels to sad afflictions;
The King has given thee a long month to dye in,
And miserably dye.
Val. Undo thy Riddle,
I am prepar'd what ever fate shall follow.
Sor. Dost thou see this Ring?
Val. I know it too.
Sor. Then mark me,
By vertue of this Ring this I pronounce to thee,
'Tis the Kings will.
Val. Let me know it suddenly.
Sor. If thou dost offer to touch *Evanthes* body
Beyond a kiss, though thou art married to her,
And lawfully as thou think'st may'st injoy her,
That minute she shall dye.
Val. O Devil—
Sor. If thou discover this command unto her,
Or to a friend that shall importune thee,
And why thou abstainest, and from whose will, ye all perish,
Upon the self-same forfeit: are ye fitted Sir?
Now if ye love her, ye may preserve her life still,
If not, you know the worst, how falls your month out?
Val. This tyranny could never be invented
But in the school of Hell, Earth is too innocent;

Not to injoy her when she is my wife?
When she is willing too?
Sor. She is most willing,
And will run mad to miss; but if you hit her,
Be sure you hit her home, and kill her with it;
There are such women that will dye with pleasure:
The Axe will follow else, that will not fail
To fetch her Maiden head, and dispatch her quickly;
Then shall the world know you are the cause of Murther,
And as 'tis requisite your life shall pay for't.
Val. Thou dost but jest, thou canst not be so monstrous
As thou proclaim'st thy self; thou art her Brother,
And there must be a feeling heart within thee
Of her afflictions; wert thou a stranger to us,
And bred amongst wild rocks, thy nature wild too,
Affection in thee as thy breeding, cold,
And unrelenting as the rocks that nourisht thee,
Yet thou must shake to tell me this; they tremble
When the rude sea threatens divorce amongst 'em,
They that are senceless things shake at a tempest;
Thou art a man—
Sor. Be thou too then, 'twill try thee,
And patience now will best become thy nobleness.
Val. Invent some other torment to afflict me,
All, if thou please, put all afflictions on me,
Study thy brains out for 'em, so this be none
I care not of what nature, nor what cruelty,
Nor of what length.
Sor. This is enough to vex ye.
Val. The tale of *Tantalus* is now prov'd true,
And from me shall be registred Authentick;
To have my joyes within my arms, and lawfull,
Mine own delights, yet dare not touch.
Even as thou hatest me Brother, let no young man know this,
As thou shalt hope for peace when thou most needest it,
Peace in thy soul, desire the King to kill me,
Make me a traitor, any thing, I'le yield to it,
And give thee cause so I may dye immediately;
Lock me in Prison where no Sun may see me,
In walls so thick no hope may e're come at me;

Keep me from meat, and drink, and sleep, I'le bless thee;
Give me some damned potion to deliver me,
That I may never know my self again, forget
My Country, kindred, name and fortune; last,
That my chaste love may never appear before me,
This were some comfort.
Sor. All I have I have brought ye,
And much good may it do ye my dear Brother,
See ye observe it well; you will find about ye
Many eyes set, that shall o're-look your actions,
If you transgress ye know, and so I leave ye. [*Exit.*
Val. Heaven be not angry, and I have some hope yet.
[*Exit.*

Enter Frederick, *and* Sorano.

Fred. Hast thou been with him?
Sor. Yes, and given him that Sir
Will make him curse his Birth; I told ye which way.
Did you but see him Sir, but look upon him,
With what a troubled and dejected nature
He walks now in a mist, with what a silence,
As if he were the shrowd he wrapt himself in,
And no more of *Valerio* but his shadow,
He seeks obscurity to hide his thoughts in,
You would wonder and admire for all you know it,
His jollity is down, valed to the ground Sir,
And his high hopes of full delights and pleasures
Are turn'd tormenters to him, strong diseases.
Fred. But is there hope of her?
Sor. It must fall necessary,
She must dislike him, quarrel with his person,
For women once deluded are next Devils,
And in the height of that opinion Sir,
You shall put on again, and she must meet ye.
Fred. I am glad of this.
Sor. I'le tell ye all the circumstance
Within this hour, but sure I heard your grace
To day as I attended, make some stops,
Some broken speech[e]s, and some sighs between,
And then your Brothers name I heard distinctly,

And some sad wishes after.
Fred. Ye are i'th' right Sir,
I would he were as sad as I could wish him,
Sad as the Earth.
Sor. Would ye have it so?
Fred. Thou hearest me,
Though he be sick with small hope of recovery,
That hope still lives, and mens eyes live upon it,
And in their eye their wishes; my *Sorano*,
Were he but cold once in the tomb he dotes on,
As 'tis the fittest place for melancholy,
My Court should be another Paradise,
And flow with all delights.
Sor. Go to your pleasures, let me alone with this,
Hope shall not trouble ye, nor he three dayes.
Fred. I shall be bound unto thee.

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo.

Sor. I'le do it neatly too, no doubt shall catch me. ('em.
Fred. Be gone, they are going to bed, I'le bid good night to
Sor. And mark the man, you'l scarce know 'tis *Valerio*.
[*Exit.*
Cam. Chear up my noble Lord, the minute's come,
You shall injoy the abstract of all sweetness,
We did you wrong, you need no wine to warm ye,
Desire shoots through your eyes like sudden wild-fires.
Val. Beshrew me Lords, the wine has made me dull,
I am I know not what.
Fred. Good pleasure to ye,
Good night and long too, as you find your appetite
You may fall to.
Val. I do beseech your grace,
For which of all my loves and services
Have I deserved this?
Fred. I am not bound to answer ye.
Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjust actions.
Fred. Do as you please, you know the penalty,
And as I have a soul it shall be executed;
Nay look not pale, I am not used to fear Sir,
If you respect your Lady, good night to ye. [*Exit.*

Val. But for respect to her and to my duty,
That reverent duty that I owe my Sovera[ig]n,
Which anger has no power to snatch me from,
The good night should be thine; good night for ever.
The King is wanton Lords, he would needs know of me
How many nick chases I would make to night.
Men. My Lord, no doubt you'l prove a perfect gamester.
Val. Faith no, I am unacquainted with the pleasure,
Bungle a set I may: how my heart trembles,
And beats my breast as it would break his way out!
Good night my noble friends.
Cle. Nay we must see you toward your bed my Lord.
Val. Good faith it needs not,
'Tis late, and I shall trouble you.
Cam. No, no, till the Bride come Sir.
Val. I beseech you leave me,
You will make me bashfull else, I am so foolish,
Besides, I have some few devotions Lords,
And he that can pray with such a book in's arms— (ye.
Ca[*m*]. We'l leave ye then, and a sweet night wait upon
Men. And a sweet issue of this sweet night crown ye.
Cle. All nights and days be such till you grow old Sir.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Val. I thank ye, 'tis a curse sufficient for me,
A labour'd one too, though you mean a blessing.
What shall I do? I am like a wretched Debtor,
That has a summe to tender on the forfeit
Of all he is worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other men see the Sun, yet I must wink at it;
And though I know 'tis perfect day, deny it:
My veins are all on fire, and burn like *Ætna*,
Youth and desire beat larums to my blood,
And adde fresh fuel to my warm affections.
I must injoy her, yet when I consider,
When I collect my self, and weigh her danger,
The tyrants will, and his power taught to murther,
My tender care controlls my blood within me,
And like a cold fit of a peevish Ague
Creeps to my soul, and flings an Ice upon me,

Enter Queen, Evanthe, *Ladies, and Fool.*

That locks all powers of youth up: but prevention—
O what a blessedness 'twere to be old now,
To be unable, bed-rid with diseases,
Or halt on Crutches to meet holy *Hymen*;
What a rare benefit! but I am curst,
That that speaks other men most freely happy,
And makes all eyes hang on their expectations,
Must prove the bane of me, youth, and ability.
She comes to bed, how shall I entertain her?

Tony. Nay I come after too, take the fool with ye,
For lightly he is ever one at Weddings.

Queen. *Evanthe*, make ye unready, your Lord staies for ye,
And prethee be merry.

Tony. Be very merry, Chicken,
Thy Lord will pipe to thee anon, and make thee dance too.

Lady. Will he so, good-man ass?

Tony. Yes good filly,
And you had such a Pipe, that piped so sweetly,
You would dance to death, you have learnt your sinque a pace.

Evan. Your grace desires that that is too free in me,
I am merry at the heart.

Tony. Thou wilt be anon, the young smug boy will give (thee a sweet cordial.

Evan. I am so taken up in all my thoughts,
So possest Madam with the lawfull sweets
I shall this night partake of with my Lord,
So far transported (pardon my immodesty.)

Val. Alas poor wench, how shall I recompence thee?

Evan. That though they must be short, and snatcht away
E're they grow ripe, yet I shall far prefer 'em (too,
Before a tedious pleasure with repentance.

Val. O how my heart akes!

Evan. Take off my Jewels Ladies,
And let my Ruff loose, I shall bid good night to ye,
My Lord staies here.

Queen. My wench, I thank thee heartily,
For learning how to use thy few hours handsomly,
They will be years I hope; off with your Gown now,

Lay down the bed there!
Tony. Shall I get into it and warm it for thee? a fools fire
And I'le so buss thee. (is a fine thing,
Queen. I'le have ye whipt ye Rascal.
Tony. That will provoke me more, I'le talk with thy hus-
He's a wise man I hope. (band,
Evan. Good night dear Madam,
Ladies, no further service, I am well,
I do beseech your grace to give us this leave,
My Lord and I to one another freely,
And privately, may do all other Ceremonies,
Women and Page we'l be to one another,
And trouble you no farther.
Tony. Art thou a wise man?
Val. I cannot tell thee *Tony*, ask my neighbours.
Tony. If thou beest so, go lye with me to night,
The old fool will lye quieter than the young one,
And give thee more sleep, thou wilt look to morrow else
Worse than the prodigal fool the Ballad speaks of,
That was squeez'd through a horn.
Val. I shall take thy counsel.
Queen. Why then good night, good night my best *Evan-*
My worthy maid, and as that name shall vanish, (*the*,
A worthy wife, a long and happy; follow Sirrah.
Evan. That shall be my care,
Goodness rest with your Grace.
Queen. Be lusty Lord, and take your Lady to ye,
And that power that shall part ye be unhappy.
Val. Sweet rest unto ye, to ye all sweet Ladies;
Tony good night.
Tony. Shall not the fool stay with thee?
Queen. Come away Sirrah. [*Exeunt Queen, Ladies.*
Tony. How the fool is sought for! sweet Malt is made of
(easie fire,
A hasty horse will quickly tire, a sudden leaper sticks i'th'
(mire,
Phlebotomy and the word lye nigher, take heed of friend I
(thee require;
This from an Almanack I stole, and learn[t] this Lesson from
(a fool.

Good night my Bird. [*Exit* Tony.
Evan. Good night wise Master *Tony*;
Will ye to bed my Lord? Come, let me help ye.
Val. To bed *Evanthe*, art thou sleepy?
Evant. No, I shall be worse if you look sad upon me,
Pray ye let's to bed.
Val. I am not well my love.
Evant. I'le make ye well, there's no such Physick for ye
As your warm Mistris arms.
Val. Art thou so cunning?
Evant. I speak not by experience, 'pray ye mistake not;
But if you love me—
Val. I do love so dearly,
So much above the base bent of desire,
I know not how to answer thee.
Evant. To bed then,
There I shall better credit ye; fie my Lord,
Will ye put a maid to't, to teach ye what to do?
An innocent maid? Are ye so cold a Lover?
In truth you make me blush, 'tis midnight too,
And 'tis no stoln love, but authorised openly,
No sin we covet, pray let me undress ye,
You shall help me; prethee sweet *Valerio*;
Be not so sad, the King will be more mercifull.
Val. May not I love thy mind?
Evant. And I yours too,
'Tis a most noble one, adorn'd with vertue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our bodies and our mind together,
And so make up the concord of affection,
Our love will prove but a blind superstition:
This is no school to argue in my Lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allow'd us,
Pray let's dispatch, if any one should come
And find us at this distance, what would they think?
Come, kiss me and to bed.
Val. That I dare do, and kiss again.
Evant. Spare not, they are your own Sir.
Val. But to injoy thee is to be luxurious;
Too sensuall in my love, and too ambitious;

O how I burn! to pluck thee from the stalk,
Where now thou grow'st a sweet bud and a beauteous,
And bear'st the prime and honour of the Garden,
Is but to violate thy spring, and spoil thee.
Evant. To let me blow, and fall alone would anger ye.
Val. Let's sit together thus, and as we sit
Feed on the sweets of one anothers souls,
The happiness of love is contemplation,
The blessedness of love is pure affection,
Where no allay of actuall dull desires,
Of pleasure that partakes with wantonness,
Of humane fire that burns out as it kindles,
And leaves the body but a poor repentance,
Can ever mix, let's fix on that *Evanthe*,
That's everlasting, the tother casuall;
Eternity breeds one, the other fortune,
Blind as her self, and full of all afflictions.
Shall we love vertuously?
Evant. I ever loved so.
Val. And only think our love; the rarest pleasure,
And that we most desire, let it be humane,
If once injoyed grows stale, and cloys our appetites;
I would not lessen in my love for any thing,
Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,
For my loves safety.
Evant. Now I see I am old Sir,
Old and ill favour'd too, poor and despis'd,
And am not worth your noble Fellowship,
Your fellowship in Love, you would not else
Thus cunningly seek to betray a maid,
A maid that honours you thus piously;
Strive to abuse the pious love she brings ye.
Farewel my Lord, since ye have a better Mistris,
For it must seem so, or ye are no man,
A younger, happier, I shall give her room,
So much I love ye still.
Val. Stay my *Evanthe*,
Heaven bear me witness, thou art all I love,
All I desire, and now have pity on me,
I never lyed before; forgive me Justice,

Youth and affection stop your ears unto me.
Evant. Why do you weep? if I have spoke too harshly,
And unbeseeming, my beloved Lord,
My care and duty, pardon me.
Val. O hear me,
Hear me *Evanthe*; I am all on torture,
And this lye tears my conscience as I vent it;
I am no man.
Evant. How Sir?
Val. No man for pleasure, no womans man.
Eva. Goodness forbid my Lord, sure you abuse your self.
Val. 'Tis true *Evanthe*;
I shame to say you will find it. [*Weeps.*
Evant. He weeps bitterly,
'Tis my hard fortune, bless all young maids from it;
Is there no help my Lord in art will comfort ye?
Val. I hope there is.
Evant. How long have you been destitute?
Val. Since I was young.
Evant. 'Tis hard to dye for nothing,
Now you shall know 'tis not the pleasure Sir,
(For I am compell'd to love you spiritually)
That women aim at, I affect ye for,
'Tis for your worth; and kiss me, be at peace,
Because I ever loved ye, I still honour ye,
And with all duty to my Husband follow ye;
Will ye to bed now? ye are asham'd i[t] seems;
Pygmalion pray'd and his cold stone took life,
You do not know with what zeal I shall ask Sir,
And what rare miracle that may work upon ye;
Still blush? prescribe your Law.
Val. I prethee pardon me,
To bed, and I'le sit by thee, and mourn with thee,
Mourn both our fortunes, our unhappy ones:
Do not despise me, make me not more wretched,
I pray to Heaven when I am gone *Evanthe*,
As my poor date is but a span of time now,
To recompence thy noble patience,
Thy love and vertue with a fruitfull husband,
Honest and honourable.

Evant. Come, you have made me weep now,
All fond desire dye here, and welcom chastity,
Honour and chastity, do what you please Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter at one door Rugio, *and Frier* Marco, *at the other door* Sorano, *with a little glass viol.*

Rug. WHat ails this piece of mischief to look sad?
He seems to weep too.
Mar. Something is a hatching,
And of some bloody nature too, Lord *Rugio*,
This Crocodile mourns thus cunningly.
Sor. Hail holy Father,
And good day to the good Lord *Rugio*,
How fares the sad Prince I beseech ye Sir?
Rug. 'Tis like you know, you need not ask that question,
You have your eyes and watches on his miseries
As near as ours, I would they were as tender.
Mar. Can you do him good? as the King and you ap- (pointed him,
So he is still, as you desir'd I think too,
For every day he is worse (Heaven pardon all)
Put off your sorrow, you may laugh now Lord,
He cannot last long to disturb your Master,
You have done worthy service to his Brother,
And he most memorable love.
Sor. You do not know Sir
With what remorse I ask, nor with what weariness
I groan and bow under this load of honour,
And how my soul sighs for the beastly services,
I have done his pleasures, these be witness with me,
And from your piety believe me Father,
I would as willingly unclothe my self
Of title, that becomes me not I know;
Good men, and great names best agree together;
Cast off the glorious favours, and the trappings
Of sound and honour, wealth and promises,
His wanton pleasures have flung on my weakness,
And chuse to serve my countries cause and vertues,

Poorly and honestly, and redeem my ruines,
As I would hope remission of my mischiefs.
Rug. Old and experienc'd men, my Lord *Sorano*,
Are not so quickly caught with gilt hypocrisie,
You pull your claws in now and fawn upon us,
As lyons do to intice poor foolish beasts;
And beasts we should be too if we believ'd ye,
Go exercise your Art.
Sor. For Heaven sake scorn me not,
Nor adde more Hell to my afflicted soul
Than I feel here; as you are honourable,
As you are charitable look gently on me,
I will no more to Court, be no more Devil,
I know I must be hated even of him
That was my Love now, and the more he loves me
For his foul ends, when they shall once appear to him,
Muster before his conscience and accuse him,
The fouler and the more falls his displeasure,
Princes are fading things, so are their favours. (morse.
Mar. He weeps again, his heart is toucht sure with re-
Sor. See this, and give me fair attention good my Lord,
And worthy Father see, within this viol
The remedy and cure of all my honour,
And of the sad Prince lyes.
Rug. What new trick's this?
Sor. 'Tis true, I have done Offices abundantly
Ill and prodigious to the Prince *Alphonso*,
And whilst I was a knave I sought his death too.
Rug. You are too late convicted to be good yet.
Sor. But Father, when I felt this part afflict me,
This inward part, and call'd me to an audit
Of my misdeeds and mischiefs—
Mar. Well, go on Sir.
Sor. O then, then, then what was my glory then Father?
The favour of the King, what did that ease me?
What was it to be bow'd to by all creatures?
Worship[t], and courted, what did this avail me?
I was a wretch, a poor lost wretch.
Mar. Still better.
Sor. Till in the midst of all my grief I found

Repentance, and a learned man to give the means to it,
A Jew, an honest and a rare Physician,
Of him I had this Jewel; 'tis a Jewel,
And at the price of all my wealth I bought it:
If the King knew it I must lose my head,
And willingly, most willingly I would suffer,
A child may take it, 'tis so sweet in working.
Mar. To whom would you apply it?
Sor. To the sick Prince,
It will in half a day dissolve his melancholy.
Rug. I do believe, and give him sleep for ever.
What impudence is this, and what base malice,
To make us instruments of thy abuses?
Are we set here to poison him?
Sor. Mistake not, yet I must needs say, 'tis a noble care,
And worthy vertuous servants; if you will see
A flourishing estate again in *Naples*,
And great *Alphonso* reign that's truly good,
And like himself able to make all excellent;
Give him this drink, and this good health unto him. [*Drinks.*
I am not so desperate yet to kill my self,
Never look on me as a guilty man,
Nor on the water as a speedy poison:
I am not mad, nor laid out all my treasure,
My conscience and my credit to abuse ye;
How nimbly and how chearfully it works now
Upon my heart and head! sure I am a new man,
There is no sadness that I feel within me,
But as it meets it, like a lazie vapour
How it flyes off. Here, give it him with speed,
You are more guilty than I ever was,
And worthier of the name of evil subjects,
If but an hour you hold this from his health.
Rug. 'Tis some rare vertuous thing sure, he is a good man,
It must be so, come, let's apply it presently,
And may it sweetly work.
Sor. Pray let me hear on't, and carry it close my Lords.
Mar. Yes, good *Sorano*. [*Ex.* Rugio, Marco.
Sor. Do my good fools, my honest pious coxcombs,
My wary fools too: have I caught your wisedoms?

You never dream't I knew an Antidote,
Nor how to take it to secure mine own life;
I am an Asse, go, give him the fine cordial,
And when you have done go dig his grave, good Frier,
Some two hours hence we shall have such a bawling,
And roaring up and down for *Aqua vitæ*,
Such rubbing, and such nointing, and such cooling,
I have sent him that will make a bonfire in's belly,
If he recover it, there is no heat in Hell sure. [*Exit.*

Enter Frederick, *and* Podrano.

Fred. *Podrano?*
Pod. Sir.
Fred. Call hither Lord *Valerio*, and let none trouble us.
Pod. It shall be done Sir. [*Exit.*
Fred. I know he wants no additions to his tortures,
He has enough for humane blood to carry,
Yet I must vex him further;
So many that I wonder his hot youth
And high-bred spirit breaks not into fury;
I must yet torture him a little further,
And make my self sport with his miseries,
My anger is too poor else. Here he comes,

Enter Val.

Now my young married Lord, how do you feel your self?
You have the happiness you ever aim'd at,
The joy and pleasure.
Val. Would you had the like Sir.
Fred. You tumble in delights with your sweet Lady,
And draw the minutes out in dear embraces,
You live a right Lords life.
Val. Would you had tryed it,
That you might know the vertue but to suffer,
Your anger though it be unjust and insolent,
Sits handsomer upon you than your scorn,
To do a wilfull ill and glory in it,
Is to do it double, double to be damn'd too.
Fred. Hast thou not found a loving and free Prince,
High in his favours too; that has confer'd

Such hearts ease, and such heaps of comfort on thee,
All thou cou'dst ask?
Val. You are grown a tyrant too
Upon so suffering, and so still a subject;
You have put upon me such a punishment,
That if your youth were honest it would blush at:
But you are a shame to nature, as to vertue.
Pull not my rage upon ye, 'tis so just,
It will give way to no respect; my life,
My innocent life, I dare maintain it Sir,
Like a wanton prodigal you have flung away,
Had I a thousand more I would allow 'em,
And be as careless of 'em as your will is;
But to deny those rights the Law hath given me,
The holy Law, and make her life the penance,
Is such a studied and unheard of malice,
No heart that is not hired from Hell dare think of;
To do it then too, when my hopes were high,
High as my Blood, all my desires upon me,
My free affections ready to embrace her,

Enter Cassandra.

And she mine own; do you smile at this? is't done well?
Is there not Heaven above you that sees all?' [*Exit* Val.
Fred. Come hither Time, how does your noble Mistriss?
Cas. As a Gentlewoman may do in her case that's newly married, Sir:
Sickly sometimes, and fond on't, like your Majesty.
Fred. She is breeding then?
Cas. She wants much of her colour,
And has her qualms as Ladies use to have, Sir,
And her disgusts.
Fred. And keeps her Chamber?
Cas. Yes Sir.
Fred. And eats good Broths and Jellies.
Cas. I am sure she sighs, Sir, and weeps, good Lady.
Fred. Alas, good Lady, for it,
She should have one could comfort her, *Cassandra*,
Could turn those tears to joys, a lusty Comforter.
Cas. A comfortable man does well at all hours,

For he brings comfortable things. (eaten Onions,
Fred. Come hither, & hold your fann between, you have
Her breath stinks like a Fox, her teeth are contagious,
These old women are all Elder-Pipes, do ye mark me?
[*Gives a Purse.*
Cas. Yes, Sir, but does your Grace think I am fit,
That am both old and vertuous?
Fred. Therefore the fitter, the older still the better,
I know thou art as holy as an old Cope,
Yet upon necessary use—
Cas. 'Tis true, Sir.
Fred. Her feeling sense is fierce still, speak unto her,
You are familiar; speak I say, unto her,
Speak to the purpose; tell her this, and this.
Cas. Alas, she is honest, Sir, she is very honest,
And would you have my gravity—
Fred. I, I, your gravity will become the cause the better,
I'll look thee out a Knight shall make thee a Lady too,
A lusty Knight, and one that shall be ruled by thee,
And add to these, I'll make 'em good, no mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicety, good Lady,
But do it home, we'll all be friends too, tell her,
And such a joy—
Cas. That's it that stirs me up, Sir,
I would not for the World attempt her Chastity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.
Fred. For that I urge it too. (good, Sir,
Cas. A little evil may well be suffered for a general
I'll take my leave of your Majesty. [*Exit.*

Enter Valerio.

Fred. Go fortunately, be speedy too: here comes *Valerio*,
If his affliction have allayed his spirit
My work has end. Come hither, Lord *Valerio*,
How do you now?
Val. Your Majesty may guess,
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,
That can tye up mens honest wills, and actions.
Fred. You clearly see now, brave *Valerio*,
What 'tis to be the Rival to a Prince,

To interpose against a raging Lion;
I know you have suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold it,
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heal you; yield up your *Evanthe*,
Take off my sentence also.
Val. I fall thus low, Sir,
My poor sad heart under your feet I lay,
And all the service of my life.
Fred. Do this then, for without this 'twill be impossible,
Part with her for a while.
Val. You have parted us,
What should I do with that I cannot use Sir?
Fred. 'Tis well consider'd, let me have the Lady,
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee,
How all this difference—
Val. Will she come do you think, Sir?
Fred. She must be wrought, I know she is too modest,
And gently wrought, and cunningly.
Val. 'Tis fit, Sir.
Fred. And secretly it must be done.
Val. As thought.
Fred. I'll warrant ye her honour shall be fair still,
No soil nor stain shall appear on that, *Valerio*,
You see a thousand that bear sober faces,
And shew of as inimitable modesties;
You would be sworn too that they were pure Matrons,
And most chaste maids: and yet to augment their fortunes,
And get them noble friends—
Val. They are content, Sir,
In private to bestow their Beauties on 'em. (for't,
Fred. They are so, and they are wise, they know no want
Nor no eye sees they want their honesties.
Val. If it might be carried thus.
Fred. It shall be, Sir.
Val. I'll see you dead first, with this caution,
Why, sure I think it might be done.
Fred. Yes, easily.
Val. For what time would your Grace desire her Body?
Fred. A month or two, it shall be carried still

For he brings comfortable things. (eaten Onions,
Fred. Come hither, & hold your fann between, you have
Her breath stinks like a Fox, her teeth are contagious,
These old women are all Elder-Pipes, do ye mark me?
[*Gives a Purse.*
Cas. Yes, Sir, but does your Grace think I am fit,
That am both old and vertuous?
Fred. Therefore the fitter, the older still the better,
I know thou art as holy as an old Cope,
Yet upon necessary use—
Cas. 'Tis true, Sir.
Fred. Her feeling sense is fierce still, speak unto her,
You are familiar; speak I say, unto her,
Speak to the purpose; tell her this, and this.
Cas. Alas, she is honest, Sir, she is very honest,
And would you have my gravity—
Fred. I, I, your gravity will become the cause the better,
I'll look thee out a Knight shall make thee a Lady too,
A lusty Knight, and one that shall be ruled by thee,
And add to these, I'll make 'em good, no mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicety, good Lady,
But do it home, we'll all be friends too, tell her,
And such a joy—
Cas. That's it that stirs me up, Sir,
I would not for the World attempt her Chastity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.
Fred. For that I urge it too. (good, Sir,
Cas. A little evil may well be suffered for a general
I'll take my leave of your Majesty. [*Exit.*

Enter Valerio.

Fred. Go fortunately, be speedy too: here comes *Valerio*,
If his affliction have allayed his spirit
My work has end. Come hither, Lord *Valerio*,
How do you now?
Val. Your Majesty may guess,
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,
That can tye up mens honest wills, and actions.
Fred. You clearly see now, brave *Valerio*,
What 'tis to be the Rival to a Prince,

To interpose against a raging Lion;
I know you have suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold it,
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heal you; yield up your *Evanthe*,
Take off my sentence also.
Val. I fall thus low, Sir,
My poor sad heart under your feet I lay,
And all the service of my life.
Fred. Do this then, for without this 'twill be impossible,
Part with her for a while.
Val. You have parted us,
What should I do with that I cannot use Sir?
Fred. 'Tis well consider'd, let me have the Lady,
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee,
How all this difference—
Val. Will she come do you think, Sir?
Fred. She must be wrought, I know she is too modest,
And gently wrought, and cunningly.
Val. 'Tis fit, Sir.
Fred. And secretly it must be done.
Val. As thought.
Fred. I'll warrant ye her honour shall be fair still,
No soil nor stain shall appear on that, *Valerio*,
You see a thousand that bear sober faces,
And shew of as inimitable modesties;
You would be sworn too that they were pure Matrons,
And most chaste maids: and yet to augment their fortunes,
And get them noble friends—
Val. They are content, Sir,
In private to bestow their Beauties on 'em. (for't,
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Fred. It shall be, Sir.
Val. I'll see you dead first, with this caution,
Why, sure I think it might be done.
Fred. Yes, easily.
Val. For what time would your Grace desire her Body?
Fred. A month or two, it shall be carried still

Say it were nothing else?
Evan. I, marry wench, now thou comest to me.
Cas. Do you think Princes favours are such sleight things,
To fling away when you please? there be young Ladies
Both fair and honourable, that would leap to reach 'em,
And leap aloft too.
Evan. Such are light enough;
I am no Vaulter, Wench, but canst thou tell me,
Though he be a King, whether he be sound or no?
I would not give my Youth up to infection.
Cas. As sound as honour ought to be, I think, Lady;
Go to, be wise, I do not bid you try him;
But if he love you well, and you neglect him,
Your Lords life hanging on the hazard of it,
If you be so wilful proud.
Evan. Thou speakest to the point still; (woman?
But when I have lain with him, what am I then, Gentle-
Cas. What are you? why, the same you are now, a wo-
A vertuous Woman, and a noble Woman, (man,
Touching at what is noble, you become so.
Had *Lucrece* e'r been thought of but for *Tarquin*?
She was before a simple unknown Woman,
When she was ravish'd, she was a reverend Saint;
And do you think she yielded not a little?
And had a kind of will to have been re-ravish'd?
Believe it, yes: there are a thousand stories
Of wondrous loyal Women, that have slipt,
But it has been on the ice of tender honour,
That kept 'em cool still to the World. I think you are blest,
That have such an occasion in your hands to beget a Chro-
A faithful one. (nicle,
Evan. It must needs be much honour.
Cas. As you may make it, infinite, and safe too,
And when 'tis done, your Lord and you may live
So quietly, and peaceably together,
And be what you please.
Evan. But suppose this, Wench,
The King should so delight me with his Company,
I should forget my Lord, and no more look on him.
Cas. That's the main hazard, for I tell you truly,

I have heard report speak he is an infinite pleasure,
Almost above belief; there be some Ladies,
And modest to the world too, wondrous modest,
That have had the blessedness to try his body,
That I have heard proclaim him a new *Hercules*.
Evan. So strongly able?
Cas. There will be the danger,
You being but a young and tender Lady,
Although your mind be good, yet your weak Body,
At first encounter too, to meet with one
Of his unconquer'd strength.
Evan. Peace, thou rude Bawd,
Thou studied old corruptness, tye thy tongue up,
Your hired base tongue; is this your timely counsel?
Dost thou seek to make me dote on wickedness?
Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?
To be a Whore, because he has sufficiency
To make a hundred? O thou impudence!
Have I reliev'd thy Age to mine own ruine?
And worn thee in my Bosome, to betray me?
Can years and impotence win nothing on thee
That's good and honest, but thou must go on still?
And where thy bloud wants heat to sin thy self,
Force thy decrepit will to make me wicked?
Cas. I did but tell ye.
Evan. What the damnedst Woman,
The cunning'st and the skilfull'st Bawd comes short of;
If thou hadst liv'd ten Ages to be damn'd in,
And exercis'd this Art the Devil taught thee,
Thou could'st not have express'd it more exactly.
Cas. I did not bid you sin.
Evan. Thou woo'd'st me to it,
Thou that art fit for Prayer and the Grave,
Thy Body Earth already, and Corruption,
Thou taught'st the way; go follow your fine function,
There are houses of delight, that want good Matrons,
Such grave Instructors, get thee thither, Monster,
And read variety of sins to wantons,
And when they roar with pains, learn to make plaisters.
Cas. This we have for our good wills.

Evan. If e'r I see thee more,
Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,
By this fair light I'll spoil thy Bawdery,
I'll leave thee neither Eyes nor Nose to grace thee.
When thou wantest Bread, and common pity towards thee,

Enter Frederick.

And art a starving in a Ditch, think of me,
Then dye, and let the wandring Bawds lament thee;
Be gone, I charge thee leave me.
Cas. You'll repent this. [*Exit.*
Fred. She's angry, and t'other crying too, my suit's cold.
I'll make your heart ake, stubborn Wench, for this;
Turn not so angry from me, I will speak to you,
Are you grown proud with your delight, good Lady,
So pamper'd with your sport you scorn to know me?
Evan. I scorn ye not, I would you scorn'd not me, Sir,
And forc't me to be weary of my duty,
I know your Grace, would I had never seen ye.
Fred. Because I love you, because I dote upon ye,
Because I am a man that seek to please ye.
Evan. I have man enough already to content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,
As all the World can yield.
Fred. That's but your modesty,
You have no man, nay never look upon me,
I know it, Lady, no man to content ye,
No man that can, or at the least, that dares,
Which is a poorer man, and nearer nothing.
Evan. Be nobler, Sir, inform'd.
Fred. I'll tell thee, Wench,
The poor condition of this poorer fellow,
And make thee blush for shame at thine own errour,
He never tendred yet a husbands duty,
To thy warm longing bed.
Evan. How should he know that?
Fred. I am sure he did not, for I charg'd him no,
Upon his life I charg'd him, but to try him;
Could any brave or noble spirit stop here?
Was life to be preferr'd before affection?

Lawful and long'd for too?
Evan. Did you command him?
Fred. I did in policy to try his spirit.
Evan. And could he be so dead cold to observe it?
Brought I no beauty, nor no love along with me?
Fred. Why, that is it that makes me scorn to name him.
I should have lov'd him if he had ventur'd for't,
Nay, doted on his bravery.
Evan. Only charg'd?
And with that spell sit down? dare men fight bravely
For poor slight things, for drink, or ostentation?
And there indanger both their lives and fortunes,
And for their lawful loves fly off with fear? (thee?
Fred. 'Tis true, and with a cunning base fear too to abuse
Made thee believe, poor innocent *Evanthe*,
Wretched young Girl, it was his impotency;
Was it not so? deny it. (young man!
Evan. O my anger! at my years to be cozen'd with a
Fred. A strong man too, certain he lov'd ye dearly.
Evan. To have my shame and love mingled together,
And both flung on me like a weight to sink me,
I would have dyed a thousand times.
Fred. So would any,
Any that had the spirit of a man;
I would have been kill'd in your arms.
Evan. I would he had been,
And buried in mine arms, that had been noble,
And what a monument would I have made him?
Upon this breast he should have slept in peace,
Honour, and everlasting love his mourners;
And I still weeping till old time had turn'd me,
And pitying powers above into pure crystal.
Fred. Hadst thou lov'd me, and had my way been stuck
With deaths, as thick as frosty nights with stars,
I would have ventur'd. (Coward.
Evan. Sure there is some trick in't: *Valerio* ne'r was
Fred. Worse than this too,
Tamer, and seasoning of a baser nature,
He set your woman on ye to betray ye,
Your bawdy woman, or your sin solicitor;

I pray but think what this man may deserve now,
I know he did, and did it to please me too.
Evan. Good Sir afflict me not too fast, I feel
I am a woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And sensible I am of my abuses,
Sir, you have loved me. (upon thy person.
Fred. And I love thee still, pity thy wrongs, and dote
Evan. To set my woman on me 'twas too base, Sir.
Fred. Abominable vile.
Evan. But I shall fit him.
Fred. All reason and all Law allows it to ye,
And ye are a fool, a tame fool, if you spare him.
Evan. You may speak now, and happily prevail too,
And I beseech your Grace be angry with me.
Fred. I am at heart. She staggers in her faith,
And will fall off I hope, I'll ply her still.
Thou abused innocence, I suffer with thee,
If I should give him life, he would still betray thee;
That fool that fears to dye for such a Beauty,
Would for the same fear sell thee unto misery.
I do not say he would have been Bawd himself too.
Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay then I smell the malice,
It tastes too hot of practis'd wickedness,
There can be no such man, I am sure no Gentleman;
Shall my anger make me whore, and not my pleasure?
My sudden inconsiderate rage abuse me?
Come home again, my frighted faith, my vertue,
Home to my heart again; he be a Bawd too?
Fred. I will not say he offered fair *Evanthe.*
Evan. Nor do not dare, 'twill be an impudence,
And not an honour for a Prince to lye;
Fye, Sir, a person of your rank to trifle,
I know you do lye.
Fred. How? (but one day,
Evan. Lye shamefully, and I could wish myself a man
To tell you openly you lye too basely.
Fred. Take heed, wild fool.
Evan. Take thou heed, thou tame Devil,
Thou all *Pandora*'s Box in a Kings figure,
Thou hast almost whor'd my weak belief already,

And like an Engineer blown up mine honour;
But I shall countermine, and catch your mischief,
This little Fort you seek, I shall man nobly,
And strongly too, with chaste obedience
To my dear Lord, with vertuous thoughts that scorn ye.
Victorious *Thomyris* ne'r won more honour
In cutting off the Royal head of *Cyrus*,
Than I shall do in conquering thee; farewel,
And if thou canst be wise, learn to be good too.
'Twill give thee nobler lights than both thine eyes do;
My poor Lord and my self are bound to suffer,
And when I see him faint under your sentence,
I'll tell ye more, it may be then I'll yield too.

Fred. Fool unexampled, shall my anger follow thee?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rugio, *and Fryar* Marco, *amazed.*

Rugio. Curst on our sights, our fond credulities,
A thousand curses on the Slave that cheated us,
The damn'd Slave.

Mar. We have e'n sham'd our service,
Brought our best care and loyalties to nothing,
'Tis the most fearful poyson, the most potent,
Heaven give him patience; Oh it works most strongly,
And tears him, Lord.

Rug. That we should be so stupid
To trust the arrant'st Villain that e'r flatter'd,
The bloodiest too, to believe a few soft words from him,
And give way to his prepar'd tears.

Within, Alphonso. Oh, Oh, Oh.

Rug. Hark, Fryar *Marco*, hark, the poor Prince, that we should be such Block-heads,
As to be taken with his drinking first!
And never think what Antidotes are made for! (for't;
Two wooden sculls we have, and we deserve to be hang'd
For certainly it will be laid to our charge;
As certain too, it will dispatch him speedily,
Which way to turn, or what to—

Mar. Let's pray, Heavens hand is strong.

Rug. The poyson's strong, you would say.

Enter Alphonso, *carried on a Couch by two Fryars.*

Would any thing—He comes, let's give him comfort.
Alph. Give me more air, air, more air, blow, blow,
Open thou Eastern Gate, and blow upon me,
Distill thy cold dews, O thou icy Moon,
And Rivers run through my afflicted spirit.
I am all fire, fire, fire, the raging dog star
Reigns in my bloud, Oh which way shall I turn me?
Ætna, and all his flames burn in my head,
Fling me into the Ocean or I perish;
Dig, dig, dig, till the Springs fly up,
The cold, cold Springs, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my scorcht Limbs in their purling Pleasures.
Or shoot me up into the higher Region,
Where treasures of delicious Snow are nourisht,
And Banquets of sweet Hail.
Rug. Hold him fast Fryer, O how he burns!
Alph. What will ye sacrifice me?
Upon the Altar lay my willing body,
And pile your Wood up, fling your holy incense;
And as I turn me you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame, stand off me, or you are ashes.
Both. Most miserable wretches.
Alph. Bring hither Charity
And let me hug her, Fryer, they say she's cold,
Infinite cold Devotion cannot warm her;
Draw me a river of false lovers tears
Clean through my breast, they are dull, cold, and forgetful,
And will give ease, let Virgins sigh upon me,
Forsaken souls, the sighs are precious,
Let them all sigh: Oh hell, hell, hell, Oh horror.
Mar. To bed, good Sir.
Alph. My bed will burn about me,
Like *Phaeton*, in all consuming flashes
I am inclosed, let me fly, let me fly, give room;
Betwixt the cold Bear, and the raging Lyon
Lyes my safe way; O for a cake of Ice now,
To clap unto my heart to comfort me;
Decrepit Winter hang upon my shoulders,

And let me wear thy frozen Isicles
Like Jewels round about my head, to cool me;
My eyes burn out, and sink into their sockets,
And my infected brain like brimstone boils,
I live in Hell, and several furies vex me;
O carry me where no Sun ever shew'd yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is Crystal,
Never to be dissolv'd, where naught inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and winds
That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver;
Set me there friends. (he has!

Rug. Hold fast, he must to bed, Fryer, what scalding sweats

Mar. He'll scald in Hell for't, that was the cause.

Alph. Drink, drink, a world of drink,
Fill all the cups and all the antick vessels,
And borrow pots, let me have drink enough,
Bring all the worthy drunkards of the time,
The experienc'd drunkards, let me have them all,
And let them drink their worst, I'le make them Ideots,
I'le lye upon my Back and swallow Vessels;
Have Rivers made of cooling Wine run through me,
Not stay for this mans health, or this great Princes,
But take an Ocean, and begin to all; Oh, oh.

Mar. He cools a little, now away with him,
And to his warm bed presently.

Alph. No drink? no wind? no cooling air?

Rug. You shall have any thing.
His hot fit lessens, Heaven put in a hand now,
And save his life; there's drink Sir in your chamber,
And all cool things.

Alph. Away, away, let's fly to 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio *and* Evanthe.

Evan. To say you were impotent, I am asham'd on't,
To make your self no man, to a fresh Maid too,
A longing Maid, upon her wedding night also,
To give her such a dor.

Val. I prethee pardon me.

Evan. Had you been drunk, 't had been excusable,
Or like a Gentleman under the Surgions hands,

And so not able, there had been some colour,
But wretchedly to take a weakness to ye,
A fearful weakness, to abuse your body,
And let a lye work like a spell upon ye,
A lye, to save your life.

Val. Will you give me leave, sweet?

Ev. You have taken too much leave, and too base leave too,
To wrong your love; hast thou a noble spirit?
And canst thou look up to the peoples loves,
That call thee worthy, and not blush, *Valerio*?
Canst thou behold me that thou hast betray'd thus,
And no shame touch thee?

Val. Shame attend the sinful, I know my innocence.

Evan. Ne'r think to face it, that's a double weakness,
And shews thee falser still; the King himself,
Though he be wicked, and our Enemy,
But juster than thou art, in pity of my injuries,
Told me the truth.

Val. What did he tell thee, *Evanthe*?

Evan. That but to gain thy life a fortnight longer,
Thy lov'd poor life, thou gav'st up all my duties.

Val. I swear 'tis false; my life and death are equal,
I have weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one fortune,
But Kings are men, and live as men, and dye too,
Have the affections men have, and their falsehoods;
Indeed they have more power to make 'em good;
The King's to blame, it was to save thy life Wench,
Thy innocent life, that I forbore thy bed,
For if I had toucht thee thou hadst dyed, he swore it.

Evan. And was not I as worthy to dye nobly?
To make a story for the time that follows,
As he that married me? what weakness, Sir,
Or disability do you see in me,
Either in mind or body? to defraud me
Of such an opportunity? Do you think I married you
Only for pleasure, or content in lust?
To lull you in my arms, and kiss you hourly?
Was this my end? I might have been a Queen, Sir,
If that had caught me, and have known all delicates;
There's few that would have shun'd so fair an offer.

O thou unfaithful fearful man, thou hast kill'd me,
In saving me this way, thou hast destroy'd me,
Rob'd me of that thy love can never give more;
To be unable to save me? O misery!
Had I been my *Valerio*, thou *Evanthe*,
I would have lyen with thee under a Gallows,
Though the Hangman had been my *Hymen*, and the furies
With iron whips and forks, ready to torture me.
I would have hug'd thee too, though Hell had gap'd at me;
Save my life! that expected to dye bravely,
That would have woo'd it too: Would I had married
An *Eunuch*, that had truly no ability,
Then such a fearful lyar, thou hast done me
A scurvy courtesie, that has undone me.

Val. I'le do no more, since you are so nobly fashion'd,
Made up so strongly, I'le take my share with ye,
Nay, dear, I'le learn of you.

Evan. He weeps too tenderly;
My anger's gone, good my Lord pardon me,
And if I have offended, be more angry,
It was a Womans flash, a sudden valour,
That could not lye conceal'd.

Val. I honour ye, by all the rites of holy marriage,
And pleasures of chaste love, I wonder at ye,
You appear the vision of a Heaven unto me,
Stuck all with stars of honour shining clearly,
And all the motions of your mind Celestial;
Man is a lump of Earth, the best man spiritless,
To such a woman; all our lives and actions
But counterfeits in *Arras* to this vertue;
Chide me again, you have so brave an anger,
And flows so nobly from you, thus deliver'd,
That I could suffer like a Child to hear ye,
Nay make my self guilty of some faults to honour ye.

Eva. I'le chide no more, you have rob'd me of my courage,
And with a cunning patience checkt my impudence;
Once more forgiveness? [*She kneels.*

Val. Will this serve, *Evanthe*? [*Kisses her.*
And this my love? Heavens mercy be upon us;
But did he tell no more?

Evan. Only this trifle: you set my woman on me, to betray me;
'Tis true, she did her best, a bad old woman,
It stir'd me, Sir.
Val. I cannot blame thee, Jewel.
Evan. And me thought when your name was sounded that way—
Val. He that will spare no fame, will spare no name, sweet;
Though as I am a man, I am full of weakness,
And may slip happily into some ignorance,
Yet at my years to be a bawd, and cozen
Mine own hopes with my Doctrine—
Eva. I believe not, nor never shall; our time is out to morrow.
Val. Let's be to night then full of fruitfulness,
Now we are both of one mind, let's be happy,
I am no more a wanting man, *Evanthe*,
Thy warm embraces shall dissolve that impotence,
And my cold lye shall vanish with thy kisses;
You hours of night be long, as when *Alcmena*
Lay by the lusty side of *Jupiter*;
Keep back the day, and hide his golden beams,
Where the chaste watchful morning may not find 'em;
Old doting *Tython* hold *Aurora* fast,
And though she blush the day-break from her cheeks,
Conceal her still; thou heavy Wain stand firm,
And stop the quicker revolutions;
Or if the day must come, to spoil our happiness,
Thou envious Sun peep not upon our pleasure,
Thou that all Lovers curse, be far off from us.

Enter Castruchio *with Guard.*

Evan. Then let's to bed, and this night in all joyes
And chaste delights—
Cast. Stay, I must part ye both;
It is the Kings command, who bids me tell ye,
To morrow is your last hour.
Val. I obey, Sir,
In Heaven we shall meet, Captain, where King *Frederick*
Dare not appear to part us.
Cast. Mistake me not, though I am rough in doing of my Office,
You shall find, Sir, you have a friend to honour ye.
Val. I thank ye, Sir.

Evan. Pray captain tell the King,
They that are sad on Earth, in Heaven shall sing. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Fryer Marco, *and* Rugio.

Rug. HAve you writ to the Captain of the Castle?
Mar. Yes, and charged him
Upon his souls health, that he be not cruel,
Told him *Valerio*'s worth among the people,
And how it must be punisht in posterity,
Though he scape now.
Rug. But will not he, Fryer *Marco*, betray this to the King?
Mar. Though he be stubborn, and of a rugged nature,
And honours much *Valerio.* (yet he is honest,
Rug. How does *Alphonso*?
For now me thinks my heart is light again,
And pale fear fled.
Mar. He is as well as I am;
The Rogue against his will has sav'd his life,
A desperate poison has re-cur'd the Prince.
Rug. To me 'tis most miraculous.
Mar. To me too, till I consider why it should do so,
And now I have found it a most excellent Physick,
It wrought upon the dull cold misty parts,
That clog'd his soul, which was another poison,
A desperate too, and found such matter there,
And such abundance also to resist it,
And wear away the dangerous heat it brought with it,
The pure blood and the spirits scap'd untainted.
Rug. 'Twas Heavens high hand, none of *Sorano*'s pity.
Mar. Most certain 'twas, had the malitious villain

Enter Castruchio.

Given him a cooling poison, he had paid him.
Rug. The Captain of the Castle.
Mar. O ye are welcome, how does your Prisoner?
Cast. He must go for dead;

But when I do a deed of so much villany,
I'le have my skin pull'd o're mine ears, my Lord,

Enter Alphonso *and Fryers.*

Though I am the Kings, I am none of his abuses;
How does your Royal charge? that I might see once.
Mar. I pray see now, you are a trusty Gentleman.
Alph. Good Fathers, I thank Heaven, I feel no sickness.
Cast. He speaks again.
Alph. Nothing that bars the free use of my spirit,
Me thinks the air's sweet to me, and company
A thing I covet now, *Castruchio.* (pate Lord,
Cast. Sir, he speaks, and knows, for Heaven sake break my
That I may be sure I sleep not.
Alph. Thou wert honest,
Ever among the rank of good men counted,
I have been absent long out of the world,
A dream I have lived, how does it look *Castruchio*?
What wonders are abroad? (goodness,
Cast. I fling off duty to your dead Brother, for he is dead in
And to the living hope of brave *Alphonso*,
The noble heir of nature, and of honour,
I fasten my Allegeance. (blest secret,
Mar. Softly Captain, we dare not trust the Air with this
Good Sir, be close again, Heaven has restor'd ye,
And by miraculous means, to your fair health,
And made the instrument your enemies malice,
Which does prognosticate your noble fortune;
Let not our careless joy lose you again, Sir,
Help to deliver ye to a further danger,
I pray you pass in, and rest a while forgotten,
For if your Brother come to know you are well again,
And ready to inherit as your right,
Before we have strength enough to assure your life,
What will become of you? and what shall we
Deserve in all opinions that are honest,
For our loss of judgment, care, and loyalty?
Rug. Dear Sir, pass in, Heaven has begun the work,
And blest us all, let our indeavours follow,
To preserve this blessing to our timely uses,

And bring it to the noble end we aim at;
Let our cares work now, and our eyes pick out
An hour to shew ye safely to your Subjects,
A secure hour.
Alph. I am counsel'd; ye are faithful.
Cast. Which hour shall not be long, as we shall handle it.
Once more the tender of my duty.
Alph. Thank ye.
Cast. Keep you the Monastery.
Rug. Strong enough I'le warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Fool, and Podrano.

Pod. Who are all these that crowd about the Court, Fool?
Those strange new faces?
Fool. They are Suitors, Coxcomb,
Dainty fine Suitors to the Widow Lady, (handsomly
Thou hadst best make one of 'em, thou wilt be hang'd as
At the Months end, and as much joy follow'd,
And 'twere to morrow; as many mourning Bawds for thee,
And holy Nuns, whose vestal fire ne'r vanishes,
In sackcloth Smocks, as if thou wert Heir apparent
To all the impious Suburbs, and the sink-holes.
Pod. Out you base Rogue.
Fool. Why dost abuse thy self?
Thou art to blame, I take thee for a Gentleman,
But why does not thy Lord and Master marry her?
Pod. Why, she is his Sister.
Fool. 'Tis the better, Fool,
He may make bold with his own flesh and blood,
For o' my conscience there's none else will trust him;
Then he may pleasure the King at a dead pinch too,
Without a *Mephestophilus*, such as thou art,
And ingross the Royal disease like a true Subject.
Pod. Thou wilt be whipt.
Fool. I am sure thou wilt be hang'd,
I have lost a Ducket else, which I would be loth to venture
Without certainty. They appear. [*Suitors pass by.*
Pod. Why these are Rascals. (better kindred?
Fool. They were meant to be so, does thy Master deserve
Pod. There's an old Lawyer,

Trim'd up like a Gally Foist, what would he do with her?
Fool. As Usurers do with their Gold, he would look on her,
And read her over once a day, like a hard report,
Feed his dull eye, and keep his fingers itching;
For any thing else, she may appeal to a Parliament,
Sub Pœna's and *Post Kaes* have spoil'd his Codpiece;
There's a Physician too, older than he,
And *Gallen Gallinacius*, but he has lost his spurs,
He would be nibling too.
Pod. I marked the man, if he be a man.
Fool. H'as much ado to be so,
Searcloths and Sirrups glew him close together,
He would fall a pieces else; mending of she Patients,
And then trying whether they be right or no
In his own person, there's the honest care on't,
Has mollifi'd the man; if he do marry her,
And come but to warm him well at *Cupids* Bonfire,
He will bulge so subtilly and suddenly,
You may snatch him up by parcels, like a Sea Rack:
Will your Worship go, and look upon the rest, Sir?
And hear what they can say for themselves.
Pod. I'le follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo, Menallo, Cleanthes, *and* Castruchio.

Cam. You tell us wonders.
Cast. But I tell you truths, they are both well.
Men. Why are not we in Arms then?
And all the Island given to know— (else,
Cast. Discreetly and privately it must be done, 'twill miss
And prove our ruines; most of the noble Citizens
Know it by me, and stay the hour to attend it,
Prepare your hearts and friends, let their's be right too,
And keep about the King to avoid suspicion;

Enter Frederick *and* Sorano.

When you shall hear the Castle Bell, take courage,
And stand like men, away, the King is coming.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Fre. Now Captain, what have you done with your prisoner?
Cast. He is dead, Sir, and his body flung into the Sea,

To feed the fishes, 'twas your will, I take it,
I did it from a strong Commission,
And stood not to capitulate.
Fred. 'Tis well done,
And I shall love you for your faith. What anger
Or sorrow did he utter at his end?
Cast. Faith little, Sir, that I gave any ear to,
He would have spoke, but I had no Commission
To argue with him, so I flung him off;
His Lady would have seen, but I lockt her up,
For fear her womans tears should hinder us.
Fred. 'Twas trusty still. I wonder, my *Sorano*,
We hear not from the Monastery; I believe
They gave it not, or else it wrought not fully.
Cast. Did you name the Monastery?
Fred. Yes, I did Captain.
Cast. I saw the Fryer this morning, and Lord *Rugio*,
Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their hands,
And all the holy men hung down their heads.
Sora. 'Tis done I'le warrant ye.
Cast. I ask'd the reason.
Fred. What answer hadst thou?
Cast. This in few words, Sir,
Your Brother's dead, this morning he deceased,
I was your servant, and I wept not, Sir,
I knew 'twas for your good.
Fred. It shall be for thine too,
Captain, indeed it shall. O my *Sorano*,
Now we shall live.
Sor. I, now there's none to trouble ye.
Fred. Captain, bring out the woman, and give way
To any Suitor that shall come to marry her,
Of what degree soever.
Cast. It shall be done, Sir. [*Exit* Cast.
Fre. O let me have a lusty Banquet after it,

Enter Evanthe, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, *Fool.*

I will be high and merry.
Sor. There be some Lords
That I could counsel ye to fling from Court, Sir,

They pry into our actions, they are such
The foolish people call their Countries honours,
Honest brave things, and stile them with such Titles,
As if they were the patterns of the Kingdom,
Which makes them proud, and prone to look into us,
And talk at random of our actions,
They should be lovers of your commands,
And followers of your will; bridles and curbs
To the hard headed Commons that malign us,
They come here to do honour to my Sister,
To laugh at your severity, and fright us;
If they had power, what would these men do?
Do you hear, Sir, how privily they whisper?
Fred. I shall silence 'em,
And to their shames within this week *Sorano*,
In the mean time have patience.
Sor. How they jeer, and look upon me as I were a Monster!
And talk and jeer! how I shall pull your plumes, Lords
How I shall humble ye within these two daies!
Your great names, nor your Country cannot save ye.
Fred. Let in the Suitors. Yet submit, I'le pardon ye,
You are half undone already, do not wind
My anger to that height, it may consume ye,

Enter Lawyer, Physician, Captain Cutpurse.

And utterly destroy thee, fair *Evanthe*: yet I have mercy.
Evan. Use it to your bawds,
To me use cruelty, it best becomes ye,
And shews more Kingly: I contemn your mercy,
It is a cozening, and a bawdy mercy;
Can any thing be hoped for, to relieve me? (Lord.
Or is it fit? I thank you for a pity, when you have kill'd my
Fred. Who will have her?
Evan. My tears are gone,
My tears of love to my dear *Valerio*,
But I have fill'd mine eyes again with anger;
O were it but so powerful to consume ye.
My tongue with curses I have arm'd against ye,
With Maiden curses, that Heaven crowns with horrors,
My heart set round with hate against thy tyranny;

O would my hands could hold the fire of Heaven,
Wrapt in the thunder that the Gods revenge with,
That like stern Justice I might fling it on thee;
Thou art a King of Monsters, not of men,
And shortly thou wilt turn this Land to Devils.
Fred. I'le make you one first, and a wretched Devil,
Come who will have her?
Law. I an't like your Majesty, I am a Lawyer,
I can make her a Joynture of any mans Land in *Naples*,
And she shall keep it too, I have a trick for it.
Fool. Canst thou make her a Joynture of thine honesty?
Or thy abili[t]y, thou lewd abridgment?
Those are non suted and flung o're the bar.
Phy. An't please your Majesty to give me leave,
I dare accept her; and though old I seem, Lady,
Like *Æson*, by my art I can renew youth and ability.
Fool. In a powdering Tub
Stew thy self tender again, like a Cock Chicken,
The broth may be good, but the flesh is not fit for dogs sure.
Capt. Lady, take me, and I'le maintain thine honour,
I am a poor Captain, as poor people call me,
Very poor people, for my Souldiers
They are quartered in the outside of the City,
Men of ability, to make good a high way;
We have but two grand Enemies that oppose us,
The *Don Gout*, and the Gallows. (Jointure;
Fool. I believe ye, and both these you will bind her for a
Now Signior firk.
Cut-purse. Madam, take me and be wise,
I am rich and nimble, and those are rare in one man,
Every mans pocket is my Treasury,
And no man wears a Sute but fits me neatly;
Cloaths you shall have, and wear the purest Linnen,
I have a tribute out of every Shop, Lady,
Meat you shall eat, I have my Caters out too,
The best and lustiest, and drink good Wine, good Lady,
Good quickening Wine, Wine that will make you caper.
And at the worst—
Fool. It is but capering short, Sir,
You seldom stay for Agues or for Surfeits,

A shaking fit of a whip sometimes o'retakes ye,
Marry you dye most commonly of choakings,
Obstructions of the halter are your ends ever;
Pray leave your horn and your knife for her to live on.
Eva. Poor wretched people, why do you wrong your selves?
Though I fear'd death, I should fear you ten times more,
You are every one a new death, and an odious,
The earth will purifie corrupted bodies,
You'll make us worse and stink eternally.
Go home, go home and get good Nurses for you,
Dream not of Wives.
Fred. You shall have one of 'em, if they dare venture for ye.
Evan. They are dead already,
Crawling diseases that must creep into
The next grave they find open, are these fit Husbands
For her you have loved, Sir? though you hate me now,
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,
Your nobleness, in that you have done otherwise,
And named *Evanthe* once as your poor Mistris,
Might offer worthier choice. (dye?
Fre. Speak, who dare take her for one moneth, and then
Phy. Dye, Sir?
Fred. I, dye Sir, that's the condition.
Phy. One moneth is too little
For me to repent in for my former pleasure,
To go still on, unless I were sure she would kill me,
And kill me delicately before my day,
Make it up a year, for by that time I must dye,
My body will hold out no longer.
Fred. No Sir, it must be but a moneth.
Law. Then farewel Madam,
This is like to be a great year of dissention
Among good people, and I dare not lose it,
There will [b]e money got.
Capt. Bless your good Ladiship, there's nothing in the (grave but bones and ashes,
In Taverns there's good wine, and excellent wenches,
And Surgeons while we live.
Cutp. Adieu sweet Lady,
Lay me when I am dead near a rich Alderman,

I cannot pick his Purse, no, I'le no dying,
Though I steal Linnen, I'le not steal my shrowd yet.
All. Send ye a happy match. [*Exeunt.*
Fool. And you all halters, you have deserved 'em richly.
These do all Villanies, and mischiefs of all sorts, yet those (they fear not,
To flinch where a fair wench is at the stake.
Evan. Come, your sentence, let me dye: you see, Sir,
None of your valiant men dare venture on me,
A Moneth's a dangerous thing.

Enter Valerio *disguis'd.*

Fred. Away with her, let her dye instantly.
Evan. Will you then be willing
To dye at the time prefixt? that I must know too,
And know it beyond doubt.
Fred. What if I did wench?
Evan. On that condition if I had it certain,
I would be your any thing, and you should injoy me,
How ever in my nature I abhor you,
Yet as I live I would be obedient to you;
But when your time came how I should rejoyce,
How then I should bestir my self to thank ye,
To see your throat cut, how my heart would leap, Sir!
I would dye with you, but first I would so torture ye,
And cow you in your end, so despise you,
For a weak and wretched coward, you must end sure;
Still make ye fear, and shake, despised, still laugh at ye.
Fred. Away with her, let her dye instantly.
Cam. Stay, there's another, and a Gentleman,
His habit shews no less, may be his business
Is for this Ladies love.
Fred. Say why ye come, Sir, and what you are.
Val. I am descended nobly, a Prince by birth, and by my trade
A Princes fellow, *Abidos* brought me forth, (a Souldier,
My Parents Duke *Agenor*, and fair *Egla*,
My business hither to renew my love
With a young noble spirit, call'd *Valerio*;
Our first acquaintance was at Sea, in fight
Against a Turkish man of War, a stout one,

Where Lyon-like I saw him shew his valour,
And as he had been made of compleat vertue,
Spirit, and fire, no dregs of dull earth in him. (him.
Evan. Thou art a brave Gentleman, and bravely speakest
Val. The Vessel dancing under him for joy,
And the rough whistling winds becalm'd to view him;
I saw the child of honour, for he was young,
Deal such an Alms amongst the spightful Pagans,
His towring sword flew like an eager Falkon,
And round about his reach invade the *Turks*,
He had intrencht himself in his dead quarries;
The silver Crescents on the tops they carried
Shrunk in their heads to see his rage so bloody,
And from his fury suffered sad eclipses;
The game of death was never plaid more nobly,
The meager thief grew wanton in his mischiefs,
And his shrunk hollow eyes smil'd on his ruines.
Evan. Heaven keep this Gentleman from being a Suitor,
For I shall ne'r deny him, he's so noble.
Val. But what can last long? strength and spirit wasted,
And fresh supplies flew on upon this Gentleman,
Breathless and weary with oppression,
And almost kill'd with killing, 'twas my chance
In a tall Ship I had to view the fight;
I set into him, entertain'd the *Turk*,
And for an hour gave him so hot a breakfast,
He clapt all linnen up he had to save him,
And like a Lovers thought he fled our fury;
There first I saw the man I lov'd, *Valerio*,
There was acquainted, there my soul grew to him,
And his to me, we were the twins of friendship.
Evan. Fortune protect this man, or I shall ruine him.
Val. I made this voyage to behold my friend,
To warm my love anew at his affection;
But since I landed, I have heard his fate:
My Father's had not been to me more cruel,
I have lamented too, and yet I keep
The treasure of a few tears for you Lady,
For by description you were his *Evanthe*.
Evan. Can he weep that's a stranger to my story?

And I stand still and look on? Sir, I thank ye;
If noble spirits after their departure,
Can know, and wish, certain his soul gives thanks too;
There are your tears again, and when yours fail, Sir,
Pray ye call to me, I have some store to lend ye. Your name?
Val. Urbino.
Evan. That I may remember,
That little time I have to live, your friendships,
My tongue shall study both. (*Urbino*?
Fred. Do you come hither, only to tell this story, Prince
Val. My business now is, Sir, to woo this Lady.
Evan. Blessing defend ye; do you know the danger?
Val. Yes, and I fear it not, danger's my play-fellow,
Since I was man 'thas been my best companion,
I know your doom, 'tis for a Moneth you give her,
And then his life you take that marries her.
Fred. 'Tis true, nor can your being born a Prince,
If you accept the offer, free you from it.
Val. I not desire it, I have cast the worst,
And even that worst to me is many blessings;
I lov'd my friend, not measur'd out by time,
Nor hired by circumstance of place and honour,
But for his wealthy self and worth I lov'd him,
His mind and noble mold he ever mov'd in,
And wooe his friend because she was worthy of him,
The only relique that he left behind, Sir;
To give his ashes honour, Lady take me,
And in me keep *Valerio*'s love alive still,
When I am gone, take those that shall succeed me,
Heaven must want light, before you want a Husband,
To raise up heirs of love and noble memory,
To your unfortunate— (affliction?
Evan. Am I still hated? hast thou no end, O fate, of my
Was I ordain'd to be a common Murdress?
And of the best men too? Good Sir—
Val. Peace Sweet, look on my hand.
Evan. I do accept the Gentleman, I faint with joy.
Fr. I stop it, none shall have her, convey this stranger hence.
Val. I am no stranger—Hark to the bell, that rings,
Hark, hark, proud *Frederick*, that was King of mischief,

Hark, thou abhorred man, dost thou hear thy sentence?
Does not this bell ring in thine ears thy ruine?
Fred. What bell is this?
Cam. The Castle bell: Stand sure, Sir, and move not, if (you do you perish.
Men. It rings your knell; *Alphonso*, King *Alphonso*.
All. *Alphonso*, King *Alphonso*.
Fred. I am betrai'd, lock fast the Palace.
Cam. We have all the keys, Sir.
And no door here shall shut without our Licence.
Cle. Do you shake now, Lord *Sorano*? no new trick?
Nor speedy poison to prevent this business?
No bawdy meditation now to fly to?
Fred. Treason, Treason, Treason.
Cam. Yes, we hear ye,

Enter Alphonso, Rugio, Marco, Castruchio, *Queen*, *with Guard.*

And we have found the Traytor in your shape, Sir,
We'll keep him fast too.
Fred. Recover'd! then I am gone,
The Sun of all my pomp is set and vanisht.
Alp. Have you not forgot this face of mine, King *Frederick*?
Brother, I am come to see you, and have brought
A Banquet to be merry with your Grace;
I pray sit down, I do beseech your Majesty,
And eat, eat freely, Sir, why do you start?
Have you no stomach to the meat I bring you?
Dare you not taste? have ye no Antidotes?
You need not fear; *Sorano*'s a good Apothecary,
Me thinks you look not well, some fresh wine for him,
Some of the same he sent me by *Sorano*;
I thank you for't, it sav'd my life, I am bound to ye,
But how 'twill work on you— I hope your Lordship
Will pledge him too, me thinks you look but scurvily,
And would be put into a better colour,
But I have a candi'd Toad for your Lordship.
Sor. Would I had any thing that would dispatch me,
So it were down, and I out of this fear once.
Fred. Sir, Thus low as my duty now compells me,

I do confess my unbounded sins, my errours,
And feel within my soul the smarts already;
Hide not the noble nature of a Brother,
The pity of a friend, from my afflictions;
Let me a while lament my misery,
And cast the load off of my wantonness,
Before I find your fury, then strike home,
I do deserve the deepest blow of Justice,
And then how willingly, O death, I'le meet thee!
Alp. Rise, Madam, those sweet tears are potent speakers,
And Brother live, but in the Monastery,
Where I lived, with the self same silence too,
I'le teach you to be good against your will, Brother,
Your tongue has done much harm, that must be dumb now;
The daily pilgrimage to my Fathers Tomb,
Tears, sighs, and groans, you shall wear out your daies with,
And true ones too, you shall perform dear Brother;
Your diet shall be slender to inforce these; too light a pe-
Fred. I do confess it. (nance, Sir.
Alph. *Sorano* you shall—
Sor. How he studies for it!
Hanging's the least part of my penance certain.
[Evanthe *Kneels.*
Alph. What Lady's that that kneels?
Cast. The chaste *Evanthe.*
Alph. Sweet, your Petition?
Evan. 'Tis for this bad man, Sir,
Abominable bad, but yet my Brother.
Alph. The bad man shall attend as bad a Master,
And both shall be confin'd within the Monastery;
His rank flesh shall be pull'd with daily fasting,
But once a week he shall s[m]ell meat, he will surfeit else,
And his immodest mind, compell'd to prayer;
On the bare boards he shall lye, to remember
The wantonness he did commit in beds;
And drink fair water, that will ne'r inflame him;
He sav'd my life, though he purpos'd to destroy me,
For which I'le save his, though I make it miserable:
Madam, at Court I shall desire your company,
You are wise and vertuous, when you please to visit

My Brother *Frederick*, you shall have our Licence,
My dear best friend, *Valerio*.
Val. Save *Alphonso*.
Omn. Long live *Alphonso*, King of us, and *Naples*.
Alph. Is this the Lady that the wonder goes on?
Honour'd sweet Maid, here take her my *Valerio*,
The King now gives her, she is thine own without fear:
Brother, have you so much provision that is good?
Not season'd by *Sorano* and his Cooks?
That we may venture on with honest safety,
We and our friends?
Fred. All that I have is yours, Sir.
Alph. Come then, let's in, and end this Nuptial,
Then to our Coronation with all speed:
My vertuous Maid, this day I'le be your Bride-man,
And see you bedded to your own desires too;
Beshrew me Lords, who is not merry hates me,
Only *Sorano* shall not bear my cup:
Come, now forget old pains and injuries,
As I must do, and drown all in fair healths;
That Kingdom's blessed, where the King begins
His true love first, for there all loves are twins.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Prologue.

YOu are wellcome Gentlemen, and would our Feast
Were so well season'd, to please every Guest;
Ingenuous appetites, I hope we shall,
And their examples may prevail in all.
Our noble friend, who writ this, bid me say,
He had rather dress, upon a Triumph day,

My Lord Ma[y]ors Feast, and make him Sawces too,
Sawce for each several mouth, nay further go,
He had rather build up those invincible Pyes
And Castle Custards that affright all eyes,
Nay eat 'em all and their Artillery,
Than dress for such a curious company
One single dish; yet he has pleas'd ye too,
And you've confest he knew well what to do;
Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring,
Sharp stomachs to the stories he shall sing,
And he dare yet, he saies, prepare a Table
Shall make you say, well drest, and he well able.

Epilogue.

WE have your favours, Gentlemen, and you
Have our indeavours, (dear Friends grudge not now,)
There's none of you, but when you please can sell
Many a lame Horse, and many a fair tale tell;
Can put off many a Maid unto a friend,
That was not so since th' action at Mile-end;
Ours is a Virgin yet, and they that love
Untainted flesh, we hope our friends will prove.

THE LOVERS PROGRESS. A TRAGEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

King of France.
Cleander, *Husband to* Calista.
Lidian, *Brother to* Calista, } *both in love with*
Clarange, *Rival to* Lidian, } Olinda.
Dorilaus, *Father to* Lidian *and* Calista, *a merry old man.*
Lisander, *a noble Gentleman, in love with* Calista.
Alcidon, *a friend, and second to* Lidian.
Beronte, *Brother to* Cleander.
Lem[ure], *a noble Courtier.*
Leon, *a Villain, Lover of* Clarinda.
Mallfort, *a foolish Steward of* Cleander.
Lancelot, *Servant to* Lisander.
Fryar.
Hosts ghost.
Chamberlain.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Calista, *a vertuous Lady, Wife to* Cleander.
Olinda, *a noble Maid, and rich Heir, Mistress to* Lidian *and* Clarange.
Clarinda, *a lustful Wench,* Calista's *waiting woman.*

The Scene France.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor. } { *John Lowin.*
Robert Benfield. } { *John Underwood.*
Thomas Polard. } { *Richard Sharpe.*
George Birch. } { *John Thomson.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leon, *and* Mallfort.

Mal. AND as I told you, Sir.
Leon. I understand you,
Clarinda's still perverse.
Mal. She's worse, obdurate,
Flinty, relentless, my love-passions jeer'd at,
My Presents scorn'd.
Leon. 'Tis strange a waiting-woman,
In her condition apt to yield, should hold out,
A man of your place, reverend Beard and shape,
Besieging her.
Mal. You might add too my wealth,
Which she contemns, five hundred Crowns *per annum*,
For which I have ventur'd hard, my Conscience knows it,
Not thought upon, though offer'd for a Joynture;
This Chain which my Lords Pesants worship, flouted;
My solemn hums and ha's, the servants quake at,
No Rhetorick with her; every hour she hangs out
Some new Flag of defiance to torment me;
Last Lent, my Lady call'd me her *Poor John*,
But now I am grown a walking *Skeleton*,
You may see through, and through me.
Leon. Indeed you are much faln away.
Mal. I am a kind of nothing,
As she hath made me; Love's a terrible Clyster,
And if some Cordial of her favours help not,
I shall like an *Italian*, dye backward,
And breathe my last the wrong way.
Leon. As I live, you have my pity; but this is cold comfort,
And in a friend lip-physick; and now I think on't,
I should do more, and will, so you deny not
Your self the means of comfort.
Mal. I'll be hang'd first; one dram of't I beseech you.
Leon. You are not jealous of any mans access to her?
Mal. I would not receive the *Dor*, but as a bosome (friend
You shall direct me, still provided that
I understand who is the man, and what

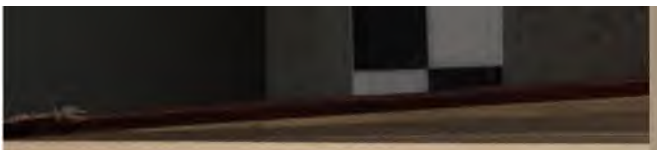
His purpose, that pleads for me.
Leon. By all means:
First, for the undertaker, I am he;
The means that I will practise, thus—
Mal. Pray you forward.
Leon. You know your Lady, chaste *Calista* loves her.
Mal. Too well, that makes her proud.
Leon. Nay, give me leave,
This beauteous Lady, I may stile her so,
(Being the paragon of *France* for feature)
Is not alone contented in her self
To seem, and be good, but desires to make
All such as have dependance on her, like her;
For this *Clarinda*'s liberty is restrain'd;
And though her kinsman, the gate's shut against me;
Now if you please to make your self the door,
For my conveyance to her, though you run
The hazard of a check for't, 'tis no matter.
Mal. It being for mine own ends.
Leon. I'll give it o'r,
If that you make the least doubt otherwise:
Study upon't: good morrow.
Mal. Pray you stay, Sir;
You are my friend; yet as the Proverb says,
When love puts in, friendship is gone: suppose
You should your self affect her?
Leon. Do you think I'll commit incest? for it is no less,
She being my Cousin German. Fare you well, Sir.
Mal. I had forgot that, for this once forgive me.
Only to ease the throbbing of my heart,
(For I do feel strange pangs) instruct me what
You will say for me.
Leon. First, I'll tell her that
She hath so far besotted you, that you have
Almost forgot to cast accompt.
Mal. Meer truth, Sir.
Leon. That of a wise and provident Steward,
You are turn'd stark Ass.
Mal. Urge that point home, I am so.
Leon. That you adore the ground she treads upon,

And kiss her footsteps.
Mal. As I do when I find their print in the snow.
Leon. A loving fool I know it,
By your bloudless frosty lips; then having related
How much you suffer for her, and how well
You do deserve it—
Mal. How? to suffer?
Leon. No, Sir, to have your love return'd.
Mal. That's good, I thank you.
Leon. I will deliver her an Inventory
Of your good parts: as this, your precious nose
Dropping affection; your high forehead reaching
Almost to the Crown of your head; your slender waste,
And a back not like a threshers, but a bending,
And Court-like back, and so forth, for your Body.
But when I touch your mind, for that must take her,
(Since your out-side promises little) I'll enlarge it,
(Though ne'r so narrow) as your arts to thrive,
Your composition with the Cook and Butler
For Cony-Skins and Chippings, and half a share
With all the under Officers of the house,
In strangers bounties, that she shall have all,
And you as 'twere her Bailiff.
Mal. As I will be.
Leon. As you shall, so I'll promise. Then your qualities,
As playing on a Gyttern, or a Jews-Trump.
Mal. A little too on the Viol.
Leon. Fear you nothing.
Then singing her asleep with curious Catches
Of your own making; for as I have heard,
You are Poetical.
Mal. Something given that way;
Yet my works seldom thrive: and the main reason
The Poets urge for't, is, because I am not
As poor as they are.
Leon. Very likely; fetch her
While I am in the vein.
Mal. 'Tis an apt time, my Lady being at her Prayers.
Leon. Let her pray on.
Nay go, and if upon my intercession

She do you not some favour, I'll disclaim her;
I'll ruminate on't the while.
Mal. A hundred Crowns is your reward.
Leon. Without 'em—nay no trifling. [*Ex.* Mal.
That this dull clod of ignorance should know
How to get money, yet want eyes to see
How grosly he's abus'd, and wrought upon!
When he should make his will, the Rogue's turn'd rampant,
As he had renew'd his youth; a handsome wench,
Love one a spittle-whore would run away from?
Well, Master Steward, I will plead for you
In such a method, as it shall appear
You are fit to be a property.

Enter Malfort, *and* Clarinda.

Mal. Yonder he walks
That knows my worth and value, though you scorn it.
Clar. If my Lady know not this—
Mal. I'll answer it:
If you were a Nun I hope your Cousin German
Might talk with you through a grate, but you are none,
And therefore may come closer; ne'r hang off,
As I live you shall bill; ye may salute as strangers,
Custom allows it. Now, now, come upon her
With all your Oratory, [tickle her to the quick,]
As a young Advocate should, and leave no Vertue
Of mine unmentioned, I'll stand centinel;
Nay keep the door my self. [*Exit.*
Clar. How have you work'd
This piece of motley to your ends?
Leon. Of that at leasure, Mistriss. [*Kissing.*
Clar. Lower, you are too loud,
Though the fool be deaf, some of the house may hear you.
Leon. Suppose they should, I am a Gentleman,
And held your Kinsman, under that I hope
I may be free.
Clar. I grant it, but with caution;
But be not seen to talk with me familiarly,
But at fit distance, or not seen at all,
It were the better; you know my Ladies humour,



She is all honour, and compos'd of goodness,
(As she pretends) and you having no business,
How jealous may she grow?
Leon. I will be rul'd.
But you have promis'd, and I must enjoy you.
Clar. We shall find time for that; you are too hasty,
Make your self fit and I shall make occasion,
Deliberation makes best in that business,
And contents every way.
Leon. But you must feed
This foolish Steward with some shadow of
A future favour, that we may preserve him
To be our instrument.
Clar. Hang him.
Leon. For my sake, Sweet,
I undertook to speak for him, any Bauble,
Or slight employment in the way of service,
Will feed him fat.

Enter Malfort.

Clar. Leave him to me.
Mal. She comes, my Lady.
Clar. I will satisfie her.
Mal. How far have you prevail'd?
Leon. Observe.
Clar. Monsieur *Malfort*,
I must be brief, my cousin hath spoke much
In your behalf, and to give you some proof,
I entertain you as my servant,
You shall have the grace.
Leon. Upon your knee receive it.
Clar. And take it as a special favour from me,
To tye my shooe.
Malf. I am o're-joy'd.
Leon. Good reason.
Clar. You may come higher in time.
Leon. No more, the Lady.

Enter Calista.

Malf. She frowns.

Clar. I thank you for this visit cousin,
But without leave hereafter from my Lady,
I dare not change discourse with you.
Malf. Pray you take your mornings draught.
Leon. I thank you: [*Exeunt* Leon, Malf.
Happiness attend your honour.
Calist. Who gave warrant to this private parle?
Clar. My innocence; I hope
My conference with a kinsman cannot call
Your anger on me.
Calist. Kinsman? Let me have
No more of this, as you desire you may continue mine.
Clar. Why madam (under pardon)
Suppose him otherwise: yet coming in
A lawfull way, it is excusable.
Calist. How's this?
Clar. I grant you are made of pureness,
And that your tenderness of honour holds
The soveraigntie o're your passions. Yet you have
A noble Husband, with allow'd embraces,
To quench lascivious fires, should such flame in you,
As I must ne're believe. Were I the wife
Of one that could but zanie brave *Cleander*,
Even in his least perfections, (excuse
My o're-bold inference) I should desire
To meet no other object.
Cal. You grow saucie. Do I look further?
Clar. No, dear Madam: and
It is my wonder or astonishment rather,
You could deny the service of *Lisander*;
A man without a rival: one the King
And Kingdom gazes on with admiration,
For all the excellencies a Mother could
Wish in her only Son.
Cal. Did not mine honour
And obligation to *Cleander*, force me
To be deaf to his complaints?
Clar. 'Tis true; but yet
Your rigor to command him from your presence,
Argu'd but small compassion; the Groves

Witness his grievous sufferings, your fair name
Upon the rinde of every gentle Poplar,
And amorous Myrtle, (trees to *Venus* sacred)
With adoration carv'd, and knee[l']d unto,
This you (unseen of him) both saw and heard
Without compassion, and what receiv'd he
For his true sorrows? but the heavy knowledge,
That 'twas your peremptory will and pleasure,
(How e're my Lord liv'd in him) he should quit
Your sight and house for ever.

Cal. I confess I gave him a strong potion to work
Upon his hot bloud, and I hope 'twill cure him:
Yet I could wish the cause had concern'd others,
I might have met his sorrows with more pity;
At least have lent some counsel to his miseries,
Though now for honours sake, I must forget him,
And never know the name more of *Lisander*:
Yet in my justice I am bound to grant him,
(Laying his love aside) most truely noble.
But mention him no more, this instant hour
My Brother *Lidian*, new return'd from travel,
And his brave friend *Clarange*, long since rivals
For fair and rich *Olinda*, are to hear
Her absolute determination, whom
She pleases to elect: see all things ready
To entertain 'em: and on my displeasure
No more words of *Lisander*. (her own:

Clar. She endures to hear him nam'd by no tongue but
How e're she carries it, I know she loves him. [*Exit.*

Cal. Hard nature: hard condition of poor women!
That where we are most su'd to, we must flye most.
The trees grow up, and mix together freely,
The Oak's not envious of the sailing Cedar,
The lustie Vine not jealous of the Ivie
Because she clips the Elm; the flowers shoot up,
And wantonly kiss one another hourly,
This blossome glorying in the others beauty,
And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely:
But we are ty'd to grow alone. O honour,
Thou hard Law to our lives, chain to our freedoms

He that invented thee had many curses;
How is my soul divided! O *Cleander*,
My best deserving husband! O *Lisander*,
The truest lover that e're sacrific'd
To *Cupid* against *Hymen*! O mine honour;
A Tyrant, yet to be obey'd! and 'tis
But justice we should thy strict Laws endure,
Since our obedience to thee keeps us pure. [*Exit.*

Enter Cle[a]nder, Lidian, *and* Clarange.

Clean. How insupportable the difference
Of dear friends is, the sorrow that I feel
For my *Lisanders* absence, one that stamps
A reverend print on friendship, does assure me.
You are rivals for a Lady, a fair Lady,
And in the acquisition of her favours,
Hazard the cutting of that Gordian knot
From your first childhood to this present hour,
By all the tyes of love and amity fasten'd.
I am blest in a wife (Heaven make me thankfull)
Inferiour to none (sans pride I speak it)
Yet if I were a free-man, and could purchase
At any rate the certainty to enjoy
Lisanders conversation while I liv'd,
Forgive me my *Calista*, and the Sex,
I never would seek change.

Lid. My Lord and Brother,
I dare not blame your choice, *Lisanders* worth
Being a Mistris to be ever courted;
Nor shall our equal suit to fair *Olinda*
Weaken, but adde strength to our true affection,
With zeal so long continued.

Claran. When we know
Whom she prefers, as she can choose but one,
By our so long tri'd friendship we have vow'd
The other shall desist.

Clea. 'Tis yet your purpose,
But how this resolution will hold
In him that is refus'd, is not alone
Doubtfull, but dangerous.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. The rich heir is come Sir.
Cleand. Madam *Olinda*?
Malf. Yes Sir, and makes choice,
After some little conference with my Lady,
Of this room to give answer to her suitors.
Cle. Already both look pale, between your hopes
To win the prize, and your despair to lose
What you contended for.
Lid. No Sir, I am arm'd.
Clar. I confident of my interest.
Cle. I'le believe ye when you have endur'd the test.

Enter Calista, Olinda, *and* Clarinda.

Malf. Is not your garter
Unty'd? you promis'd that I should grow higher
In doing you service.
Clar. Fall off or you lose me. [*Exit* Malfort.
Cle. Nay take your place, no *Paris* now sits judge
On the contending goddesses. You are
The Deitie that must make curst or happy
One of your languish[i]ng servants.
Ol. I thus look with equal eyes on both; either deserves
A fairer fortune than they can in reason
Hope for from me; from *Lidian* I expect,
When I have made him mine, all pleasures that
The sweetness of his manners, youth, and vertues
Can give assurance of: but turning this way
To brave *Clarange*, in his face appears
A kind of Majesty which should command,
Not sue for favour. If the fairest Lady
Of *France*, set forth with natures best endowments
Nay should I adde a Princess of the bloud,
Did now lay claim to either for a husband,
So vehement my affection is to both,
My envie at her happiness would kill me.
Cle. The strangest love I ever heard.
Cal. You can enjoy but one.
Clar. The more I say the merrier.
Oli. Witness these tears I love both, as I know

You burn with equal flames, and so affect me;
Abundance makes me poor; such is the hard
Condition of my fortune; be your own judges;
If I should favour both, 'twill taint my honour,
And that before my life I must prefer;
If one I lean to, the other is disvalued;
You are fierie both, and love will make you warmer.
Clar. The warmer still the fitter. You are a fool Lady.
Oli. To what may love, and the Devil jealousie spur you
Is too apparent: my name's call'd in question:
Your swords flie out, your angers range at large:
Then what a murther of my modesty follows?
Clar. Take heed of that by any means: O innocent,
That will deny a blessing when 'tis offer'd,
Would I were murther'd so, I would thank my modesty.
Cle. What pause you on?
Oli. It is at length resolv'd.
Clar. We are on the Rack, uncertain expectation
The greatest torture.
Lidi. Command what you please,
And you shall see how willingly we will execute.
Oli. Then hear what for your satisfaction,
And to preserve your friendship I resolve
Against my self, and 'tis not to be alter'd:
You are both brave gentlemen, I'le still profess it,
Both noble servants, for whose gentle offers,
The undeserving, and the poor *Olinda*
Is ever bound; you love both, fair, and vertuously;
Would I could be so happy to content both:
Which since I cannot, take this resolute answer;
Go from me both contentedly, and he
That last makes his return, and comes to visit,
Comes to my bed. You know my will: farewel;
My heart's too big to utter more: come friend.
Cal. I'le wait on you to your Coach.
[*Exeunt* Olinda, Calista, Clarinda.
Cle. You both look blank, I cannot blame you.
Lid. We have our dispatches.
Clara. I'le home.
Lid. And I'le abroad again, Farewel.

Clara. Farewel to ye.

[*Exeunt* Clarange, *and* Lidian.

Cle. Their blunted departure troubles me: I fear
A suddain and a dangerous division
Of their long love will follow: have you took
Your leave of fair *Olinda*?

Enter Calista, *with a purse.*

C[*al*]. She is gone Sir.

Cle. Had you brought news *Lisander* were return'd too,
I were most happy.

Cal. Still upon *Lisander*?

Cle. I know he loves me, as he loves his health:
And Heaven knows I love him.

Cal. I find it so:
For me you have forgot, and what I am to you.

Cle. O think not so. If you had lost a Sister
You lock'd all your delights in, it would grieve you:
A little you would wander from the fondness
You ow'd your husband: I have lost a friend,
A noble friend, all that was excellent
In man, or man-kind, was contain'd within him,
That loss my wife—

Enter Malfort.

Malf. Madam, your noble Father—
A fee for my good news.

Cal. Why? what of him Sir?

Mal. Is lighted at the door, and longs to see you.

Calist. Attend him hither.

Clean. O my dear *Lisander.*
But I'le be merry: let's meet him my *Calista.*

Cal. I hope *Lisanders* love will now be buried:
My Father will bring joy enough for one moneth,
To put him out of memorie.

Enter Dorilaus, *his arm in a scarff.*

Dor. How do you Son?
Bless my fair child, I am come to visit yee,
To see what house you keep, they say you are bountifull,

I like the noise well, and I come to trie it.
Ne're a great belly yet? how have you trifl'd?
If I had done so (Son) I should have heard on't
On both sides by Saint *Denis*.
Clean. You are nobly welcom Sir:
We have time enough for that.
Dorilaus. See how she blushes!
'Tis a good sign you'l mend your fault, how dost thou,
My good *Calista*?
Cal. Well, now I see you Sir;
I hope you bring a fruitfulness along with ye.
Dor. Good luck, I never miss, I was ever good at it:
Your mother groan'd for't wench, so did some other,
But I durst never tell.
Cal. How does your arm Sir?
Cle. Have you been let bloud of late?
Dor. Against my will Sir.
Cal. A fall dear Father?
Dor. No, a Gun, dear Daughter;
Two or three Guns; I have one here in my buttock,
'Twould trouble a Surgeons teeth to pull it out.
Cal. O me! O me!
Dor. Nay, if you fall to fainting,
'Tis time for me to trudge: art such a coward,
At the meer name of hurt to change thy colour?
I have been shot that men might see clean through me,
And yet I fainted not: besides my self,
Here are an hospital of hurt men for ye.

Enter Servants, wounded in several places.

Clean. What should this wonder be?
Cal. I am amaz'd at it. (soundly,
Doril. What think ye of these? they are every one hurt
Hurt to the proof, they are through, and through I assure ye;
And that's good game, they scorn your puling scratches.
Cal. Who did this Sir?
Dor. Leave crying, and I'le tell you,
And get your plaisters, and your warm stupes ready:
Have you ne're a Shepheard that can tarr us over?
'Twill prove a business else, we are so many.

Coming to see you, I was set upon,
I and my men, as we were singing frolickly,
Not dreaming of an ambush of base Rogues,
Set on i'th' forest, I have forgot the name—
Cle. 'Twixt this, and *Fountaine-Bleau*,
In the wild Forest?
Dor. The same, the same, in that accursed Forest,
Set on by villains, that make boot of all men,
The Peers of *France* are pillage there, they shot at us,
Hurt us, un-hors'd us, came to the sword, there pli'd us,
Opprest us with fresh multitudes, fresh shot still,
Rogues that would hang themselves for a fresh doublet,
And for a Scarlet Cassock kill their Fathers.
Cle. Lighted you among these?
Dor. Among these murtherers,
Our poor blouds were ingag'd: yet we strook bravely,
And more than once or twice we made them shun us,
And shrink their rugged heads: but we were hurt all.
Cle. How came you off? for I even long to hear that.
Dor. After our prayers made to Heaven to help us,
Or to be mercifull unto our souls;
So near we were. Alas poor wench, wipe, wipe.
See Heaven sends remedy.
Cal. I am glad 'tis come Sir,
My heart was even a bleeding in my body.
Dor. A curl'd hair Gentleman stept in, a stranger,
As he rod by, belike he heard our bickering,
Saw our distresses, drew his sword, and prov'd
He came to execute, and not to argue.
Lord what a lightning methought flew about him,
When he once toss'd his blade! in face *Adonis*,
While peace inhabited between his eye-brows:
But when his noble anger stirr'd his metal,
And blew his fierie parts into a flame,
Like *Pallas*, when she sits between two armies,
Viewing with horrid brows their sad events,
Such then he look'd: and as her shield had arm'd him.
Cal. This man Sir were a friend to give an age for.
This Gentleman I must love naturally:
Nothing can keep me off; I pray you go on Sir.

Dor. I will, for now you please me: this brave youth,
This bud of *Mars*, for yet he is no riper,
When once he had drawn bloud, and flesh'd his sword,
Fitted his manly metal to his spirit,
How he bestirr'd him! what a lane he made!
And through their fierie Bullets thrust securely:
The hardned villains wondring at his confidence,
Lame as I was I follow'd, and admir'd too,
And stirr'd, and laid about me with new spirit,
My men too with new hearts thrust into action,
And down the Rogues went.

Cle. I am struck with wonder.

Dor. Remember but the storie of strong *Hector*,
When like to lightning he broke through his vanguard,
How the *Greeks* frighted ran away by Troops,
And trod down Troops to save their lives: so this man
Dispers'd these slaves: had they been more and mightier,
He had come off the greater, and more wonder.

Cle. Where is the man, good Sir, that we may honour him?

Cal. That we may fall in superstition to him.

Dor. I know not that, from me he late departed,
But not without that pious care to see safe
Me, and my weak men lodg'd, and dress'd; I urg'd him
First hither, that I might more freely thank him:
He told me he had business, crav'd my pardon,
Business of much import.

Cle. Know you his name?

Dor. That he deny'd me too: a vow had bar'd him.

Cal. In that he was not noble to be nameless.

Dor. Daughter you must remember him when I am dead,
And in a noble sort requite his piety,
'Twas his desire to dedicate this service
To your fair thoughts.

Cal. He knows me then?

Dor. I nam'd you,
And nam'd you mine: I think that's all his knowledge.

Cle. No name, no being?

Cal. Now I am mad to know him:
Saving mine honour, any thing I had now
But to enjoy his sight, but his bare picture;

Make me his Saint, I must needs honour him.
Serv. I know his name.
Cal. There's thy reward for't; speak it.
Ser. His man told me, but he desir'd my silence.
Cal. O *Jasper* speak, 'tis thy good Masters cause too:
We all are bound in gratitude to compel thee.
Ser. *Lisander*? Yes, I am sure it was *Lisander*.
Cal. *Lisander*? 'twas *Lisander*.
Cle. 'Tis *Lisander*. O my base thoughts! my wicked!
To make question this act could be another mans:
'Tis *Lisander*, a handsome timber'd man?
Ser. Yes. (mourn'd?
Cle. My *Lisander*! Was this friends absence to be
Cal. I grant it:
I'le mourn his going now, and mourn it seriously:
When you weep for him, Sir, I'le bear you company.
That so much honour, so much honesty
Should be in one man, to do things thus bravely,
Make me his Saint, to me give this brave service:
What may I do to recompence his goodness?
I cannot tell.
Cle. Come Sir, I know you are sickly, so are your men.
Dor. I must confess I am weak,
And fitter for a bed than long discourses.
Cle. You shall hear to morrow, to morrow provide Sur-
Dor. *Lisander*— (geons.
Cal. What new fire is this? *Lisander*— [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lisander, *and* Lancelot.

Lis. PRethee good *Lancelot* remember that
Thy Master's life is in thy trust, and therefore
Be very carefull.
Lanc. I will lose mine own, rather than hazard yours.
Lisa. Take what disguise
You in your own discretion shall think fittest,
To keep your self unknown.
Lanc. I warrant ye;

'Tis not the first time I have gone invisible:
I am as fine a Fairie in a business
Concerning night-work—
Lisa. Leave your vanities:
With this purse (which deliver'd,
You may spare your Oratory) convey this Letter to
Calista's woman.
Lanc. 'Tis a handsom girle, Mistris *Clarinda.*
Lisa. I have made her mine. You know your work.
Lan. And if I sweat not in it,
At my return discard me. [*Exit.*
Lisa. O *Calista*! the fairest! cruellest!

Enter Clarange.

Clar. So early stirring? a good day to you.
Lisa. I was viewing Sir,
The site of your house, and the handsomness about it:
Believe me it stands healthfully and sweetly.
Clar. The house and Master of it really
Are ever at your service.
Lisa. I return it:
Now if you please go forward in your storie
Of your dear friend and Mistris.
Clar. I will tell it,
And tell it short, because 'tis breakfast time,
(And love is a tedious thing to a quick stomach)
You eat not yester-night.
Lisa. I shall endure Sir.
Clara. My self (and as I then deliver'd to you)
A Gentleman of noble hope, one *Lidian*,
Both brought up from our infancy together,
One company, one friendship, and one exercise
Ever affecting, one bed holding us,
One grief, and one joy parted still between us,
More than companions, twins in all our actions,
We grew up till we were men, held one heart still:
Time call'd us on to Arms, we were one Souldier,
Alike we sought our dangers and our honours,
Gloried alike one in anothers nobleness:
When Arms had made us fit, we were one lover,

We lov'd one woman, lov'd without division,
And woo'd a long time with one fair affection;
And she, as it appears, loves us alike too.
At length considering what our love must grow to,
And covet in the end, this one was parted,
Rivals and honours make men stand at distance.
We then woo'd with advantage, but were friends still,
Saluted fairly, kept the peace of love,
We could not both enjoy the Ladies favour,
Without some scandal to her reputation,
We put it to her choice, this was her sentence,
To part both from her, and the last returning
Should be her Lord; we obey'd, and now you know it;
And for my part, (so truely I am touch'd with't)
I will go far enough, and be the last too,
Or ne're return.

Lisa. A sentence of much cruelty;
But mild, compar'd with what's pronounc'd on me.
Our loving youth is born to many miseries.
What is that *Lidian* pray ye? (Lady.

Clar. *Calista*'s Brother, if ever you have heard of that fair

Lisa. I have seen her Sir.

Clar. Then you have seen a wonder.

Lisa. I do confess: of what years is this *Lidian*?

Clar. About my years: there is not much between us.

Lisa. I long to know him.

Clar. 'Tis a vertuous longing,
As many hopes hang on his noble head,
As blossoms on a bough in *May*, and sweet ones.

Lisa. Ye are a fair storie of your friend.

Clar. Of truth Sir: now, what's the matter?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There is a Gentleman
At door, would speak with you on private business.

Clar. With me?

Serv. He saies so, and brings haste about him.

Clar. Wait on him in. [*Exit Servant.*

Lisa. I will retire the while, to the next room.

Clar. We shall not long disturb you.

Enter Alcidon.

Alci. Save ye, Sir.
Clara. The like to you, fair Sir: pray you come near.
Alci. Pray you instruct me for I know you not.
With Monsieur *Clarange* I would speak.
Clar. I am he, Sir:
Ye are nobly welcome; I wait your business.
Alci. This will inform you.
Clar. Will you please to sit down? [*Reads.*
He shall command me Sir, I'le wait upon him
Within this hour.
Alci. Y'are a noble Gentleman,
Wil't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, Sir, should be unfurnish'd.
Clar. I have none now, and the time is set so short,
'Twill not be possible.
Alci. Do me the honour:
I know you are so full of brave acquaintance,
And worthy friends, you cannot want a partner:
I would be loth to stand still, Sir; besides,
You know the custom, and the vantage of it,
If you come in alone.
Clar. And I must meet it.
Alci. Send, we'l defer an hour, let us be equal:
Games won and lost on equal terms shew fairest.
Clar. 'Tis to no purpose to send any whither,
Unless men be at home by Revelation:
So please you breath a while; when I have done with him,
You may be exercis'd too: I'le trouble no man.

Enter Lisander.

Lisa. They are very loud. Now what's the news?
Clar. I must leave you,
Leave you a while, two hours hence I'le return friend.
Lisa. Why, what's the matter?
Clar. A little business.
Lisa. And't be but a little, you may take me with ye.
Clar. 'Twill be a trouble to you.
Lisa. No indeed, to do you service, I account a pleasure.
Clar. I must alone.

Lisa. Why?
Clar. 'Tis necessity—
Before you pass the walks, and back again,
I will be with ye.
Lisa. If it be not unmannerly
To press you, I would go.
Clar. I'le tell you true, Sir,
This Gentleman and I upon appointment,
Are going to visit a Lady.
Lisa. I am no *Capuchin*, why should not I go?
Alci. Take the Gentleman,
Come he may see the Gentlewoman too,
And be most welcom, I do beseech you take him.
Lis. By any means, I love to see a Gentlewoman,
A prettie wench too.
Clar. Well, Sir, we'll meet you,
And at the place: My service to the Lady.
Alci. I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*
Clar. Prethee read o're her Letter.

Lisander reads.

Monsieur,

I *Know you have consider'd the dark sentence* Olinda *gave us, and that (however she disguis'd it) it pointed more at our swords edges than our bodies banishments; the last must injoy her: if we retire, our youths are lost in wandring; in emulation we shall grow old men, and feeble, which is the scorn of love, and rust of honour, and so return more fit to wed our Sepulchers, than the Saint we aim at; let us therefore make our journey short, and our hearts ready, and with our swords in our hands put it to fortune, which shall be worthy to receive that blessing, I'le stay you on the mountain, our old hunting place, this Gentleman alone runs the hazard with me, and so I kiss your hand.*

Your Servant *Lidian.*

Is this your wench? you'l find her a sharp Mistris.
What have I thrust my self into? is this that *Lidian*
You told me of?
Clar. The same.
Lisa. My Ladies Brother?

No cause to heave my sword against but his?
To save the Father yesterday, and this morning,
To help to kill the Son? this is most courteous!
The only way to make the Daughter doat on me.
Clar. Why do you muse? would ye go off?
Lisa. No, no, I must on now; this will be kindly taken;
No life to sacrifice, but part of hers?
Do you fight straight?
Clara. Yes, presently.
Lisan. To morrow then,
The balefull tidings of this day will break out,
And this nights Sun will set in bloud; I am troubl'd:
If I am kill'd, I am happy.
Clar. Will you go friend?
Lis. I am ready Sir, fortune thou hast made me monstrous.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Malfort, *and* Clarinda.

Malf. Your cousin, and my true friend, lusty *Leon*,
Shall know how you use me.
Clar. Be more temperate,
Or I will never use, nor know you more
I'th' way of a servant: all the house takes notice
Of your ridiculous fopperie; I have no sooner
Perform'd my duties in my Ladies chamber,
And she scarce down the stairs, but you appear
Like my evil spirit to me. (der
Malf. Can the fish live out of the water, or the Salaman-
Out of the fire? or I live warm, but in
The frying-pan of your favour?
Cla. Pray you forget
Your curious comparisons, borrowed from
The pond, and kitchin, and remember what
My Ladies pleasure is for th' entertainment
Of her noble Father.
Ma. I would learn the art of memory in your table book.
Cla. Very good sir, no more but up and ride, I apprehend
Your meaning, soft fire makes sweet mault Sir:
I'le answer you in a Proverb.
Mal. But one kiss from thy hony lip.

Cla. You fight too high, my hand is
A fair ascent from my foot, his slavering kisses
Spoil me more gloves,—enough for once, you'l surfeit
With too much grace.
Mal. Have you no imployment for me?
C[*la*]. Yes, yes, go send for *Leon*, and convey him
Into the private Arbour, from his mouth
I hear your praises with more faith.
Ma. I am gone; yet one thing e're I go, there's at the door
The rarest Fortune-teller, he hath told me
The strangest things; he knows ye are my Mistris,
And under seal deliver'd how many Children
I shall beget on you, pray you give him hearing,
He'l make it good to you.
Cla. A cunning man
Of your own making, howsoe'r I'le hear him
At your intreaty.
Mal. Now I perceive ye love me,
At my entreaty, come in friend—remember
To speak as I directed, he knows his lesson,
And the right way to please her; this it is
To have a head-piece. [*Exit.*

Enter Lancelot, *like a Fortune-teller, with a Purse, and two Letters in it.*

Cla. 'Tis said you can tell fortunes to come.
Lan. Yes Mistris and what's past;
Unglove your hand, by this straight line I see
You have lain crooked.
Cla. How? lain crooked?
Lan. Yes; and in that posture plaid at the old game,
(No body hears me, and I'le be no blab)
And at it lost your maiden-head.
Cla. A shrewd fellow;
'Tis truth, but not to be confess'd; in this
Your palmistry deceives you, something else Sir.
Lan. Ye are a great woman with your Lady, and
Acquainted with her counsels.
Cla. Still more strange.
Lan. There is a noble Knight *Lisander* loves her,

Whom she regards not, and the destinies
With whom I am familiar, have deliver'd
That by your means alone, he must enjoy her.
Your hand again, yes, yes; you have already
Promis'd him your assistance, and what's more,
Tasted his bounty, for which, from the skye
There are 200. crowns dropp'd in a Purse,
Look back, you'l find it true; nay, open it,
'Tis good Gold I assure you. (to my Lady?

Cla. How, two Letters? the first indors'd to me? this Subscrib'd *Lisander*?

Lan. And the fortune-teller, his servant *Lancelot.*

Cla. How had I lost my eyes,
That I could not know thee? not a word of the loss
Of my virginity.

Lan. Nor who I am.

Cla. I'le use all speedy means for your dispatch
With a welcom answer, but till you receive it,
Continue thus disguis'd, Monsieur *Malfort*
(You know the way to humour him) shall provide
A lodging for you, and good entertainment;
Nay, since we trade both one way, thou shalt have
Some feeling with me, take that. (ment.

Lan. Bountifull wench may'st thou ne're want imploy-

Cla. Nor such pay boy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lidian, Alcidon, (*at one door*) Lisander, Clarange, (*at another.*)

Lid. You're welcom.

Alci. Let us do our office first,
And then make choice of a new piece of ground
To try our fortunes.

Lisa. All's fair here.

Alci. And here, their swords are equal.

Lisa. If there be any odds in mine, we will exchange.

Alci. We'l talk of that
When we are farther off, farewel.

Lisa. Farewel friend. [*Ex.* Lisander, *and* Alcidon.

Lidi. Come let us not be idle.

Cla. I will find you imployment, fear not.

Lid. You know Sir, the cause that brings [u]s hither.
Cla. There needs no more discoursing,
No time, nor place for repetition now.
Lid. Let our swords argue, and I wish *Clarange*,
The proud *Olinda* saw us.
Cla. Would she did;
What ever estimation she holds of me,
She should behold me like a man fight for her.
Lid. 'Tis nobly said; set on love; and my fortune—
Cla. The same for me, come home brave *Lidian*,
'Twas manly thrust, this token to the Lady,
Ye have it Sir, deliver it, take breath,
I see ye bleed apace, ye shall have fair play.

Enter Lisander.

Lis. You must lye there a while, I cannot help you.
Lid. Nay, then my fortune's gone, I know I must dye:
Yet dearly will I sell my love, come on both,
And use your fortunes, I expect no favour;
Weak as I am, my confidence shall meet ye.
Cla. Yield up your cause and live.
Lid. What dost thou hold me?
A recreant, that prefers life before credit?
Though I bleed hard, my honour finds no Issue,
That's constant to my heart.
Cla. Have at your life then.
Lis. Hold, or I'le turn, and bend my sword against ye;
My cause *Clarange* too, view this brave Gentleman,
That yet may live to kill you, he stands nobly,
And has as great a promise of the day
As you can tye unto your self, he's ready,
His sword as sharp, view him with that remembrance,
That you deliver'd him to me *Clarange*:
And with those eyes, that clearness will become ye:
View him, as you reported him; survey him,
Fix on your friendship Sir, I know you are noble,
And step but inward to your old affection;
Examine but that soul grew to your bosom,
And try then if your sword will bite, it cannot,
The edge will turn again, asham'd, and blunted;

Lidian, you are the pattern of fair friendship,
Exampled for your love, and imitated,
The Temple of true hearts, stor'd with affections,
For sweetness of your spirit made a Saint,
Can you decline this nobleness to anger?
To mortal anger? 'gainst the man ye love most?
Have ye the name of vertuous, not the nature?
Lid. I will sit down.
Clar. And I'le sit by you, *Lidian.* (things?
Lis. And I'le go on, can Heaven be pleas'd with these
To see two hearts that have been twin'd together,
Married in friendship to the world, to wonder,
Of one growth, of one nourishment, one health,
Thus mortally divorc'd for one weak woman?
Can love be pleas'd? love is a gentle spirit,
The wind that blows the *April* flowers, not softer;
She is drawn with doves to shew her peacefulness,
Lions and bloody Pards are *Mars's* servants;
Would ye serve love? do it with humbleness,
Without a noise, with still prayers, and soft murmurs;
Upon her Altars offer your obedience,
And not your brawls; she's won with tears, not terrors:
That fire ye kindle to her deity
Is only gratefull when it's blown with sighs,
And holy Incense flung with white hand-innocence;
Ye wound her now; ye are too superstitious,
No sacrifice of bloud, or death she longs for.
Lid. Came he from Heaven?
Clar. He tells us truth good *Lidian.*
Lisa. That part of noble love which is most sweet,
And gives eternal being to fair beauty,
Honour, you hack i' pieces with your swords,
And that ye fight to crown, ye kill, fair credit.
Clar. Thus we embrace, no more fight, but all friendship,
And where love pleases to bestow his benefits,
Let us not argue.
Lid. Nay, brave Sir, come in too;
You may love also, and may hope, if ye do,
And not rewarded for't, there is no justice;
Farewel friend, here let's part upon our pilgrimage,

It must be so, *Cupid* draws on our sorrows.
And where the lot lights—
Clar. I shall count it happiness,
Farewel, dear friend.
Lis. First, let's relieve the Gentleman
That lyes hurt in your cause, and bring him off,
And take some care for your hurts, then I will part too,
A third unfortunate, and willing wanderer. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olinda, *and* Calista.

Oli. My fears foresaw 'twould come to this.
Cal. I would your sentence had been milder.
Olin. 'Tis past help now.
Cal. I share in your despair, and yet my hopes
Have not quite left me, since all possible means
Are practised to prevent the mischief following
Their mortal meeting, my Lord is coasted one way,
My Father, though his hurts forbad his travel,
Hath took another, my Brother in Law *Beronte*
A third, and every minute we must look for
The certain knowledge, which we must endure
With that calm patience heav'n shall please to lend us.

Enter Dorilaus, *and* Cleander, *severally.*

Dor. Dead both?
Clea. Such is the rumour, and 'tis general.
Olin. I hear my passing bell.
Cal. I am in a fevour.
Cle. They say their seconds too; but what they are,
Is not known yet, some worthy fellows certain.
Dor. Where had you knowledge?
Clea. Of the Country people, 'tis spoken every where.
Dor. I heard it so too;
And 'tis so common, I do half believe it,
You have lost a Brother, wench, he lov'd you well,
And might have liv'd to have done his country service,
But he is gone, thou fell'st untimely, *Lidian*,
But by a valiant hand, that's some small comfort,
And took him with thee too, thou lov'st brave company,
Weeping will do no good, you lost a servant,

He might have liv'd to have been your Master, Lady,
But you fear'd that.
Olin. Good Sir, be tender to me,
The news is bad enough, you need not press it,
I lov'd him well, I lov'd 'em both.
Dor. It seems so.
How many more have you to love so Lady?
They were both fools to fight for such a Fiddle;
Certain there was a dearth of noble anger,
When a slight woman was thought worth a quarrel.
Olin. Pray you think nobler.
Dor. I'le tell thee what I think, the plague, war, famine,
Nay put in dice and drunkenness (and those
You'l grant are pretty helps) kill not so many
(I mean so many noble) as your loves do,
Rather your lewdness, I crave your mercy, women,
Be not offended if I anger ye.
I am sure ye have touch'd me deep, I came to be merry,
And with my children, but to see one ruin'd
By this fell accident—are they all dead?
If they be, speak?
Clean. What news?

Enter Beronte, Alcidon, Clarinda, *following with a Letter.*

Ber. What, dead? ye pose me;
I understand you not.
Clea. My Brother *Lidian*, *Clarange*, and their seconds.
Ber. Here is one of 'em, and sure this Gentleman's alive.
Alci. I hope so, so is your Son, Sir, so is brave *Clarange*:
They fought indeed, and they were hurt sufficiently;
We were all hurt, that bred the general rumour,
But friends again all, and like friends we parted.
Clea. Heard ye of *Lisander*?
Ber. Yes, and miss'd him narrowly:
He was one of the combatants, fought with this Gentleman,
Second against your Brother, by his wisdom
(For certainly good fortune follows him)
All was made peace, I'le tell you the rest at dinner,
For we are hungry.

Alci. I before I eat
Must pay a vow I am sworn to; my life, Madam,
Was at *Lisander's* mercy, I live by it;
And for the noble favour, he desir'd me
To kiss your fair hand for him, offering
This second service as a Sacrifice
At the Altar of your vertues.
Dor. Come joy on all sides;
Heaven will not suffer honest men to perish.
Clea. Be proud of such a friend.
Dor. Forgive me, Madam,
It was a grief might have concern'd you near too.
Clea. No work of excellence but still *Lisander*,
Go thy waies, Worthy.
Olin. We'l be merry too,
Were I to speak again, I would be wiser.
[*Ex. Manent* Cal. Clarin.
Cal. Too much of this rare cordial makes me sick,
However I obey you.
Clarin. Now or never is an apt time to move her, Madam.
Cal. Who's that?
Clarin. Your servant, I would speak with your Ladyship.
C[*al*]. Why dost thou look about?
Clarin. I have private business
That none must hear but your *Lisander*—
Cal. Where?
Clar. Nay, is not here, but would entreat this favour,
Some of your Balsam from your own hand given,
For he is much hurt, and that he thinks would cure him.
Cal. He shall have all, my Prayers too.
Clar. But conceive me,
It must be from your self immediately,
Pity so brave a Gentleman should perish,
He is superstitious, and he holds your hand
Of infinite power; I would not urge this, Madam,
But only in a mans extreams to help him. (happy in't,
Cal. Let him come (good wench) 'tis that I wish, I am
My husband his true friend, my noble father,
The fair *Olinda*, all desire to see him;
He shall have many hands.

Clar. That he desires not,
Nor eyes but yours, to look upon his miseries,
For then he thinks 'twould be no perfect cure, Madam,
He would come private.
Cal. How can that be here?
I shall do wrong unto all those that honour him,
Besides my credit.
Clar. Dare ye not trust a hurt man?
Not strain a courtesie to save a Gentleman?
To save his life that has sav'd all your family?
A man that comes like a poor mortifi'd Pilgrim,
Only to beg a Blessing and depart again?
He would but see you, that he thinks would cure him.
But since you find fit reasons to the contrary,
And that it cannot stand with your clear honour,
Though you best know how well he has deserv'd of ye:
I'll send him word back though I grieve to do it,
Grieve at my soul, for certainly 'twill kill him,
What your will is.
Cal. Stay, I will think upon't; where is he, Wench?
Clar. If you desire to see him,
Let not that trouble you, he shall be with you,
And in that time that no man shall suspect ye;
Your honour, Madam, is in your own free keeping;
Your care in me; in him all honesty;
If ye desire him not, let him pass by ye,
And all this business reckon but a dream.
C[a]l. Go in, and counsel me, I would fain see him,
And willingly comfort him.
Clar. 'Tis in your power;
And if you dare trust me, you shall do it safely,
Read that, and let that tell you, how he honours you.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Clarinda *with a Key, and* Leon.

Leon. THis happy Night. [*Kisses her.*
Clar. Preserve this eagerness
Till we meet nearer, there is something done

Will give us opportunity.
Leon. Witty Girl, the plot?
Clar. You shall hear that at leisure,
The whole house reels with joy at the report
Of *Lidians* safety, and that joy encreas'd
From their affection to the brave *Lisander*,
In being made the happy instrument to compound
The bloudy difference.
Leon. They will hear shortly that
Will turn their mirth to mourning, he was then
The principal means to save two lives, but since
There are two faln, and by his single hand,
For which his life must answer, if the King,
Whose arm is long, can reach him. (this Key,
Clar. We have now no spare time to hear stories, take
'Twill make your passage to the banquetting house
I'th' Garden free.
Leon. You will not fail to come?
Clar. For mine own sake ne'r doubt it; now for *Lisander*.
[*Exit.*

Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, *Servants with lights.*

Dor. To bed, to bed, 'tis very late.
Clean. To bed all, I have drunk a health too much.
Dor. You'll sleep the better,
My usual physick that way.
Clean. Where's your Mistriss?
Clar. She is above, but very ill, and aguish;
The late fright of her Brother has much troubl'd her:
She would entreat to lye alone.
Clean. Her pleasure. (health,
Dor. Commend my love to her, and my Prayers for her
I'll see her ere I go. [*Exeunt*; *manet* Clarinda.
Clar. All good rest to ye;
Now to my watch for *Lisander*, when he is furnish'd,
For mine own friend, since I stand Centinel,
I love to laugh i'th' evenings too, and may,
The priviledg of my place will warrant it. [*Exit.*

Enter Lisander, *and* Lancelot.

Lis. You have done well hitherto; where are we now?
Lanc. Not far from the house, I hear by th' Owls,
There are many of your Welch falkoners about it;
Here were a night to chuse to run away with
Another mans Wife, and do the feat.
Lis. Peace Knave,
The house is here before us, and some may hear us;
The Candles are all out.
Lanc. But one i'th' Parlour,
I see it simper hither, pray come this way.
Lis. Step to the Garden-door, and feel and't be open.
Lan. I am going, luck deliver me from the saw-pits,
Or I am buried quick; I hear a Dog,
No, 'tis a Cricket, ha? here's a Cuckold buried,
Take heed of his horns, Sir, here's the door, 'tis open.
[Clarinda *at the door.*
Clar. Who's there?
Lis. Friend.
Clar. Sir, *Lisander*?
Lis. I.
Clar. Ye are welcome, follow me, and make no noise.
Lis. Go to your horse, and keep your watch with care,
And be sure ye sleep not. (Sirrah,
[*Exeunt* Lisander, Clarinda.
Lan. Send me out the Dairy-maid
To play at trump with me, and keep me waking,
My fellow horse and I must now discourse
Like two learned Almanack-Makers, of the Stars,
And tell what a plentiful year 'twill prove of Drunkards.
If I had but a pottle of Sack, like a sharp prickle,
To knock my Nose against when I am nodding,
I should sing like a Nightingale, but I must
Keep watch without it, I am apt to dance,
Good fortune guide me from the Faries Circles. [*Exit.*

Enter Clarinda *with a Taper, and* Lisander *with a Pistol, two Chairs set out.*

Clar. Come near, [Calista *sitting behind a Curtain.*
I'll leave ye now, draw but that Curtain,

And have your wish; now, *Leon*, I am for thee;
We that are servants must make use of stoln hours,
And be glad of snatch'd occasions. [*Exit.*
Lis. She is asleep,
Fierce Love hath clos'd his lights, I may look on her,
Within her eyes 'has lockt the graces up,
I may behold and live; how sweet she breaths!
The orient morning breaking out in odours
Is not so full of perfumes, as her breath is;
She is the abstract of all Excellence, and scorns a Parallel.
Cal. Who's there?
Lis. Your servant, your most obedient slave (adored Lady)
That comes but to behold those eyes again,
And pay some Vows I have to sacred Beauty,
And so pass by; I am blind as ignorance,
And know not where I wander, how I live,
Till I receive from their bright influence
Light to direct me, for Devotions sake,
You are the Saint I tread these holy steps to,
And holy Saints are all relenting sweetness,
Be not enrag'd, nor be not angry with me;
The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy;
And 'tis the Crown of Justice, and the glory
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.
Cal. Why do you kneel? I know you come to mock me,
T'upbraid me with the benefits you have giv'n me,
Which are too many, and too mighty, Sir,
For my return; and I confess 'tis justice,
That for my cruelty you should despise me,
And I expect however you are calm now,
A foyl you strive to set your cause upon,
It will break out; *Calista* is unworthy,
Coy, proud, disdainful, I acknowledge all,
Colder of Comfort than the frozen North is,
And more a stranger to *Lisanders* worth,
His youth and faith, than it becomes her gratitude,
I blush to grant it, yet take this along,
A soveraign medicine to allay displeasure,
May be an argument to bring me off too;
She is married, and she is chaste; how sweet that sounds!

How it perfumes all air 'tis spoken in!
O dear *Lisander*! would you break this union?
Lis. No, I adore it; let me kiss your hand,
And seal the fair faith of a Gentleman on it.
Cal. You are truly valiant, would it not afflict ye
To have the horrid name of Coward touch you?
Such is the Whore to me.
Lis. I nobly thank ye;
And may I be the same when I dishonour ye;
This I may do again. [*Kissing her hand.*
Cal. Ye may, and worthily;
Such comforts Maids may grant with modesty,
And neither make her poor nor wrong her bounty;
Noble *Lisander*, how fond now am I of ye!
I heard you were hurt.
Lis. You dare not heal me, Lady?
I am hurt here; how sweetly now she blushes!
Excellent Objects kill our sight, she blinds me;
The Roses in the pride of *May* shew pale to her;
O Tyrant, Custom! and O Coward, Honour!
How ye compel me to put on mine own Chains!
May I not kiss ye now in superstition?
For you appear a thing that I would kneel to;
Let me err that way. [*Kisses her.*
Cal. Ye shall err for once, I have a kind of noble pity on (you,
Among your manly sufferings, make this most,
To err no farther in desire, for then, Sir,
You add unto the gratitudes I owe you;
And after death, your dear friends soul shall bless you.
Lis. I am wondrous honest.
Cal. I dare try. [*Kisses.*
Lis. I have tasted a blessedness too great for dull mortality,
Once more, and let me dye.
Cal. I dare not murther,
How will maids curse me if I kill with kisses!
And young men flye th' embraces of fair Virgins?
Come, pray sit down, but let's talk temperately.
Lis. Is my dear friend abed?
Cal. Yes, and asleep;
Secure asleep, 'tis midnight too, *Lisander*,

Speak not so loud.
Lis. You see I am a Statue,
I could not stand else as I had eaten Ice,
Or took into my bloud a drowzie Poyson,
And Natures noblest, brightest flame burns in me;
Midnight? and I stand quietly to behold it so?
The Alarm rung, and I sleep like a Coward?
I am worn away, my faith, my dull obedience
Like Crutches, carry my decayed Body
Down to the Grave, I have no youth within me,
Yet happily you love too.
Cal. Love with honour.
Lis. Honour? what's that? 'tis but a specious title
We should not prize too high.
Cal. Dearer than life.
Lis. The value of it is as time hath made it,
And time and custome have too far insulted,
We are no gods, to be always tyed to strictness,
'Tis a presumption to shew too like 'em;
March but an hour or two under Loves Ensigns,
We have Examples of great memories—
Cal. But foul ones too, that greatness cannot cover,
That Wife that by Example sins, sins double,
And pulls the Curtain open to her shame too;
Methinks to enjoy you thus—
Lis. 'Tis no joy, Lady,
A longing Bride if she stop here, would cry,
The Bridegroom too, and with just cause curse *Hymen*;
But yield a little, be one hour a Woman,
(I do not speak this to compel you, Lady)
And give your Will but motion, let it stir
But in the taste of that weak fears call evil,
Try it to understand it, we'll do nothing,
You'll ne'r come to know pure good else.
Cal. Fie, Sir.
Lis. I have found a way, let's slip into this errour
As Innocents, that know not what we did;
As we were dreaming both, let us embrace;
The sin is none of ours then, but our fancies;
What have I said? what blasphemy to honour?

O my base thoughts! pray ye take this and shoot me.
My Villain thoughts! [*Noise within.*
Cal. I weep your miseries, and would to heaven—what
Lis. It comes on louder. (noise?
Kill me, and save your self; save your fair honour,
And lay the fault on me, let my life perish,
My base lascivious life, shoot quickly, Lady.
Cal. Not for the World, retire behind the hangings,
And there stand close—my husband, close, *Lisander.*

Enter Cleander *with a Taper.*

Clean. Dearest, are you well?
Cal. O my sad heart, my head, my head.
Clean. Alas, poor soul! what do you do out of your bed?
You take cold, my *Calista*; how do ye?
Cal. Not so well, Sir, to lie by ye, my Brothers fright—
Clean. I had a frightful dream too,
A very frightful dream, my best *Calista*;
Methought there came a Dragon to your Chamber,
A furious Dragon (Wife) I yet shake at it;
Are all things well?
Lis. Shall I shoot him?
Cal. No, all well, Sir,
'Twas but your care of me, your loving care,
Which always watches.
Clean. And methought he came
As if he had risen thus out of his Den,
As I do from these Hangings.
Lis. Dead.
Cal. Hold, good Sir.
Clean. And forc'd ye in his arms thus.
Cal. 'Twas but fancy
That troubled ye, here's nothing to disturb me,
Good Sir, to rest again, and I am now drowzie,
And will to bed; make no noise, dear Husband,
But let me sleep; before you can call any body, I am abed.
Clean. This, and sweet rest dwell with ye. [*Exit.*
Cal. Come out again, and as you love, *Lisander*,
Make haste away, you see his mind is troubled;
Do you know the door ye came in at?

Lis. Well, sweet Lady.
Cal. And can ye hit it readily?
Lis. I warrant ye;
And must I go? Must here end all my happiness?
Here in a dream, as if it had no substance?
Cal. For this time, friend, or here begin our ruins;
We are both miserable.
Lis. This is some comfort
In my afflictions; they are so full already,
They can find no encrease.
Cal. Dear, speak no more.
Lis. You must be silent then.
Cal. Farewel, *Lisander*, thou joy of man, farewel.
Lis. Farewel, bright Lady,
Honour of woman-kind, a heavenly blessing.
Cal. Be ever honest.
Lis. I will be a dog else;
The vertues of your mind I'll make my Library,
In which I'll study the celestial beauty;
Your Constancy, my Armour that I'll fight in;
And on my Sword your Chastity shall sit,
Terrour to rebel bloud.
Cal. Once more, farewel; [*Noise within.*
O that my modesty cou'd hold you still, Sir—he comes (again.
Lis. Heaven keep my hand from murther,
Murther of him I love.
Cal. Away, dear friend,
Down to the Garden stairs, that way, *Lisander*,
We are betray'd else.

Enter Cleander.

Lis. Honour guard the innocent. [*Exit* Lisander.
Clean. Still up? I fear'd your health.
Cal. 'Has miss'd him happily;
I am going now, I have done my meditations,
My heart's almost at peace.
Clean. To my warm Bed then.
Cal. I will, pray ye lead. [*A Pistol shot within.*
Clean. A Pistol shot i'th' house?
At these hours? sure some thief, some murtherer;

Rise, ho! rise all, I am betray'd.
Cal. O Fortune!
O giddy thing! he has met some opposition,
And kill'd; I am confounded, lost for ever.

Enter Dorilaus.

Dor. Now, what's the matter?
Clean. Thieves, my noble Father, Villains and Rogues.
Dor. Indeed! I heard a Pistol, let's search about.

Enter Malfort, Clarinda, *and Servants.*

Mal. To bed again, they are gone, Sir,
I will not bid you thank my valour for't;
Gone at the Garden door; there were a dozen,
And bravely arm'd, I saw 'em.
Clar. I am glad, glad at the heart.
Serv. One shot at me, and miss'd me.
Mal. No, 'twas at me, the Bullet flew close by me,
Close by my ear; another had a huge Sword,
Flourish'd it thus; but at the point I met him,
But the Rogue taking me to be your Lordship,
(As sure your Name is terrible, and we
Not much unlike in the dark) roar'd out aloud,
'Tis the kill-Crow, *Dorilaus*, and away
They ran as they had flown; now you must love me,
Or fear me for my Courage, Wench.
Clar. O Rogue!
O lying Rogue, *Lisander* stumbled, Madam,
At the Stairs-head, and in the fall the shot went off;
Was gone before they rose.
Cal. I thank Heaven for't.
Clar. I was frighted too, it spoil'd my game with *Leon.*
Cle. You must sit up; and they had come to your Chamber
What pranks would they have plaid! how came the door open?
Ma. I heard 'em when they forc'd it; up I rose,
Took *Durindana* in my hand; and like
Orlando, issu'd forth.
Clar. I know you are valiant.
Clean. To bed again,
And be you henceforth provident, at sun-rising

We must part for a while.
Dor. When you are a bed,
Take leave of her, there 'twill be worth the taking;
Here 'tis but a cold Ceremony, ere long
We'll find *Lisander*, or we have ill-fortune.
Clean. Lock all the doors fast.
Mal. Though they all stood open,
My name writ on the door, they dare not enter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clarange, *Fryar with a letter.*

Clar. Turn'd Hermit?
Fry. Yes, and a devout one too; I heard him preach.
Clar. That lessens my belief,
For though I grant my *Lidian* a Scholar,
As far as fits a Gentleman, he hath studied
Humanity, and in that he is a Master;
Civility of manners, Courtship, Arms;
But never aim'd at (as I could perceive)
The deep points of Divinity.
Fry. That confirms his
Devotion to be real, no way tainted
With ostentation, or hyp[ocr]isie,
The cankers of Religion; his Sermon
So full of gravity, and with such sweetness
Deliver'd, that it drew the admiration
Of all the hearers on him; his own Letters
To you, which witness he will leave the World,
And these to fair *Olinda*, his late Mistriss,
In which he hath with all the moving language
That ever express'd Rhetorick, solicited
The Lady to forget him, and make you
Blessed in her embraces, may remove
All scrupulous doubts.
Clar. It strikes a sadness in me.
I know not what to think of 't.
Fry. Ere he entred
His solitary Cell, he pen'd a Ditty,
His long, and last farewel to Love and Women,
So feelingly, that I confess however
It stands not with my order to be taken

With such poetical Raptures; I was mov'd,
And strangely with it.
Clar. Have you the Copy?
Fry. Yes, Sir;
My Novice too can sing it, if you please
To give him hearing.
Clar. And it will come timely,
For I am full of melancholy thoughts,
Against which I have heard with reason Musick
To be the speediest cure, 'pray you apply it.

A Song by the Novice.

Adieu fond love, farewel you wanton powers,
I am free again;
Thou dull Disease of bloud, and idle hours;
Bewitching pain,
Flye to the Fools that sigh away their time,
My nobler love to Heaven doth climb,
And there behold Beauty still young,
That Time can ne'r corrupt, nor Death destroy;
Immortal sweetness by fair Angels sung,
And honour'd by Eternity and Joy:
There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire,
Fond love declines, this heavenly [*love*] *grows higher.*

Fri. How do ye approve it?
Claran. To its due desert,
It is a Heavenly Hymn, no ditty Father,
It passes through my ears unto my soul,
And works divinely on it; give me leave
A little to consider; shall I be
Outdone in all things? nor good of my self,
Nor by example? shall my loose hope still,
The viands of a fond affection, feed me
As I were a sensual beast? spiritual food
Refus'd by my sick palat? 'tis resolv'd.
How far off Father, doth this new made Hermit
Make his abode?
Fri. Some two dayes journey Son.
Clar. Having reveal'd my fair intentions to ye,

I hope your piety will not deny me
Your aids to further 'em?
Fri. That were against a good mans charity.
Clar. My first request is,
You would some time, for reasons I will shew you,
Defer delivery of *Lidians* Letters
To fair *Olinda.*
Fri. Well Sir.
Clar. For what follows,
You shall direct me; something I will do,
A new born zeal, and friendship prompts me to. [*Ex.*

Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, Chamberlain, *Table, Tapers, and three stools.*

Clea. We have supp'd well friend; let our beds be ready,
We must be stirring early.
Cham. They are made Sir.
Dor. I cannot sleep yet, where's the jovial host
You told me of? 'thas been my custom ever
To parley with mine host.
Clea. He's a good fellow,
And such a one I know you love to laugh with;
Go call your Master up.
Cham. He cannot come Sir.
Dor. Is he a bed with his wife?
Cham. No certainly.
Dor. Or with some other guests?
Cham. Neither and't like ye.
Clea. Why then he shall come by your leave my friend,
I'le fetch him up my self.
Cham. Indeed you'l fail Sir.
Dor. Is he i'th' house?
Cham. No, but he is hard by Sir;
He is fast in's grave, he has been dead these three weeks.
Dor. Then o' my conscience he will come but lamely,
And discourse worse.
Clean. Farewel mine honest Host then,
Mine honest merry Host; will you to bed yet?
Dor. No, not this hour, I prethee sit and chat by me.

Clean. Give us a quart of wine then, we'l be merry.
Dor. A match my Son; pray let your wine be living,
Or lay it by your Master.
Cham. It shall be quick Sir. [*Exit.*
Dor. Has not mine Host a wife?
[*Clean*]. A good old woman.
Dor. Another coffin, that is not so handsom;
Your Hostesses in Innes should be blith things,
Pretty, and young to draw in passengers;
She'l never fill her beds well, if she be not beauteous.
Clean. And courteous too.

Enter Chamberlain, *with wine.*

Dor. I, I, and a good fellow,
That will mistake sometimes a Gentleman
For her good man; well done; here's to *Lisander.*
Clean. My full love meets it; make fire in our lodgings,
We'l trouble thee no farther; to your Son. [*Ex.* Cham.
Dor. Put in *Clarange* too; off with't, I thank ye;
This wine drinks merrier still, O for mine Host now,
Were he alive again, and well dispos'd,
I would so claw his pate.
Clean. Y'are a hard drinker.
Dor. I love to make mine Host drunk, he will lye then
The rarest, and the roundest, of his friends,
His quarrels, and his guests, and they are the best bauds too,
Take 'em in that tune.
Clean. You know all.
Dor. I did Son, but time, and arms have worn me out.
Clea. 'Tis late Sir, I hear none stirring. [*A lute is struck.*
Dor. Hark, what's that, a Lute?
'Tis at the door I think.
Clean. The doors are shut fast.
Dor. 'Tis morning sure, the Fiddlers are got up
To fright mens sleeps, have we ne're a pispot ready?
Clean. Now I remember, I have heard mine Host that's dead,
Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely sing too,
A brave still mean.
Dor. I would give a brace of *French* Crowns
To see him rise and Fiddle—Hark, a Song.

A SONG.

'TIS late and cold, stir up the fire;
Sit close, and draw the Table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold.
Your bed of wanton down's the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest;
I could wish you wenches too,
But I am dead and cannot do;
Call for the best the house may ring,
Sack, White, and Claret let them bring,
And drink apace while breath you have,
You'l find but cold drink in the grave;
Plover, Partridge for your dinner,
And a Capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you are up,
And your horse shall have his sup:
Welcom welcom shall flye round,
And I shall smile though under ground.

Clean. Now as I live, it is his voice.
Dor. He sings well, the Devil has a pleasant pipe.
Clean. The fellow lyed sure.

Enter Host.

He is not dead, he's here: how pale he looks!
Dor. Is this he?
Clean. Yes.
Host. You are welcom noble Gentlemen,
My brave old guest most welcom.
Clean. Lying knaves,
To tell us you were dead, come sit down by us,
We thank ye for your Song.
Host. Would 't had been better.
Dor. Speak, are ye dead?
Host. Yes indeed am I Gentlemen,
I have been dead these three weeks.
Dor. Then here's to ye, to comfort your cold body.
Clean. What do ye mean? stand further off.
Dor. I will stand nearer to him,

Shall he come out on's coffin to bear us company,
And we not bid him welcom? come mine Host,
Mine honest Host, here's to ye.
Host. Spirits Sir, drink not.
Clea. Why do ye appear?
Host. To wait upon ye Gentlemen,
'Thas been my duty living, now my farewel;
I fear ye are not us'd accordingly.
Dor. I could wish you warmer company mine Host,
How ever we are us'd.
Host. Next to entreat a courtesie,
And then I go to peace.
Clea. Is't in our power?
Host. Yes and 'tis this, to see my body buried
In holy ground, for now I lye unhallowed,
By the clarks fault; let my new grave be made
Amongst good fellows, that have died before me,
And merry Hostes of my kind.
Clea. It shall be done.
Dor. And forty stoops of wine drank at thy funeral.
Clea. Do you know our travel?
Host. Yes, to seek your friends,
That in afflictions wander now.
Clean. Alas!
Host. Seek 'em no farther, but be confident
They shall return in peace.
Dor. There's comfort yet. (Host,
Clea. Pray ye one word more, is't in your power mine
Answer me softly, some hours before my death,
To give me warning?
Host. I cannot tell ye truly,
But if I can, so much alive I lov'd ye,
I will appear again, adieu. [*Exit.*
Dor. Adieu, Sir.
Cle. I am troubl'd; these strange apparitions are
For the most part fatal.
Dor. This if told, will not
Find credit, the light breaks apace, let's lie down
And take some little rest, an hour or two,
Then do mine host's desire, and so return,

I do believe him.
Clean. So do I, to rest, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Calista, *and* Clarinda.

Cal. *Clarinda*?
Clarin. Madam.
Cal. Is the house well ordered?
The doors look'd to now in your Masters absence?
Your care, and diligence amongst the Servants?
Clarin. I am stirring, Madam.
Cal. So thou art, *Clarinda*,
More than thou ought'st I am sure, why dost thou blush?
Clarin. I do not blush.
Cal. Why dost thou hang thy head wench?
Clarin. Madam, ye are deceiv'd, I look upright,
I understand ye not: she has spied *Leon*, [*Aside.*
Shame of his want of caution.
Cal. Look on me; what, blush again?
Clarin. 'Tis more than I know, Madam;
I have no cause that I find yet.
Cal. Examine then.
Clarin. Your Ladyship is set I think to shame me.
Cal. Do not deserv't, who lay with you last night?
What bed-fellow had ye? none of the maids came near ye.
Clarin. Madam, they did.
Cal. 'Twas one in your Cousins cloaths then,
And wore a sword; and sure I keep no *Amazons*;
Wench do not lye, 'twill but proclaim thee guilty;
Lyes hide our sins like nets; like perspectives,
They draw offences nearer still, and greater:
Come, tell the truth.
Clarin. You are the strangest Lady
To have these doubts of me; how have I liv'd, Madam?
And which of all my careful services deserves these shames?
Cal. Leave facing, 'twill not serve ye,
This impudence becomes thee worse than lying.
I thought ye had liv'd well, and I was proud of't;
But you are pleas'd to abuse my thoughts; who was't?
Honest repentance yet will make the fault less.
Clarin. Do ye compel me? do you stand so strict too?

Nay, then have at ye; I shall rub that sore, Madam,
(Since ye provoke me) will but vex your Ladyship;
Let me alone.
Cal. I will know.
Clarin. For your own peace,
The peace of your own conscience ask no farther;
Walk in, and let me alone.
Cal. No, I will know all.
Clar. Why, then I'le tell ye, 'twas a man I lay with,
Never admire, 'tis easie to be done, Madam,
And usual too, a proper man I lay with;
Why should you vex at that? young as *Lisander*,
And able too; I grudge not at your pleasure,
Why should you stir at mine? I steal none from ye.
Cal. And dost thou glory in this sin?
Cla. I am glad on't, to glory in't is for a mighty Lady
That may command.
Cal. Why didst thou name *Lisander*?
Clari. Does it anger ye? does it a little gall ye?
I know it does, why would ye urge me Lady?
Why would ye be so curious to compel me?
I nam'd *Lisander* as my president,
The rule I err'd by, you love him, I know it,
I grudg'd not at it, but am pleas'd it is so;
And by my care and diligence you enjoy'd him,
Shall I for keeping counsel, have no comfort?
Will you have all your self? ingross all pleasure
Are ye so hard hearted? why do ye blush now, Madam?
Cal. My anger blushes, not my shame, base woman.
Clari. I'le make your shame blush, since you put me to't.
Who lay with you t'other night?
Cal. With me? ye monster. (bands;
Clari. Whose sweet embraces circled ye? not your hus-
I wonder ye dare touch me in this point, Madam?
Stir her against ye in whose hand your life lies?
More than your life, your honour? what smug *Amazon*
Was that I brought you? that maid had ne're a petticoat?
Cal. She'l half perswade me anon, I am a beast too,
And I mistrust my self, though I am honest
For giving her the Helm, thou knowest, *Clarinda*,

(Ev'n in thy conscience) I was ever vertuous;
As far from lust in meeting with *Lisander*,
As the pure wind in welcoming the morning;
In all the co[n]versation I had with him,
As free, and innocent, as yon fair Heaven;
Didst not thou perswade me too?
Clarin. Yes, I had reason for't,
And now you are perswaded I'le make use on't.
Cal. If I had sin'd thus, and my youth entic'd me,
The nobleness and beauty of his person,
Beside the mighty benefits I am bound to,
Is this sufficient warrant for thy weakness?
If I had been a whore, and crav'd thy counsel
In the conveyance of my fault and faithfulness,
Thy secrecie, and truth in hiding of it;
Is it thy justice to repay me thus?
To be the Master sinner to compel me?
And build thy lusts security on mine honour?
Cla. They that love this sin, love their security;
Prevention, Madam, is the nail I knock'd at,
And I have hit it home, and so I'le hold it,
And you must pardon me, and be silent too,
And suffer what ye see, and suffer patiently;
I shall do worse else.
Cal. Thou canst not touch my credit:
Truth will not suffer me to be abus'd thus. (Madam,
Clarin. Do not you stick to truth, she is seldom heard,
A poor weak tongue she has, and that is hoarse too
With pleading at the bars, none understand[s] her,
Or if you had her, what can she say for ye?
Must she not swear he came at midnight to ye,
The door left open, and your husband cozen'd
With a feign'd sickness? (honest.
Cal. But by my soul I was honest, thou know'st I was
Clarin. That's all one what I know,
What I will testifie is that shall vex ye;
Trust not a guilty rage with likelihoods,
And on apparent proof, take heed of that, Madam;
If you were innocent (as it may be ye are)
I do not know, I leave it to your conscience,

It were the weakest and the poorest part of ye,
Men being so willing to believe the worst,
So open eyed in this age to all infamie,
To put your fame in this weak bark to the venture.
Cal. What do I suffer! O my precious honour,
Into what box of evils have I lock'd thee!
Yet rather than be thus outbrav'd, and by
My drudg, my footstool, one that sued to be so;
Perish both life, and honour. Devil thus
I dare thy worst, defie thee, spit at thee,
And in my vertuous rage, thus trample on thee;
Awe me thy Mistris, whore, to be thy baud?
Out of my house, proclaim all that thou knowest,
Or malice can invent, fetch jealousie
From Hell, and like a furie breath it in
The bosom of my Lord; and to thy utmost
Blast my fair fame, yet thou shalt feel with horror
To thy sear'd conscience, my truth is built
On such a firm base, that if e're it can
Be forc'd, or undermin'd by thy base scandals,
Heaven keeps no guard on innocence. [*Exit.*
Clarin. I am lost,
In my own hopes forsaken, and must fall
The greatest torment to a guilty woman
Without revenge, till I can fashion it
I must submit, at least appear as if
I did repent, and would offend no farther.
Monsieur *Beronte* my Lords Brother is
Oblig'd unto me for a private favour;
'Tis he must mediate for me; but when time
And opportunity bids me strike, my wreak
Shall pour it self on her nice chastitie
Like to a torrent, deeds, not words shall speak me. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alcidon, *and* Beronte, *severally.*

Alci. YE are opportunely [m]et. (some fear.
Ber. Your countenance expresses hast mixt with

Alci. You'l share with me in both, as soon as you are made
Acquainted with the cause, if you love vertue,
In danger not secure; I have no time
For circumstance, instruct me if *Lisander*
Be in your Brothers house?
Ber. Upon my knowledge he is not there.
Alci. I am glad on't.
Ber. Why good Sir?
(Without offence I speak it) there's no place
In which he is more honour'd, or more safe,
Than with his friend *Cleander.*
Alci. In your votes
I grant it true, but as it now stands with him,
I can give reason to make satisfaction
For what I speak; you cannot but remember
The ancient difference between *Lisander*
And *Cloridon*, a man in grace at Court?
Ber. I do; and the foul plot of *Cloridons* kinsman
Upon *Lisanders* life, for a fall given to *Cloridon*
'Fore the King, as they encountred at a solemn tilting.
Alci. It is now reveng'd:
In brief, a challenge was brought to *Lisander*
By one *Chrysant*[*b*]*es*; and as far as valour
Would give him leave, declin'd by bold *Lisander*:
But peace refus'd, and braves on braves heap'd on him,
Alone he met the opposites, ending the quarrel
With both their lives.
Ber. I am truly sorry for't.
Alci. The King incensed for his favorites death,
Hath set a price upon *Lisanders* head,
As a reward to any man that brings it
Alive, or dead; to gain this, every where
He is pursu'd, and laid for; and the friendship
Between him and your noble Brother known,
His house in reason cannot pass unsearcht,
And that's the principal cause that drew me hither,
To hasten his remove, if he had chosen
This Castle for his sanctuary.
Ber. 'Twas done nobly,
And you most welcom; this night pray you take

A lodging with us; and at my intreaty
Conceal this from my Brother, he is grown
Exceeding sad of late; and the hard fortune
Of one he values at so high a rate,
Will much encrease his melancholy.
Alci. I am tutor'd: pray you lead the way.
Ber. To serve you I will shew it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleander, *with a Book.*

Cle. Nothing more certain than to dye, but when
Is most uncertain: if so, every hour
We should prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off, I must submit
To the divine decree, not argue it,
And chearfully I welcom it: I have
Dispos'd of my estate, confess'd my sins,
And have remission from my Ghost[l]y Father,
Being at peace too here: the apparition
Proceeded not from fancy, *Dorilaus*
Saw it, and heard it with me, it made answer
To our demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not
Deny'd to him by fate, he would forewarn me
Of my approaching end, I feel no symptome
Of sickness, yet I know not how a dulness
Invades me all over. Ha?

Enter Host.

Host. I come Sir,
To keep my promise; and as far as spirits
Are sensible of sorrow for the living,
I grieve to be the messenger to tell you,
E're many hours pass, you must resolve
To fill a grave.
Cle. And feast the worms?
Host. Even so Sir.
Clea. I hear it like a man.
Host. It well becomes you, there's no evading it.
Cle. Can you discover by whose means I must dye?
Host. That is deny'd me:
But my prediction is too sure; prepare

To make your peace with heaven. So farewel Sir. [*Ex.*

Cle. I see no enemy near; and yet I tremble
Like a pale coward: my sad doom pronounc'd
By this aerial voice, as in a glass
Shews me my death in its most dreadfull shape.
What rampire can my humane frailty raise
Against the assault of fate? I do begin
To fear my self, my inward strengths forsake me,
I must call out for help. Within there? haste,
And break in to my rescue.

Enter Dorilaus, Calista, Olinda, Beronte, Alcidon, *Servants, and* Clarinda, *at several doors.*

Dor. Rescue? where? shew me your danger.
Cal. I will interpose
My loyall breast between you and all hazard.
Ber. Your Brothers Sword secures you.
Alci. A true friend will dye in your defence.
Clean. I thank ye,
To all my thanks. Encompass'd thus with friends
How can I fear? and yet I do, I am wounded,
Mortally wounded: nay it is within,
I am hurt in my minde: One word—
Dor. A thousand.
Cle. I shall not live to speak so many to you.
Dor. Why? what forbids you?
Cle. But even now the spirit
Of my dead Host appear'd, and told me, that
This night I should be with him: did you not meet it?
It went out at that door.
Dor. A vain *Chimera*
Of your imagination: can you think
Mine Host would not as well have spoke to me now,
As he did in the Inn? these waking dreams
Not alone trouble you, but strike a strange
Distraction in your Family: see the tears
Of my poor Daughter, fair *Olinda*'s sadness,
Your Brothers, and your friends grief, servants sorrow.
Good Son bear up, you have many years to live
A comfort to us all: let's in to supper;

Ghosts never walk till after mid-night, if
I may believe my Grannam. We will wash
These thoughts away with Wine, spight of Hobgoblins.
Cle. You reprehend me justly: gentle Madam,
And all the rest, forgive me, I'le endeavour
To be merry with you.
Dor. That's well said.
Beron. I have procur'd your pardon.
Cal. Once more I receive you
Into my service: but take especial care
You fall no further.
Clar. Never Madam: Sir,
When you shall find fit time to call me to it,
I will make good what I have said.
Ber. Till when, upon your life be silent.
Dor. We will have a health unto *Lisander*.
Cle. His name, Sir,
Somewhat revives me; but his sight would cure me.
How ever let's to supper.
Olin. Would *Clarange*
And *Lidian* were here too, as they should be,
If wishes cou'd prevail.
Cal. They are fruitless, Madam. [*Ex.*

Enter Leon.

Leon. If that report speak truth, *Clarinda* is
Discharg'd her Ladies service, and what burthen
I then have drawn upon me is apparent,
The crop she reapt from her attendance was
Her best Revenue, and my principal means
Clarinda's bounty, though I labour'd hard for't,
A younger Brother's fortune: must I now
Have soure sawce after sweet meats? and be driv'n
To leavie half a Crown a week, besides
Clouts, Sope, and Candles, for my heir Apparent,
If she prove, as she swears she is with child;
Such as live this way, find like me, though wenching
Hath a fair face, there's a Dragon in the tail of't
That stings to th' quick. I must skulk here, until
I am resolv'd: how my heart pants between

My hopes and fears! she's come; are we in the Port?
If not, let's sink together.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Things go better
Than you deserve; you carry things so openly,
I must bear every way, I am once more
In my Ladies grace.
Leon. And I in yours.
Clar. It may be; but I have sworn unto my Lady never
To sin again.
Leon. To be surpriz'd—the sin
Is in it self excusable; to be taken
Is a crime, as the Poet writes.
Clar. You know my weakness,
And that makes you so confident. You have got
A fair sword; was it not *Lisanders*?
Leon. Yes Wench,
And I grown valiant by the wearing of it:
It hath been the death of two. With this *Lisander*
Slew *Clor*[*id*]*on*, and *Chrysanthes*. I took it up,
Broken in the handle, but that is reform'd,
And now in my possession; the late Master
Dares never come to challenge it: this sword,
And all the weapons that I have, are ever
Devoted to thy service: Shall we bill?
I am very gamesome.
Clar. I must first dispose of
The fool *Malfort*; he hath smoak'd you, and is not,
But by some new device to be kept from me:
I have it here shall fit him: you know where
You must expect me, with all possible silence
Get thither.
Leon. You will follow?
Clar. Will I live?
She that is forfeited to lust must dye,
That humour being unfed; begone, here comes [*Exit* Le.

Enter Malfort *in Armour.*

My champion in Armour.

Malf. What adventure
I am bound upon I know not, but it is
My Mistresses pleasure that I should appear thus.
I may perhaps be terrible to others,
But as I am, I am sure my shadow frights me,
The clashing of my Armour in my ears,
Sounds like a passing-bell; and my Buckler, puts me
In mind of a Bier; this my broad Sword a pick-axe
To dig my grave: O love, abominable love,
What Monsters issue from thy dismal den,
Clarinda's placket, which I must encounter,
Or never hope to enter?
Clar. Here's a Knight errant, Monsieur *Malfort.*
Malf. Stand, stand, or I'le fall for ye.
Clar. Know ye not my voice?
Malf. Yes, 'twas at that I trembl'd.
But were my false friend *Leon* here—
Clar. 'Tis he.
Malf. Where? where?
Clar. He is not come yet.
Malf. 'Tis well for him,
I am so full of wrath.
Clar. Or fear—This *Leon*,
How e're my Kinsman, hath abus'd you grosly,
And this night vowes to take me hence perforce,
And marry me to another: 'twas for this,
(Presuming on your love) I did entreat you
To put your armour on, that with more safety
You might defend me.
Mal. And I'le do it bravely.
Clar. You must stand here to beat him off, and suffer
No humane thing to pass you, though it appear
In my Lords shape, or Ladies: be not cozen'd
With a disguise.
Mal. I have been fool'd already, but now I am wise.
Clar. You must swear not to stir hence.
Mal. Upon these lips.
Clar. Nor move untill I call you?
Mal. I'le grow here rather.
Clar. This nights task well ended,

I am yours to morrow. Keep sure guard. [*Exit* Clar.
Malf. Adieu;
My honey-comb how sweet thou art, did not
A nest of Hornets keep it! what impossibilities
Love makes me undertake! I know my self
A natural Coward, and should *Leon* come,
Though this were Cannon proof, I should deliver
The wench before he ask'd her. I hear some footing:
'Tis he; where shall I hide my self? that is
My best defence.

Enter Cleander.

Cle. I cannot sleep, strange visions
Make this poor life, I fear'd of late to lose,
A toy that I grow weary of.
Malf. 'Tis *Leon.*
Cle. What's that?
Malf. If you are come, Sir, for *Clarinda*;
I am glad I have her for you; I resign
My interest; you'll find her in her Chamber,
I did stay up to tell you so.
Clean. Clarinda, and *Leon*!
There is something more in this
Than I can stay to ask. [*Exit.*
Malf. What a cold pickle
(And that none of the sweetest) do I find
My poor self in!
Clean. [*Speaks within.*] Yield villain.

Enter Clarinda *and* Leon, *running.*
Cleander *following.*

Clar. 'Tis my Lord,
Shift for your self.
Leon. His life
Shall first make answer [*Kills* Cleander.
For this intrusion.
Malf. I am going away,
I am gone already. [*Falls in a swoon.*
Clean. Heaven take mercy on
My soul; too true presaging Host.

Clar. He's dead,
And this wretch little better:
Do you stare upon your
Handy-work?
Leon. I am amaz'd.
Clar. Get o're the Garden wall, flye for your life,
But leave your sword behind; enquire not why:
I'le fashion something out of it, though I perish,
Shall make way for revenge.
Leon. These are the fruits
Of lust, *Clarinda.*
Clar. Hence, repenting Milk-sop. [*Exit* Leon.
Now 'tis too late. *Lisanders* sword, I that, { *Puts the sword in*
That is the Base I'le build on. So, I'le raise { Malfort's *hand.*
The house. Help, murther, a most horrid
Murther. Monsieur *Beronte*, noble *Dorilaus*,
All buried in sleep? Aye me a murther,
A most unheard-of murther.

Enter Dorilaus *as from bed.*

Dor. More lights Knaves;
Beronte, *Alcidon*; more lights.

Enter Beronte, Alcidon, *and Servants with lights.*

Clar. By this I see too much.
Dor. My Son *Cleander* bathing
In his own gore. The Devil, to tell truth, i'th' shape of
An Host!
Ber. My Brother?
Malf. I have been
I'th' other world, in Hell I think, these Devils
With fire-brands in their paws sent to torment me,
Though I never did the deed, for my lewd purpose
To be a Whore-master.
Dor. Who's that?
Alci. 'Tis one in Armour. A bloudy sword in his hand.
Dor. *Sans* question the murtherer.
Malf. Who I? you do me wrong,
I never had the heart to kill a Chicken;
Nor do I know this sword.

Alc. I do, too well.
Ber. I have seen *Lisander* wear it.
Clar. This confirms
What yester-night I whisper'd: let it work,
The circumstance may make it good.
Malf. My Lord? and I his murtherer?
Ber. Drag the villain hence,
The Rack shall force a free confession from him.
Malf. I am struck dumb;
You need not stop my mouth.
Ber. Away with him. [*Exit with* Malfort.

Enter Calista, *and* Olinda.

Cal. Where is my Lord?
Dor. All that
Remains of him lies there: look on this object,
And then turn marble.
Cal. I am so already,
Made fit to be his Monument: but wherefore
Do you, that have both life and motion left you,
Stand sad spectators of his death.
And not bring forth his murtherer?
Ber. That lies in you: you must, and shall produce him.
Dor. She, *Beronte*?
Ber. None else.
Dor. Thou ly'st, I'le prove it on thy head,
Or write it on thy heart.
Alc. Forbear, there is
Too much blood shed already.
Ber. Let not choler
Stifle your judgment; many an honest Father
Hath got a wicked Daughter. If I prove not
With evident proofs her hand was in the bloud
Of my dear Brother, (too good a Husband for her)
Give your revenge the reins, and spur it forward.
Dor. In any circumstance but shew her guilty,
I'le strike the first stroak at her.
Ber. Let me ask
A question calmly: do you know this Sword?
Have you not seen *Lisander* often wear it?

Dor. The same with which he rescued me.
Cal. I do, what inference from this to make me guilty?
Ber. Was he not with you in the house to night?
Cal. No on my soul.
Ber. Nor ever heretofore
In private with you, when you feign'd a sickness,
To keep your Husband absent?
Cal. Never, Sir, to a dishonest end.
Ber. Was not this Woman
Your instrument? her silence does confess it:
Here lyes *Cleander* dead, and here the sword
Of false *Lisander*, too long cover'd with
A masque of seeming truth.
Dor. And is this all
The proof you can alledge? *Lisander* guilty,
Or my poor Daughter an Adulteress?
Suppose that she had chang'd discourse with one
To whom she ow'd much more?
Cal. Thou hast thy ends, wicked *Clarinda.* [*She falls.*
Oli. Help, the Lady sinks, malice hath kill'd her.
Dor. I would have her live,
Since I dare swear she's innocent: 'tis no time
Or place to argue now: this cause must be
Decided by the Judge; and though a Father,
I will deliver her into the hands
Of Justice. If she prove true gold when try'd,
She's mine: if not, with curses I'le disclaim her:
Take up your part of sorrow, mine shall be
Ready to answer with her life the fact
That she is charg'd with.
Ber. Sir, I look upon you as on a Father.
Dor. With the eyes of sorrow
I see you as a Brother: let your witnesses
Be ready.
Ber. 'Tis my care.
Alc. I am for *Lidian.*
This accident no doubt will draw him from
His Hermits life.
Clar. Things yet go right, persist, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lisander, *and* Lancelot.

Lisan. Are the horses dead?
Lanc. Out-right. If you ride at this rate,
You must resolve to kill your two a day,
And that's a large proportion.
Lisan. Will you please
At any price, and speedily, to get fresh ones.
You know my danger, and the penalty
That follows it, should I be apprehended.
Your duty in obeying my commands,
Will in a better language speak your service,
Than your unnecessary, and untimely care of my expence.
Lanc. I am gone, Sir. [*Exit.*
Lisan. In this thicket
I will expect you: Here yet I have leisure
To call my self unto a strict account
For my pass'd life, how vainly spent: I would
I stood no farther guilty: but I have
A heavier reckoning to make: This hand
Of late as white as innocence, and unspotted,
Now wears a purple colour, dy'd in gore,
My soul of the same tincture; pur-blind passion,
With flattering hopes, would keep me from despair,
Pleading I was provok'd to it; but my reason
Breaking such thin and weak defences, tells me
I have done a double murther; and for what?
Was it in service of the King? his Edicts
Command the contrary: or for my Country?
Her *Genius*, like a mourning mother, answers
In *Cloridon*, and *Chrysanthes* she hath lost
Two hopeful sons, that might have done their parts,
To guard her from Invasion: for what cause then?
To keep th' opinion of my valour upright,
I'th' popular breath, a sandy ground to build on;
Bought with the Kings displeasure, as the breach
Of Heavens decrees, the loss of my true comforts,
In Parents, Kinsmen, Friends, as the fruition
Of all that I was born to, and that sits
Like to a hill of Lead here, in my exile,

(Never to be repeal'd, if I escape so)
I have cut off all hopes ever to look on

Enter Lidian, *like a Hermite.*

Divine *Calista*, from her sight, and converse,
For ever banish'd.
Lid. I should know this voice,
His naming too my Sister, whom *Lisander*
Honour'd, but in a noble way, assures me
That it can be no other: I stand bound
To comfort any man I find distress'd:
But to aid him that sav'd my life, Religion
And Thankfulness commands, and it may be
High providence for this good end hath brought him
Into my solitary walk. *Lisander*, noble *Lisander.*
Lis. Whatsoe'er thou art,
That honorable attribute thou giv'st me,
I can pretend no right to: come not near me,
I am infectious, the sanctity
Of thy profession (for thou appearest
A reverend *Hermite*) if thou flye not from me,
As from the Plague or Leprosie, cannot keep thee
From being polluted.
Lid. With good counsel, Sir,
And holy prayers to boot I may cure you,
Though both wayes so infected. You look wildly,
Peace to your conscience, Sir, and stare upon me,
As if you never saw me: hath my habit
Alter'd my face so much, that yet you know not
Your servant *Lidian*?
Lis. I am amaz'd!
So young, and so religious? (world:
Lid. I purpose (Heaven make me thankful for't) to leave the
I have made some trial of my strengths in this
My solitary life; and yet I find not
A faintness to go on.
Lis. Above belief: do you inhabit here?
Lid. Mine own free choice, Sir:
I live here poorly, but contentedly,
Because I find enough to feed my fortunes;

Indeed too much: these wild fields are my gardens,
The Crystal Rivers they afford their waters,
And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflictions;
The hollow rocks their beds, which though they are hard,
(The Emblems of a doting lovers fortune)
Yet they are quiet; and the weary slumbers
The eyes catch there, softer than beds of Down, Friend;
The Birds my Bell to call me to devotions;
My Book the story of my wandring life,
In which I find more hours due to repentance
Than time hath told me yet.

Lis. Answer me truly.

Lid. I will do that without a conjuration.

Lis. I'th' depth of meditation do you not
Sometimes think of *Olinda*?

Lid. I endeavour
To raze her from my memory, as I wish
You would do the whole Sex, for know, *Lisander*,
The greatest curse brave man can labour under,
Is the strong Witch-craft of a Womans eyes;
Where I find men I preach this doctrine to 'em:
As you are a Scholar, knowledge make your Mistris,
The hidden beauties of the Heavens your study;
There shall you find fit wonder for your faith,
And for your eye in-imitable objects:
As you are a profess'd souldier, court your honour,
Though she be stern, she is honest, a brave Mistris;
The greater danger you oppose to win her,
She shews the sweeter, and rewards the nobler;
Womans best loves to hers meer shadows be,
For after death she weds your memory.
These are my contemplations.

Lis. Heavenly ones;
And in a young man more remarkable.
But wherefore do I envy, and not tread in
This blessed tract? here's in the heart no falshood
To a vow'd friend, no quarrels seconded
With Challenges, which answer'd in defence
Of the word Reputation, murther follows.
A man may here repent his sins, and though

His hand like mine be stain'd in bloud, it may be
With penitence and true contrition wash'd off;
You have prov'd it, *Lidian.*
Lid. And you'll find it true, if you persevere.
Lis. Here then ends my flight,
And here the fury of the King shall find me
Prepar'd for Heaven, if I am mark'd to dye;
For that I truly grieve for.

Enter Fryar, and Clarange *in Fryars habit.*

Fry. Keep your self conceal'd, I am instructed.
Clar. How the sight
Of my dear friend confirms me.
Lis. What are these?
Lid. Two reverend Fryers, one I know.
Fry. To you
This journey is devoted.
Lid. Welcome, Father.
Fry. I know your resolution so well grounded,
And your adieu unto the world so constant,
That though I am th' unwilling messenger
Of a strange accident to try your temper,
It cannot shake you. You had once a friend,
A noble friend, *Clarange.*
Lid. And have still, I hope, good Father.
Fry. Your false hopes deceive you,
He's dead.
Lis. *Clarange* dead?
Fry. I buried him;
Some said he dy'd of melancholy, some of love,
And of that fondness perish'd.
Lid. O *Clarange*!
Clar. Hast thou so much brave nature, noble *Lidian,*
So tenderly to love thy Rivals memory?
The bold *Lisander* weeps too.
Fry. I expected that you would bear this better.
Lid. I am a man, Sir, and my great loss weigh'd duly—
Fry. His last words were
After confession, live long, dear *Lidian,*
Possess'd of all thy wishes; and of me

He did desire, bathing my hand with tears,
That with my best care, I should seek, and find you,
And from his dying mouth prevail so with you,
That you a while should leave your Hermits strictness,
And on his Monument pay a tear or two,
To witness how you lov'd him. (he had not
Lid. O my heart! to witness how I lov'd him? would
Led me into his Grave, but sacrific'd
His sorrows upon mine, he was my friend,
My noble friend, I will bewail his ashes;
His fortunes, and poor mine were born together,
And I will weep 'em both; I will kneel by him,
And on his hallow'd Earth do my last duties.
I'll gather all the pride of Spring to deck him,
Wood-bines shall grow upon his honour'd Grave;
And as they prosper, clasp to shew our friendship,
And when they wither, I'll dye too.
Clar. Who would not
Desire to dye, to be bewail'd thus nobly?
Fry. There is a Legacy he hath bequeath'd you;
But of what value I must not discover,
Until those Rites and pious Ceremonies
Are duly tender'd.
Lid. I am too full of sorrow to be inquisitive.
Lis. To think of his,
I do forget mine own woes.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Graze thy fill, now
Thou hast done thy business; ha! who have we here?
Lisander, *Lidian*, and two Reverend Fryars?
What a strange scene of sorrow is express'd
In different postures, in their looks and station!
A common Painter eying these to help
His dull invention, might draw to the life
The living Sons of *Priam*, as they stood
On the pale Walls of *Troy*, when *Hector* fell
Under *Achilles*'s Spear; I come too late,
My Horse, though good and strong, mov'd like a Tortoise;
Ill News had wings, and hath got here before me.

All *Pythagoreans*? not a word?
Lid. O *Alcidon*—
Deep Rivers with soft murmurs glide along
The shallow roar; *Clarange*!
Lis. *Cloridon*, *Chrysanthes*, spare my grief, and apprehend
What I should speak.
Alc. Their fates I have long since
For your sakes mourn'd; *Clarange*'s death, for so
Your silence doth confirm, till now I heard not;
Are these the bounds that are prescrib'd unto
The swelling seas of sorrow?
Lis. The bounds, *Alcidon*?
Can all the winds of mischief, from all Quarters,
Euphrates, *Ganges*, *Tigris*, *Volga*, *Po*,
Paying at once their tribute to this Ocean,
Make it swell higher? I am a Murtherer,
Banish'd, proscrib'd, is there ought else that can
Be added to it?
Lid. I have lost a friend,
Priz'd dearer than my being, and he dead,
My miseries at the height contemn the worst
Of Fortunes malice.
Alc. How our humane weakness,
Grown desperate from small disasters, makes us
Imagine them a period to our sorrows!
When the first syllable of greater woes
Is not yet written.
Lid. How?
Lis. Speak it at large,
Since grief must break my heart, I am ambitious
It should be exquisite.
Alc. It must be told,
Yet ere you hear it, with all care put on
The surest armour anvil'd in the Shop
Of passive fortitude; the good *Cleander*,
Your friend, is murther'd.
Lis. 'Tis a terrible pang,
And yet it will not do, I live yet, act not
The Torturers part; if that there be a blow
Beyond this, give it, and at once dispatch me.

Alc. Your Sword died in his heart-bloud was found near (him,
Your private Conference at mid-night urg'd
With fair *Calista*; which by her whose pure truth,
Would never learn to tell a lie, being granted,
She by enrag'd *Beronte* is accus'd
Of Murther and Adultery, and you
(However I dare swear it false) concluded
Her principal Agent.
Lid. Wave upon wave rowls o'r me.
My Sister? my dear Sister?
Clar. Hold, great heart.
Fry. Tear open his Doublet.
Lis. Is this wound too narrow
For my life to get out at? Bring me to
A Cannon loaded, and some pitying friend
Give fire unto it, while I nail my breast
Unto his thundring mouth, that in the instant,
I may be piece-meal torn, and blown so far,
As not one joint of my dismember'd limbs
May ever be by search of man found out.
Cleander! Yet, why name I him? however
His fall deserv'd an Earth-quake, if compar'd
With what true honour in *Calista* suffers,
Is of no moment; my good Angel keep me
From Blasphemy, and strike me dumb before,
In th' agony of my spirit, I do accuse
The Powers above, for their unjust permission
Of Vertue, innocent Vertue, to be branded
With the least vicious mark.
Clar. I never saw a man so far transported.
Alc. Give it way, 'tis now no time to stop it.

Enter Lancelot.

Lanc. Sir, I have bought
Fresh horses; and as you respect your life,
Speedily back 'em; the Archers of the Kings guard
Are every where in quest of you.
Lis. My life?
Perish all such with thee that wish it longer,
Let it but clear *Calista*'s innocence, [*Strikes* Lancelot.

And *Nestor*'s Age, to mine was Youth, I'll flye
To meet the rage of my incensed King,
And wish his favourites Ghost appear'd in Flames,
To urge him to revenge; let all the tortures
That Tyranny e're found out circle me,
Provided Justice set *Calista* free.
[*Exeunt* Lisander, Alcidon, *and* Lancelot.
Alc. I'll follow him.
Lid. I am rooted here. (dangers,
Fry. Remember your dear friends last request, your sisters
With the aids that you may lend her.
Lid. 'Pray you support me,
My Legs deny their Office.
Clar. I grow still
Farther engag'd unto his matchless vertues,
And I am dead indeed, until I pay
The debt I owe him in a noble way. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Dorilaus, *and Servant.*

Dor. THou hast him safe?
Serv. As fast as locks can make him;
He must break through three doors, and cut the throats
Of ten tall fellows, if that he 'scape us;
Besides, as far as I can apprehend,
He hath no such invention, for his looks
Are full of penitence.
Dor. Trust not a Knaves look,
They are like a Whores Oaths;
How does my poor Daughter
Brook her restraint?
Serv. With such a resolution
As well becomes your Lordships Child. [*Knock within.*
Dor. Who's that?

Enter Lemure.

Serv. Monsieur *Lemure.*
Dor. This is a special favour,
And may stand an example in the Court

For courtesie; it is the Clients duty
To wait upon his Patron; you prevent me,
That am your humble Suitor.
Lem. My near place
About the King, though it swell others, cannot
Make me forget your worth and Age, which may
Challenge much more respect; and I am sorry
That my endeavours for you have not met with
The good success I wish'd; I mov'd the King
With my best advantage both of time and place,
I'th' favour of your Daughter.
Dor. How do you find his Majesty affected?
Lem. Not to be
Sway'd from the rigour of the Law; yet so far
The rarity of the Cause hath won upon him,
That he resolves to have in his own person
The hearing of it; her tryal will be noble,
And to my utmost strength, where I may serve her
My aids shall not be wanting.
Dor. I am your servant.
Lem. One word more; if you love *Lisanders* life,
Advise him, as he tenders it, to keep
Out of the way; if he be apprehended,
This City cannot ransom him; so good morrow. [*Exit.*
Dor. All happiness attend you; go thy ways,
Thou hast a clear and noble soul; for thy sake
I'll hold that man mine enemy, who dares mutter,
The Court is not the sphere where vertue moves,
Humanity, and Nobleness waiting on her.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Two Gentlemen (but what they are I know not,
Their faces are so mufflʼd) press to see you,
And will not be denyʼd.
Dor. What e'r they are, I am too old to fear.
Serv. They need no Usher, they make their own way.

Enter Lisander, Alcidon.

Dor. Take you yours, *Lisander*; [*Exit Servant.*
My joy to see you, and my sorrow for

The danger you are in, contend so here,
Though different passions, nay oppos'd in Nature,
I know not which to entertain. (justice,
Lis. Your hate should win the victory from both, with
You may look on me as a Homicide,
A man whose life is forfeited to the Law,
But if (howe'r I stand accus'd) in thought
I sin'd against *Cleanders* life, or live
Guilty of the dishonour of your Daughter,
May all the miseries that can fall on man
Here, or hereafter, circle me.
Dor. To me this protestation's useless, I embrace you,
As the preserver of my life, the man
To whom my son ows his, with life, his honour,
And howsoever your affection
To my unhappy Daughter, though it were
(For I have sifted her) in a noble way,
Hath printed some taint on her fame, and brought
Her life in question, yet I would not purchase
The wish'd recovery of her reputation,
With strong assurance of her innocence
Before the King her Judge, with certain loss
Of my *Lisander*, for whose life, if found,
There's no redemption; my excess of love,
(Though to enjoy you one short day would lengthen
My life a dozen years) boldly commands me,
Upon my knees, which yet were never bent,
But to the King and Heaven, to entreat you
To flye hence with all possible speed, and leave
Calista to her fortune.
Lis. O blessed Saints, forsake her in affliction? can you
Be so unnatural to your own bloud,
To one so well deserving, as to value
My safety before hers? shall innocence
In her be branded, and my guilt escape
Unpunish'd? does she suffer so much for me,
For me unworthy, and shall I decline
(Eating the bitter bread of banishment)
The course of Justice to draw out a life?
(A life? I style it false, a living death)

Which being uncompell'd, laid down will clear her,
And write her name anew in the fair legend
Of the best women? seek not to disswade me,
I will not, like a careless Poet, spoil
The last Act of my Play, till now applauded,
By giving the World just cause to say, I fear'd
Death more than loss of Honour.

Dor. But suppose Heaven hath design'd some
Other saving means for her deliverance?

Lis. Other means? that is
A mischief above all I have groan'd under;
Shall any other pay my debt, while I
Write my self Bankrupt? or *Calista* owe
The least beholdingness for that which she
On all the bonds of gratitude I have seal'd to,
May challenge from me to be freely tender'd?
Avert it mercy! I will go to my Grave,
Without the curses of my Creditors;
I'll vindicate her fair name, and so cancel
My obligation to her, to the King,
To whom I stand accountable for the loss
Of two of his lov'd subjects lives, I'll offer
Mine own in satisfaction, to Heaven
I'll pay my true Repentance, to the times,
Present, and future, I'll be register'd
A memorable President to admonish
Others, however valiant, not to trust
To their abilities to dare, and do,
And much less for the airy words of Honour,
And false stamp'd reputation to shake off
The Chains of their Religion and Allegiance,
The principal means appointed to prefer
Societies and Kingdoms. [*Exit.*

Dor. Let's not leave him; his mind's much troubled.

Alc. Were your Daughter free,
Since from her dangers his distraction rises,
His cause is not so desperate for the slaughter
Of *Cloridon*, and *Chrysanthes*, but it may
Find passage to the mercy of the King,
The motives urg'd in his defence, that forc'd him

To act that bloudy Scene.
Dor. Heaven can send ayds,
When they are least expected, let us walk,
The hour of tryal draws near.
Alci. May it end well. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olinda, *and* Lidian.

Oli. That for my love you should turn Hermit *Lidian*,
As much amazes me, as your report *Clarange's* dead.
Lidi. He is so, and all comforts
My youth can hope for, Madam, with him buried;
Nor had I ever left my cell, but that
He did injoin me at his death to shed
Some tears of friendship on his Monument,
And those last Rites perform'd, he did [b]equeath you
As the best legacie a friend could give,
Or I indeed could wish to my embraces.
Oli. 'Tis still more strange, is there no foul play in it?
I must confess I am not sorry Sir
For your fair fortune; yet 'tis fit I grieve
The most untimely death of such a Gentleman,
He was my worthy Servant.
Lid. And for this acknowledgment, if I could prize you at
A higher rate I should, he was my friend:
My dearest friend.
Oli. But how should I be assur'd Sir
(For slow belief is the best friend of truth)
Of this Gentlemans death? if I should credit it,
And afterward it fall out contrary,
How am I sham'd? how is your vertue tainted?
Lid. There is a Frier that came along with me,
His business to deliver you a Letter
From dead *Clarange*: You shall hear his Testimonie.
Father, my reverend Father, look upon him,
Such holy men are Authors of no Fables.

Enter Clarange, *(with a Letter writ out) and Frier.*

Oli. They should not be, their lives and their opinions,
Like brightest purest flames should still burn upwards,
To me Sir? [*delivers the Letter.*

Clar. If you are the fair *Olinda*—
Frier. I do not like these cross points.
Clar. Give me leave, I am nearest to my self. What I have
Shall be pursu'd: you must not over-rule me. (plotted
Oli. Do you put the first hand to your own undoing?
Play to betray your game? Mark but this letter.
Lady I am come to claim your noble promise, [*Reads.*
If you be Mistris of your word, ye are mine,
I am last return'd: your riddle is dissolv'd,
And I attend your faith. Your humble servant *Clarange.*
Is this the Frier that saw him dead?
Lid. 'Tis he.
Clarange on my life: I am defeated:
Such reverend habits juggle? my true sorrow
For a false friend not worth a tear derided?
Fri. You have abus'd my trust.
Oli. It is not well, nor like a Gentleman.
Clar. All stratagems
In love, and that the sharpest war, are lawfull,
By your example I did change my habit,
Caught you in your own toyle, and triumph in it,
And what by policy's got, I will maintain
With valour, no *Lisander* shall come in again to fetch you off.
Lid. His honour'd name
Pronounc'd by such a treacherous tongue is tainted,
Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what
Contempt I hear it! in a Wilderness
I durst encounter it, and would, but that
In my retired hours, not counterfeited
As thy religious shape was, I have learn'd
When Justice may determine such a cause,
And of such weight as this fair Lady is,
Must not be put to fortune, I appeal
Unto the King, and he whose wisedom knows
To do his subjects right in their estates,
As graciously with judgement will determine
In points of honour.
Oli. I'le steer the same course with you.
Clar. I'le stand the tryal.
Fri. What have you done? or what intend you?

Cla. Ask not; I'le come off with honour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Beronte, Clarinda, Malfort, *a Bar set forth, Officers.*

Ber. Be constant in your proofs: should you shrink back (now,
Your life must answer it, nor am I safe.
My honour being engag'd to make that good
Which you affirm.

Clar. I am confident, so dearly
I honour'd my dead Lord, that no respect,
Or of my Ladies bounties (which were great ones
I must confess) nor of her former life,
For while that she was chast, indeed I lov'd her,
Shall hinder me from lending my assistance
Unto your just revenge—mine own I mean, [*Aside.*
If *Leon* keep far off enough, all's secure:
Lisander dares not come in, modest blushes
Parted with me long since, and impudence
Arm'd with my hate, unto her innocence shall be
The weapon I will fight with now.

Ber. The rack
Being presented to you, you'l roar out
What you conceal yet.

Mal. Conceal? I know nothing
But that I shall be hang'd, and that I look for,
It is my destiny, I ever had
A hanging look; and a wise woman told me,
Though I had not the heart to do a deed
Worthy the halter, in my youth or age,
I should take a turn with a wry mouth, and now
'Tis come about: I have pen'd mine own ballad
Before my condemnation, in fear
Some rimer should prevent me: here's my Lady?
Would I were in heaven, or a thousand miles hence,
That I might not blush to look on her.

Enter Dorilaus, Calista, Olinda.

Dor. You behold this preparation, and the enemies
Who are to fight against your life, yet if
You bring no witness here, that may convince ye
Of breach of faith to your Lords bed, and hold up

Unspotted hands before the King, this tryal
You are to undergo, will but refine,
And not consume your honour.
Cal. How confirm'd
I am here, whatsoever Fate falls on me,
You shall have ample testimony; till the death
Of my dear Lord, to whose sad memory
I pay a mourning widows tears, I liv'd
Too happy in my holy-day trim of glorie,
And courted with felicitie, that drew on me,
With other helps of nature, as of fortune,
The envie, not the love of most that knew me,
This made me to presume too much, perhaps
Too proud; but I am humbled; and if now
I do make it apparent, I can bear
Adversity with such a constant patience
As will set off my innocence, I hope Sir,
In your declining age, when I should live
A comfort to you, you shall have no cause,
How e're I stand accus'd, to hold your honour
Ship-wrack'd in such a Daughter.
Oli. O best friend, my honour's at the stake too, for—
Dor. Be silent; the King.

Enter King, Lemure, *and Attendants.*

Lem. Sir, if you please to look upon
The Prisoner, and the many services
Her Father hath done for you—
King. We must look on
The cause, and not the persons. Yet beholding
With an impartial eye, th' excelling beauties
Of this fair Lady, which we did believe
Upon report, but till now never saw 'em,
It moves a strange kind of compassion in me;
Let us survey you nearer, she's a book
To be with care perus'd; and 'tis my wonder,
If such mishapen guests, as lust and murther,
At any price should ever find a lodging
In such a beauteous Inne! Mistake us not,
Though we admire the outward structure, if

The rooms be foul within, expect no favour.
I were no man, if I could look on beautie
Distress'd, without some pity; but no King,
If any superficial gloss of feature
Could work me to decline the course of Justice.
But to the cause, *Cleander's* death, what proofs
Can you produce against her?

Ber. Royal Sir, touching that point my Brothers death,
We build on suppositions. (demn'd

King. Suppositions? how? Is such a Lady Sir to be con-
On suppositions?

Ber. They are well grounded Sir:
And if we make it evident she is guilty
Of the first crime we charge her with, Adulterie,
That being the parent, it may find belief,
That murther was the issue.

King. We allow
It may be so; but that it may be, must not
Infer a necessary consequence
To cast away a Ladies life. What witnesses
To make this good?

Ber. The principal, this woman,
For many years her servant; she hath taken
Her oath in Court. Come forward.

King. By my Crown a lying face.

Clar. I swore Sir for the King:
And if you are the partie, as I do
Believe you are, for you have a good face,
How ever mine appears, swearing for you Sir,
I ought to have my oath pass.

King. Impudent too? well, what have you sworn?

Clar. That this Lady was
A goodly tempting Lady, as she is:
How thinks your Majestie? and I her servant,
Her officer as one would say, and trusted
With her closest Chamber-service; that *Lisander*
Was a fine timber'd Gentleman, and active,
That he cou'd do fine gambolls
To make a Lady merrie; that this pair,
A very loving couple, mutually

Affected one another: so much for them Sir.
That I, a simple waiting-woman, having taken
My bodily oath, the first night of admittance
Into her Ladiships service, on her slippers,
(That was the book) to serve her will in all things,
And to know no Religion but her pleasure,
'Tis not yet out of fashion with some Ladies;
That I, as the premisses shew, being commanded
To do my function, in conveyance of
Lisander to her chamber, (my Lord absent,
On a pretended sickness) did the feat,
(It cannot be deny'd) and at dead mid-night
Left 'em together: what they did, some here
Can easily imagine! I have said, Sir.
Dor. The Devils Oratrix.
King. Then you confess you were her Bawd?
Clar. That's course, her Agent Sir.
King. So, goodie Agent? and you think there is
No punishment due for you[r] agentship?
Clar. Let her suffer first,
Being my better, for adulterie,
And I'le endure the Mulct impos'd on Bawds,
Call it by the worst name.
Cal. Live I to hear this?
King. Take her aside. Your answer to this Lady?
Cal. Heav'n grant me patience: to be thus confronted,
(O pardon Royal Sir a womans passion)
By one, and this the worst of my mis-fortunes,
That was my slave, but never to such ends Sir,
Would give a statue motion into furie:
Let my pass'd life, my actions, nay intentions,
Be by my grand accuser justly censur'd,
(For her I scorn to answer) and if they
Yield any probability of truth
In that she urges, then I will confess
A guilty cause; the peoples voyce, which is
The voyce of truth, my husbands tenderness
In his affection to me, that no dotage
But a reward, of humbleness, the friendship
Echo'd through *France* between him and *Lisander*,

All make against her; for him, in his absence,
(What ever imputation it draw on me)
I must take leave to speak: 'tis true, he lov'd me,
But not in such a wanton way, his reason
Master'd his passions: I grant I had
At mid-night conference with him; but if he
Ever receiv'd a farther favour from me,
Than what a Sister might give to a Brother,
May I sink quick: and thus much, did he know
The shame I suffer for him, with the loss
Of his life for appearing, on my soul
He would maintain.

Enter Lisander, *and* Alcidon.

Lisa. And will, thou clear example of womens pureness.
King. Though we hold her such,
Thou hast express'd thy self a desperate fool,
To thrust thy head into the Lions jawes,
The justice of thy King.
Lisan. I came prepar'd for't,
And offer up a guilty life to clear
Her innocence; the oath she took, I swear to;
And for *Cleanders* death, to purge my self
From any colour malice can paint on me,
Or that she had a hand in't, I can prove
That fatal night when he in his own house fell,
And many daies before, I was distant from it
A long daies journey.
Clarin. I am caught.
Ber. If so,
How came your sword into this stewards hands? stand forth.
Mal. I have heard nothing that you spake:
I know I must dye, and what kind of death
Pray you resolve me, I shall go away else
In a qualm; I am very faint.

Enter Leon, *Servants, and Guard.*

King. Carry him off, his fear will kill him. [*Ex. with* Mal.
Dor. Sir, 'twas my ambition,
My Daughters reputation being wounded

I'th' general opinion, to have it
Cur'd by a publick trial; I had else
Forborn your Majesties trouble: I'le bring forth
Cleanders murtherer, in a wood I heard him
As I rode sadly by, unto himself
With some compunction, though this devil had none,
Lament what he had done, cursing her lust,
That drew him to that blody fact.
Le. To lessen
The foulness of it, for which I know justly
I am to suffer, and with my last breath
To free these innocents, I do confess all;
This wicked woman only guilty with me.
Clari. Is't come to this? thou puling Rogue, dye thou
With prayers in thy mouth; I'le curse the laws
By which I suffer, all I grieve for is,
That I dye unreveng'd.
Leon. But one word more Sir,
And I have done; I was by accident where
Lisander met with *Cloridon*, and *C*[*h*]*rysanthes*,
Was an ear witness when he sought for peace,
Nay, begg'd it upon colder terms than can
Almost find credit, his past deeds considered,
But they deaf to his reasons, severally
Assaulted him, but such was his good fortune,
That both fell under it; upon my death
I take it uncompel'd, that they were guilty
Of their own violent ends; and he against
His will, the instrument.
Alci. This I will swear too, for I was not far off.
Dor. They have alledg'd
As much to wake your sleeping mercy, Sir,
As all the Advocates of *France* can plead
In his defence.
King. The criminal judge shall sentence
These to their merits—with mine own hand, Lady,
I take you from the bar and do my self
Pronounce you innocent. [*Ex. with* Leon, *and* Clari.
All. Long live the King.
King. And to confirm you stand high in our favour,

And as some recompence for what you have
With too much rigour in your trial suffered;
Ask what you please, becoming me to grant,
And be possest of 't.
Cal. Sir, I dare not doubt
Your royal promise, in a King it is
A strong assurance, that emboldens me
Upon my humble knees to make my boon,
Lisander's pardon.
Dor. My good *Genius* did prompt her to it.
Le[*m*]. At your feet thus prostrate, I second her petition.
Alci. Never King
Pour'd forth his mercie on a worthier subject.
Ber. To witness my repentance for the wrong
In my unjust suspicion I did both;
I join in the same suit.
Lis. The life you give,
Still ready to lay down for your service,
Shall be against your enemies imploy'd,
Nor hazarded in brawles.
All. Mercie, dread Sir.
King. So many pressing me, and with such reasons
Moving compassion, I hope it will not
Be censur'd levity in me, though I borrow
In this from justice to relieve my mercy;
I grant his pardon at your intercession,
But still on this condition; you *Lisander*,
In expiation of your guilt, shall build
A monument for my *Cloridon*, and *C*[*h*]*rysanthes*:
And never henceforth draw a Sword, but when
By us you are commanded, in defence of
The flower de Luce, and after one years sorrow
For your dear friend, *Cleanders* wretched fate,
Marry *Calista*.

Enter Lidian.

Lis. On your sacred hand, I vow to do it seriously.
Lid. Great Sir, stay,
Leave not your seat of justice, till you have
Given sentence in a cause as much important

As this you have determined.
King. *Lidian*?

Enter Clarange, *and* Frier.

Lid. He Sir, your humblest subject, I accuse *Clarange*
Of falshood in true friendship at the height;
We both were suiters to this Lady, both
Injoyn'd one pennance.
Clar. Trouble not the King
With an unnecessarie repetition
Of what the court's familiar with already.
Kin. *Clarange*?
Dor. With a shaven crown?
Olin. Most strange.
Clar. Look on thy rival, your late servant, Madam,
But now devoted to a better Mistris,
The Church, whose orders I have took upon me:
I here deliver up my interest to her;
And what was got with cunning as you thought,
I simply thus surrender: heretofore,
You did outstrip me in the race of friendship,
I am your equal now.
Dor. A suit soon ended.
Clar. And joyning thus your hands, I know both willing,
I may do in the Church my *Friers* Office
In marrying you.
Lid. The victory is yours, Sir.
King. It is a glorious one, and well sets of[f]
Our Scene of mercy; to the dead we tender
Our sorrow, to the living ample wishes
Of future happiness: 'tis a Kings duty
To prove himself a Father to his subjects:
And I shall hold it if this well succeed,
A meritorious, and praise worthy deed. [*Exeunt.*

THE LOVERS PROGRESS

Prologue.

A Story, and a known one, long since writ,
Truth must take place, and by an able wit,
Foul mouth'd detraction daring not deny
To give so much to Fletchers *memory;*
If so, some may object, why then do you
Present an old piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profest Writer be
(Not tax'd of theft before) a Plagiary?
To this he answers in his just defence,
And to maintain to all our Innocence,
Thus much, though he hath travell'd the same way,
Demanding, and receiving too the pay
For a new Poem, you may find it due,
He having neither cheated us, nor you;
He vowes, and deeply, that he did no[t] spare
The utmost of his strengths, and his best care
In the reviving it, and though his powers
Could not as he desired, in three short hours
Contract the Subject, and much less express
The changes, and the various passages
That will be look'd for, you may hear this day
Some Scenes that will confirm it is a play,
He being ambitious that it should be known
What's good was Fletchers, *and what ill his own.*

Epilogue.

Still doubtfull, and perplex'd too, whether he
Hath done Fletcher *right in this Historie,*
The Poet sits within, since he must know it,
He with respect desires that you would shew it
By some accustomed sign, if from our action,
Or his indeavours you meet satisfaction,
With ours he hath his ends, we hope the best,
To make that certainty in you doth rest.

THE
PILGRIM.
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Governour, of Segovia.
Verdugo, *a Captain under him.*
Alphonso, *an old angry Gentleman.*
Curio, } *two Gentlemen, friends to*
Seberto, } Alphonso.
Pedro, *the Pilgrim, a noble Gentleman, Servant to* Alinda.
An old Pilgrim.
Lopes, } *two Out-laws under* Rode-
Jaques, } rigo.
Roderigo, *rival to* Pedro, *Captain of the Out-laws.*
A Gentleman, of the Country.
Courtiers.
Porter.

Master & } *of the Mad folks.*
Keepers, }
3 *Gentlemen.*
4 *Peasants.*
A Scholar,
A Parson,
An Englishman, } *Madmen.*
Jenkin,
Fool.

WOMEN.

Alinda, *Daughter to* Alphonso, Pedro's *Lady.*
Juletta, Alinda's *Maid, a witty Lass.*
Ladies.

The Scene Spain.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.	*John Lowin.*
Nicholas Toolie.	*John Underwood.*
Robert Benfield.	*George Birch.*
John Thompson.	*James Horn.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, *and* Seberto.

Curio SIgnior *Alphonso*, ye are too rugged to her,
Believe too full of harshness.
Alph. Yes, it seems so.
Seb. A Father of so sweet a child, so happy,
Fye, Sir, so excellent in all endowments,
In blessedness of beauty, such a mirror.
Alph. She is a fool, away.
Seb. Can ye be angry?
Can any wind blow rough, upon a blossom
So fair, and tender? Can a Fathers nature,
A noble Fathers too?
Alp. All this is but prating:
Let her be rul'd; let her observe my humour,
With my eyes let her see; with my ears listen;
I am her Father: I begot her, bred her,
And I will make her—
Cur. No doubt ye may compel her,
But what a mischievous, unhappy fortune
May wait upon this will of yours, as commonly
Such forcings ever end in hates and ruines.
Alph. Is't not a man I wish her to? a strong man?
What can she have? what could she have? a Gentleman?
A young man? and an able man? a rich man?
A handsome man? a valiant man? do you mark me?
None of your pieced-companions, your pin'd-Gallants,
That flie to fitters, with every flaw of weather:
None of your impt bravadoes: what can she ask more?
Is not a metal'd man fit for a woman?
A strong chin'd-man? I'le not be fool'd, nor flurted.
Seb. I grant ye *Roderigo* is all these,
And a brave Gentleman: must it therefore follow
Upon necessity she must doat upon him?
Will ye allow no liberty in choosing?
Cur. Alas she is tender yet.
Alp. Enough, enough, enough, Sir:
She is malleable: she'll endure the hammer,

And why not that strong workman that strikes deepest?
Let me know that! she is fifteen, with the vantage,
And if she be not ready now for mannage—
Seb. You know he is a banish'd man: an Out-law;
And how he lives: his nature rough, and bloody
By customary Rapines: now, her sweet humour
That is as easie as a calm, and peaceful,
All her affections, like the dews on Roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves: as sweet and gentle:
How would you have these meet?
Alp. A bed, a bed, Sir:
Let her be the fairest Rose, and the sweetest,
Yet I know this fair Rose must have her prickles:
I grant ye *Roderigo* is an out-Law.
An easie composition calls him in again,
He is a valiant man, and he is a rich man,
And loves the fool: a little rough by custom:
She'l like him ten times better. She'l doat upon him,
If ere they come to grapling, run mad for him;
But there is another in the wind, some Castrel
That hovers over her, and dares her daily,
Some flickring slave.
Cur. I dare not think so poorly.
Alp. Something there is, and must be: but I shall scent it
And hunt it narrowly.
Seb. I never saw her yet
Make offer at the least glance of affection,
But still so modest, wise—
Alp. They are wise to gull us.
There was a fellow, old *Ferando*'s son,
I must confess handsome, but my enemy,
And the whole family I hate: young *Pedro*,
That fellow I have seen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make such offers,
As if she would shoot her eyes like Meteors at him:
But that cause stands removed.
Cur. You need not doubt him,
For long since as 'twas thought on a griev'd Conscience,
He left his Father, and his Friends: more pity:
For truth reports he was a noble Gentleman.

Alp. Let him be what he will: he was a beggar,
And there I'le leave him.
Seb. The more the Court must answer;
But certainly I think, though she might favour him,
And love his goodness, as he was an honest man:
She never with loose eyes stuck on his person.
Alp. She is so full of Conscience too, and charity,
And outward holiness, she will undo me:
Relieves more Beggars, than an Hospital;

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta.

And all poor Rogues, that can but say their prayers,
And tune their pipes to Lamentations,
She thinks she is bound to dance to: good morrow to you,
And that's as ye deserve too: you know my mind,
And study to observe it: do it cheerfully,
And readily, and home.
Alin. I shall obey ye.
But, noble Sir.
Alp. Come, come, away with your flatteries,
And your fine phrases.
Cur. Pray ye be gentle to her.
Alp. I know 'em; and know your feats: if you will find me
Noble and loving, seek me in your duty,
You know I am too indulgent.
Seb. Alas, poor Lady.
Alp. To your devotions: I take no good thing from you.
Come Gentlemen; leave pitying, and moaning of her
And praising of her vertues: and her whim-whams,
It makes her proud, and sturdy.
Seb. Cur. Good hours wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*
Alin. I thank ye, Gentlemen: I want such comforts:
I would thank you too Father: but your cruelty
Hath almost made me senseless of my duty,
Yet still I must know: would I had known nothing.
What Poor attend my charity to day, wench?
Jul. Of all sorts, Madam; your open handed bounty
Make's 'em flock every hour: some worth your pity,
But others that have made a trade of begging.
Alin. Wench, if they ask it truly, I must give it:

It takes away the holy use of charity
To examine wants.
Jul. I would you would be merry:
A cheerful giving hand, as I think, Madam,
Requires a heart as chearful.
Alin. Alas *Juletta*,
What is there to be merry at? what joy now,
Unless we fool our own afflictions,
And make them shew ridiculous?
Jul. Sure, Madam,
You could not seem thus serious, if you were married,
Thus sad, and full of thoughts.
Alin. Married? to whom, wench?
Thou thinkst if there be a young handsome fellow,
As those are plentiful, our cares are quenched then.
Jul. Madam, I think a lusty handsome fellow
If he be kind, and loving, and a right one,
Is even as good a Pill, to purge this melancholy,
As ever *Galen* gave, I am sure more natural:
And merrier for the heart, than Wine and Saffron:
Madam, wanton youth is such a Cataplasme.
Alin. Who has been thy Tutor, Wench?
Jul. Even my own thoughts, Lady:
For though I be bar'd the liberty of talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the mark, Madam,
'Faith, marry, and be merry.
Alin. Who will have me?
Who will be troubled with a pettish Girl?
It may be proud, and to that vice expenceful?
Who can assure himself, I shall live honest?
Jul. Let every man take his fortune.
Alin. And o' my Conscience
If once I grow to breeding, a whole Kingdom
Will not contain my stock.
Jul. The more the merrier:
'Tis brave to be a mother of new Nations.
Alin. Why, I should bury a hundred Husbands.
Jul. 'Tis no matter!
As long as ye leave sufficient men to stock ye.
Alin. Is this thy mirth? are these the joyes of marriage?

Away light-headed fool; are these contentments?
If I could find a man—
Jul. You may a thousand.
Alin. Meer men I know I may: and there a Woman
Has liberty, (at least she'l venture for it)
To be a monster and become the time too;
But to enjoy a man, from whose example
(As from a compass) we may steer our fortunes,
Our actions, and our age; and safe arrive at
A memory that shall become our ashes,
Such things are few, and far to seek; to find one
That can but rightly mannage the wild beast, Woman,
And sweetly govern with her. But no more of this, Wench,
'Tis not for thy discourse: Let's in, and see
What poor afflicted wait our charity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Porter, 4 *Beggers*, Pedro, *and a Pilgrim.*

Por. Stand off, and keep your ranks: twenty foot further:
There louse your selves with reason and discretion.
The Sun shines warm: the farther still the better,
Your beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.
1 *Beg.* Heaven bless our Mistris.
Por. Does the crack go that way?
'Twill be o'th' other side anon.
2 *Beg.* Pray ye friend. (coat
Por. Your friend? and why your friend? why goodman turn-
What dost thou see within me, or without me,
Or what itch dost thou know upon me, tell me,
That I should be thy friend? what do I look like
Any of thy acquaintance hung in Gibbets?
Hast thou any Friends, Kindred, or Alliance,
Or any higher ambition, than an Alms-basket?
2 *Beg.* I would be your worships friend.
Por. So ye shall, Sirrah,
When I quarter the same louse with ye.
3 *Beg.* 'Tis twelve o'clock.
Por. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast done scratching,
For that provokes thy stomach to ring noon;

O the infinite Seas of Porridge thou hast swallow'd!
And yet thou lookst as if they had been but Glysters;
Thou feedst abundance, thou hadst need of sustenance;
Alms do you call it to relieve these Rascals?

Enter Alphonso, Curio, *and* Seberto.

Nothing but a general rot of sheep can satisfie 'em.
Alp. Did not I tell you, how she would undo me?
What Marts of Rogues, and Beggers!
Seb. 'Tis charity
Methinks, you are bound to love her for—
Alp. Yes, I warrant ye,
If men could sale to Heaven in Porridge-pots, (make!
With masts of Beef, and Mutton, what a Voyage should I
What are all these?
1 *Beg.* Poor people, and 't like your worship.
[2] *Beg.* Wretched poor people.
3 *Beg.* Very hungry people.
Alp. And very Lousy.
4 *Beg.* Yes forsooth, so, so.
Por. I'le undertake five hundred head about 'em,
And that's no needy Grasier.
Alp. What are you?
Pil. Strangers that come to wonder at your charity,
Yet people poor enough to beg a blessing.
Cur. Use them with favour, Sir, their shews are reverent,
It seems ye are holy *Pilgrims*?
Pil. Ye guess right, Sir,
And bound far off, to offer our devotions.
Alp. What make ye this way? we keep no Reliques here,
Nor holy Shrines.
Pil. The holiest we ere heard of;
Ye keep a living monument of goodness,
A Daughter of that pious excellence,
The very Shrines of Saints sink at her vertues,
And swear they cannot hold pace with her pieties,
We come to see this Lady: not with prophane eyes,
Nor wanton bloods, to doat upon her beauties,
But through our tedious wayes to beg her blessings.
Alp. This is a new way of begging, and a neat one,

And this cries mony for reward, good store too;
These commendations beg not with bag, and bottle;
Well, well, the Sainting of this Woman, Gentlemen,
I know what it must come to: these Women Saints
Are plaguy heavy Saints: they out-weigh a he-saint
Three thousand thick; I know: I feel.
Seb. Ye are more afraid than hurt, Sir.
Alp. Have you your commendations ready too?
He bows, and nods.
Cur. A handsome well built person.
Alp. What Country-craver are you? nothing but motion?
A puppet-Pilgrim?
Pil. He's a stranger, Sir;
This four days I have Travel'd in his Company,
But little of his business, or his Language
As yet I have understood.
Seb. Both young and handsome,
Only the Sun has been too saucy with him. (blessing
Alp. Would ye have mony, Sir, or meat? what kind of
Does your devotion look for? Still more ducking?
Be there any Saints, that understand by signs only?
More motion yet? this is the prettiest Pilgrim,
The pink of Pilgrims: I'le be for ye, Sir;
Do ye discourse with signs? ye'are heartily welcome:
A poor viaticum; very good gold, Sir:
But holy men affect a better treasure.
I kept it for your goodness, but ne'rtheless
Since it can prove but burthensome to your holiness,
And that you affect light prayer, fit for carriage,
I'le put this up again.
Cur. Ye are too unreverent.
Alp. Ye talk too broad! must I give way, and wealth too
To every toy, that carries a grave seeming?
Must my good Angels wait on him? if the proud hilding
Would yield but to my will, and know her duty
I know what I would suffer.
Seb. Good Sir, be patient,
The wrongs ye do these men, may light on you,
Too heavy too: and then you will wish you had said less;
A comely and sweet usage becomes strangers.

Alp. We shall have half the Kingdom strangers shortly,
And this fond prodigality be suffer'd;
But I must be an Ass, see 'em relieved, sirrah;
If I were young again, I would sooner get Bear-whelps,
And safer too, than any of these she-saints,
But I will break her.
Cur. Such a face for certain.
Seb. Me thinks I have seen it too: but we are cozen'd;
But fair befal thee Pilgrim, thou lookst lovely. [*Exit.*
Por. Will ye troop up, ye Porridge Regiment?

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta.

Captain Poors quarter will ye move?
Alin. Ye dull Knave,
Are not these wretches served yet?
Beg. 'Bless my Mistris.
Alin. Do you make sport, Sir, with their miseries?
Ye drousie Rogue.
Por. They are too high fed, Madam,
Their stomachs are a sleep yet.
Alin. Serve 'em plentifully,
Or I'le serve you out next: even out o' doors, sirrah;
And serve 'em quickly too.
Beg. Heaven bless the Lady.
Alin. Bless the good end I mean it for.
Jul. I would I knew it:
If it be for any mans sake, I'le cry Amen too.
Well, Madam, ye have even as pretty a port of Pensioners.
Alin. Vain-glory would seek more, and handsomer.
But I appeal to vertue what my end is; [*Ex. Beggers.*
What men are these?
Jul. It seems they are holy Pilgrims:
That handsome youth should suffer such a penance,
Would I were even the Saint they make their vowes to,
How easily I would grant!
Pil. Heavens grace in-wheel ye:
And all good thoughts, and prayers dwell about ye,
Abundance be your friend; and holy charity
Be ever at your hand to crown ye glorious.
Alin. I thank ye, Sir; peace guide your travels too,

And what you wish for most, end all your troubles;
Remember me by this: and in your prayers
When your strong heart melts, meditate my poor fortunes.
Pil. All my Devotions wait upon your service.
Alin. Are you of this Country, Sir?
Pil. Yes, worthiest Lady,
But far off bred; my Fortunes farther from me.
Alin. Gentle, I dare believe.
Pil. I have liv'd freer.
Alin. I am no inquisitor, that were too curious;
Whatever Vow, or Penance pulls you on, Sir;
Conscience, or Love, or stubborn Disobedience,
The Saint ye kneel to, hear, and ease your travels.
Pil. Yours ne'r begin; and thus I seal my Prayers.
[*Exit.*
Alin. How constantly this man looks! how he sighs!
Some great affliction hatches his Devotions,
Right holy Sir, how young, and sweet he suffers!
Jul. Would I might suffer with him.
Alin. He turns from us;
Alas, he weeps too; something presses him
He would reveal, but dare not; Sir, be comforted,
Ye come for that; and take it; if it be want, Sir,
To me ye appear so worthy of relieving,
I am your Steward; Speak, and take; he's dumb still;
Now as I have a faith, this man so stirs me,
His modesty makes me afraid I have trespassed.
Jul. Would he wou'd stir me too, I like his shape well.
Alin. May be he would speak alone; go off, *Juletta*,
Afflicted hearts fear their own motions.
Be not far off.
Jul. Would I were nearer to him,
A young smug handsom holiness has no fellow. [*Exit.*
Al. Why do you grieve? do you find your penance sharp?
Or are the vows ye've made too mighty for ye?
Does not the World allure ye to look back,
And sorrow for the sweet time ye have lost?
Ye are young, and fair; be not deluded, Sir,
A manly made-up heart contemns these shadows,
And yours appear no less, griefs for your fears,

For hours ill-spent, for wrongs done rash, and rudely,
For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,
Become fears well; I dare not task your goodness;
And then a sorrow shews in his true glory,
When the whole heart is excellently sorry,
I pray ye be comforted.
Ped. I am, dear Lady,
And such a comfort ye have cast upon me,
That though I struggle with mine own cal[a]mities
Too mighty, and too many for my mannage,
And though, like angry waves, they curl'd upon me,
Contending proudly who should first devour me,
Yet I would stem their danger.
Alin. He speaks nobly;
What do you want?
Ped. All that can make me happy;
I want my self.
Alin. Your self? who rob'd ye, Pilgrim?
Why does he look so constantly upon me?
I want my self; indeed, ye holy Wanderers
Are said to seek much, but to seek your selves—
Ped. I seek my self, and am but my selfs shadow,
'Have lost my self; and now am not so noble.
Alin. I seek my self; something I yet remember
That bears that Motto; 'tis not he, he's younger,
And far more tender; for that self-sake (Pilgrim)
Be who it will, take this.
Ped. Your hand I dare take,
That be far from me, Lady, thus I kiss it,
And thus I bless it too; *Be constant fair still,*
Be good, and live to be a great example. [*Exit.*
Alin. One word more (Pilgrim) has amaz'd me strangly,
Be constant fair still; 'tis the Posie here;
And here without, *Be good*; he wept to see me. *Juletta.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.
Alin. Take this Key, and fetch me
The marygold-Jewel that lies in my little Cabinet;
I think 'tis that; what eyes had I to miss him? [*Ex.* Jul.

O me, what thoughts? he had no beard then, and
As I remember well, he was more ruddy.

Enter Juletta.

If this be he, he has a manly face yet,
A goodly shape.
Jul. Here Madam.
Alin. Let me see it;
'Tis so true, it must be he, or nothing,
He spake the words just as they stand engraven here:
I seek my self, and am but my selfs shadow;
Alas, poor man! didst thou not meet him, *Juletta*?
The Pilgrim, Wench?
Jul. He went by long ago, Madam.
Alin. I forgot to give him something.
Jul. 'Twas ill done, Lady;
For o' my troth, he is the handsomest man
I saw this many a day; would he had all my wealth,
And me to boot; what ails she to grow so sullen?
Alin. Come, I forgot, but I will recompence it.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Seberto, Juletta, *Porter, and Servants.*

Alph. CAN she slip through a Cat-hole? tell me that; resolve me;
Can she flye in the air? is she a thing invisible?
Gone, and none know it!
Seb. You amaze your servants.
Alph. Some pelting Rogue has watcht her hour of itching,
And claw'd her, claw'd her, do you mark me? claw'd her;
Some that I foster up.
Cur. They are all here, Sir.
Alph. Let 'em be where they will, they are arrant Rascals,
And by this hand, I'll hang all.
Seb. Deal calmly;
You will not give 'em time to answer ye.
Al. I'll choak 'em, famish 'em, what say you, Wagtail?

You knew her mind; you were of counsel with her,
Tell me, and tell me true.
Cur. Ask with discretion.
Alph. Discretion? hang discretion, hang ye all:
Let me know where she is.
Jul. Would you know o' me, Sir?
Al. O' thee, Sir? I, o' thee, Sir; what art thou Sir?
Jul. Her woman, Sir, and't like your Worship, Sir.
Alph. Her Bawd, her Fiddle-stick;
Her Lady-fairy, to oyl the doors o' nights,
That they may open with discretion,
Her Gin, her Nut-Crack.
Jul. 'Tis very well, Sir.
Alph. Thou lyest; 'tis damnable ill, 'tis most abominable;
Will ye confess (Thing?)
Jul. Say I were guilty, Sir;
I would be hang'd before I would confess;
Is this a World to confess in?
Cur. Deal directly.
Jul. Yes, if my matter lye direct before me;
But when I am forc'd, and ferretted.
Alph. Tell me the truth,
And as I live, I'll give thee a new Petticoat.
Jul. And you would give me ten, I would not tell ye,
Truths bear a greater price than you are aware of.
Seb. Deal modestly.
Jul. I do not pluck my Cloaths up.
Al. What say you, Sirrah? you? or you? are ye dumb all?
Port. I saw her last night, and't shall like your Worship,
When I serv'd in her Livery.
Alph. What's that, Sirrah?
Port. Her Chamber-pot, and't please you.
Seb. A new Livery.
Alph. Where lay she? who lay with her?
Port. In truth, not I, Sir;
I lay with my fellow *Frederick* in the flea-Chamber,
And't like your Worship, we are almost worried.
Jul. I left her by her self, in her own Closet,
And there I thought she had slept.
Alph. Why lay you from her?

Jul. It was her will I should; she is my Mistriss,
And my part is obedience.
Alph. Were all the doors lock'd?
Port. All mine.
Ser. And mine; she could not get out those ways
Unless she leapt the walls; and those are higher
Than any Womans courage dare aspire at.
Alph. Come, you must know.
Cur. Conceal it not, but deal plain.
Jul. If I did know, and her trust lay upon me,
Not all your angers nor your flatteries
Should make me speak, but having no more interest
Than I may well deliver to the air,
I'll tell ye what I know, and tell it liberally,
I think she is gone, because we cannot find her;
I think she is weary of your tyranny,
And therefore gone; may be she is in love;
May be in love, where you show no great liking,
And therefore gone; May be some point of Conscience,
Or vow'd Devotion.
Alph. These are nothing, minion;
You that can aim at these, must know the truth too.
Jul. Any more truth than this if I know, hang me,
Or where to search for it, if I make a lye
To gain your love, and envy my best Mistriss,
Pin me against a wall with my heels upward.
Alph. Out of my doors.
Jul. That's all my poor petition;
For if your house were Gold, and she not in it,
Sir, I should count it but a Cage to whistle in.
Alph. Whore, if she be above ground, I will have her.
Jul. I would live in a Coal-pit then, were I your daughter.
Seb. Certain she does not know, Sir.
Alph. Hang her, hang her;
She knows too much; search all the house, all corners,
And where 'tis possible she may go out, [*Ex. Servants.*
If I do find your tricks.
Jul. Reward me for 'em.
Or if I had such tricks, you could discover
So weak, and sleightly woven, you might look through,

All the young Girls should hoot me out o' th' Parish;
You are my Master, but you own an anger
Becomes a School-Boy that hath lost his Apples;
Will ye force things into our knowledges?
Alph. Come hither, *Juletta*, thou didst love me.
Jul. And do stil[l],
You are my Ladies Father, and I reverence ye.
Alph. Thou would'st have pleas'd my humour.
Jul. Any good way,
That carried not suspicion in't, or flattery,
Or fail of trust.
Alph. Come, come, thou wouldst have—
Jul. Stay, Sir.
Alph. And thou hast felt my bounty for't, and shalt do.
Dost thou want Cloaths or Money?
Jul. Both.
Alph. 'Shalt have both.
Jul. But not this way, I had rather be an Adamite,
And bring Fig-tree leaves into fashion again.
If you were young, Sir,
Handsome, and fitted to a Womans appetite;
And I a giddy-headed Girl, that car'd for nothing,
Much might be done; then you might fumble with me,
And think to grope out matters of some moment,
Which now you will put too short for;
For what you have seen hitherto
And know by me, has been but honest service,
Which I dare pin i'th' market-place to answer;
And let the World, the Flesh, and Devil examine it,
And come you in too, I dare stand your strictest.
And so much good may do you, with your dreams of cour-
Alph. This is most monstrous. (tesie.

Enter Porter, and Servants.

Seb. Sure she does not know, Sir;
She durst not be so confident, and guilty. (covered?
Alph. How now, what news? what hopes and steps dis-
Speak any thing that's good, that tends to th' matter;
Do you stand staring still?
1 *Serv.* We are no gods, Sir,

[redacted]

[redacted] deavour.
[redacted] t in our hands.
[redacted] (Damsel,
[redacted] . If you stir out,
[redacted] y,
[redacted] suddenly)
[redacted] ay the Rascal,
[redacted] y places,
[redacted] fit, Sir;
[redacted] es; I'll fail else:
[redacted] r. [*Exit.*
[redacted] ers,
[redacted] n tricks; she is not far yet,
[redacted] e dividing suddenly.
[redacted] from thy hands, I beseech.
[redacted] ses;
[redacted] . I'll teach her to run gadding. [*Exeunt.*
[redacted]

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo, *and four Out-Laws.*

t-law. Captain, y'are not merry.
d. We get nothing,
have no sport; whoring and drinking spoils us,
e keep no Guards.
2 *Out-law.* There come no Passengers,
hants, nor Gentlemen, nor whosoever,

To say she is here or there, or what she is doing;
But we have search'd.
Port. I am sure she is not i'th' Cellar;
For look you, Sir, if she had been i'th' Cellar—
Alph. I am sure thou hast been there.
Port. As I carried the matter,
For I search'd every piece of Wine; yes sure, Sir,
And every little Terse, that could but testifie;
And I drew hard to bolt her out.
Alph. Away with him;
Fling him i'th' Hay-mow, let him lye a mellowing;
He stinks of Muskadel like an *English Christmas*;
Are these your cares? your services?
2 *Serv.* Pray ye hear, Sir,
We have found where she went out, her very footing.
Alph. Where, where? go on.
Cur. Observe then with more stayedness.
2 *Ser.* Searching the Garden at the little Postern
That opens to the Park, we first discovered it.
Alph. A little foot?
1 *Serv.* It must be hers, or none, Sir.
Alph. How far beyond that?
1 *Serv.* To the Park it leads us,
But there the ground being hard, we could not mark it.
Alph. She always kept that Key; I was a Coxcomb,
A Fool, an Ass, to give a Girl that liberty;
Saddle my Horses, Rogues, ye drunken Varlets,
Your precious diligence lies in Pint-pots,
Your Brains in Butts, my Horses, ye pin-Buttocks.
You'll bear me Company?
Seb. We dare not leave ye,
Unless we found a quieter soul within ye.
Cur. If we may do the Lady any service,
Sweet, gentle Soul.
Alph. I say again, my horses,
Are ye so hot? have ye your private Pilgrimages?
Must ye be jumping, Joan? I'll wander with ye;
I'll jump ye, and I'll juggle ye, my horses;
And keep me this young Lirry-poop within doors,
I will discover, Dame.

Jul. 'Tis fit you should, Sir,
If ye knew what; well Love, if thou beest with her,
Or what power else that arms her resolution,
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this mad-man,
Direct her to her wishes; dwell about her,
That no dishonourable end o'rtake her,
Danger, or want; and let me try my fortune.
Alph. You know the place we meet in?
Seb. We shall hit it.
Alph. And as ye are honest Gentlemen, endeavour.
Cur. We'l search the best we can; if she light in our hands.
Alph. I'll tye her to the horse-tail.
Seb. We know how to use her,
But not your way, for all your state.
Alph. Make haste there; (Damsel,
And get you in, and look to th' house. If you stir out,
Or set a foot any new motion this way,
When I come home (which will be suddenly)
You know my mind; if you do play the Rascal,
I have my eyes and ears in sundry places,
If ye do praunce.
Jul. I shall do that that's fit, Sir;
And fit to cross your fooleries; I'll fail else:
And so I'll to my Chamber. [*Exit.*
Alph. To your Prayers,
And leave your stubborn tricks; she is not far yet,
She cannot be, and we dividing suddenly.
Cur. Keep her from thy hands, I beseech.
Alph. Our horses;
Come chearfully. I'll teach her to run gadding. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo, *and four Out-Laws.*

1 *Out-law.* Captain, y'are not merry.
Rod. We get nothing,
We have no sport; whoring and drinking spoils us,
We keep no Guards.
2 *Out-law.* There come no Passengers,
Merchants, nor Gentlemen, nor whosoever,

But we have tribute.
Rod. And whilst we spend that idlely,
We let those pass that carry the best purchase.
I'll have all search'd, and brought in: Rogues, and Beggars,
Have got the trick now to become Bank-masters.
I'll have none scape; only my friends and neighbours,
That may deliver to the King my innocence;
Those I would have regarded; 'tis policy.
But otherwise nor gravities, nor shadows,
Appear they how they will, they may have purses,
For they shall pay.
3 *Out-law.* You speak now like a Captain.
And if we spare, fley us, and coin our Cassocks,
Will ye look blith?
Rod. You hear no preparation
The King intends against us yet?
4 *Out-law.* Not a word, Sir,
Good man, he's troubled with matter of more moment,
Hummings of higher nature vex his brains, Sir,
Do not we see his Garrisons?
Rod. Who are out now? (stirring
4 *Out-law.* Good fellows, Sir, that if there be any purchase
Will strike it dead; *Jaques*, and *Lopez*, Lads,
That know their Quarters, as they know their Knapsacks;
And will not off.
Rod. Where is the Boy ye brought me?
A pretty Lad, and of a quick capacity,
And bred up neatly.
1 *Out-law.* He's within at meat, Sir,
The Knave is hungry, yet he seasons all
He eats or drinks with many tears and sighings,
The saddest appetite I ever lookt on;
The Boy is young, 'tis fear, and want of company,
He knows, and loves; use him not rough, and harshly,
He will be quickly bold; I'll entertain him;
I want a pretty Boy to wait upon me,
And when I am sad or sleepy, to prate to me;
Besides there's something in his face I like well.
And still the more I look, more like; let him want nothing,
And use him gently, all.

2 *Out-law.* Here's a small Box, Sir,
We took about him, which he griev'd to part with,
May be some Wealth.
Rod. Alas, some little money
The poor Knave carried to defray his lodgings,
I'll give it him again, and add unto it.
'Twere sin to open such a petty purchase.

Enter Lopez, *and* Jaques *with* Pedro.

How now, who is this? what have you brought me, Souldiers?
Lop. We know not well, what a strange staving fellow,
Sullen enough I am sure.
Rod. Where took ye him?
Jaq. Upon the Skirt o' th' wood, viewing, and gaping,
And sometime standing still, as if he had meant
To view the best accesses to our quarters;
Money he has enough; and when we threatned him,
He smil'd, and yielded; but not one word utter'd.
Lop. His habit says he's holy, if his heart
Keep that proportion too, 'tis best ye free him,
We keep his wallet here; I am sure 'tis heavy.
Rod. Pilgrim, come hither, Sir, are you a Pilgrim?
A piece of pretty holiness; do you shrink, Sir?
A smug young Saint. What Country were you born in?
Ye have a *Spanish* face; In a dumb Province?
And had your Mother too this excellent Vertue?
No tongue do you say? sure she was a matchless woman;
What a fine family is this man sprung from!
Certain he was begotten in a Calm,
When all was hush'd; the Midwife was dumb Midnight;
Are ye seal'd up? or do you scorn to answer?
Ye are in my hands, and I have Medicines for ye
Can make ye speak: pull off his Bonnet, Souldiers;
Ye have a speaking face.
Lop. I am sure a handsome;
This Pilgrim cannot want She-Saints to pray to.
Rod. Stand nearer, ha?
Ped. Come, do your worst, I am ready.
Rod. Is your tongue found? go off, and let me talk with (him;
And keep your watches round.

All. We are ready, Captain.
Rod. So, now what are ye?
Ped. Am I?
My habit shews me what I am.
Rod. Thy heart
A desperate fool, and so thy fate shall tell thee.
What Devil brought thee hither? for I know thee.
Ped. I know thou dost, and since it is my fortune
To light into thy fingers, I must think too
The most malicious of all Devils brought me,
Yet some men say thou art noble.
Rod. Not to thee,
That were a benefit to mock the Giver;
Thy father hates my friends, and family,
And thou hast been the heir of all this malice.
Can two such storms meet then, and part with kissing?
Ped. You have the mightier hand.
Rod. And so I'll use it.
Ped. I cannot hinder ye; less can I beg
Submissive at his knees that knows not honour,
That bears the Stamp of Man, and not his Nature;
Ye may do what ye please.
Rod. I will do all. (ruine,
Ped. And when you have done all, which is my poor
(For farther your base malice cannot venture)
Dishonours self will cry you out a Coward.
Hadst thou been brave, and noble, and an Enemy,
Thou wouldst have sought me whilst I carried Arms,
Whilst my good Sword was my profession,
And then have cryed out, *Pedro*, I defie thee;
Then stuck *Alphonso*'s quarrel on the point,
The mercenary anger thou serv'st under,
To get his Daughter. Then thou shouldst have brav'd me,
And arm'd with all thy Families hate upon thee,
Done something worthy feat; Now poor and basely
Thou setst Toyls to betray me; and like the Pesant,
That dares not meet the Lion in the face,
Dig'st crafty pit-falls: thou sham'st the *Spanish* Honour;
Thou hast neither point of Man, nor Conscience in thee.
Rod. Sir, Sir, y'are brave, ye plead now in a Sanctuary,

You think your Pilgrims Bulwark can defend ye;
You will not find it so.
Ped. I look not for't.
The more unhallowed soul hast thou to offer it.
Rod. When you were bravest, Sir, and your sword sharpest,
I durst affront ye; when the Court Sun gilded ye,
And every cry was the young hopeful *Pedro*,
Alonso's sprightly Son; then durst I meet ye,
When you were Master of this fame, and fashion,
And all your glories in the full Meridian,
The Kings proof-favour buckled on your body;
Had we then come to competition,
Which I have often sought.
Pedro. And I desir'd too. (slight it,
Rod. You should have seen this Sword, how e're you
And felt it too; sharper than sorrow felt it,
In execution quicker than thy scorns;
Thou should'st have seen all this, and shrunk to see it.
Then like a Gentleman I would have us'd thee,
And given thee the fair fortune of thy being,
Then with a Souldiers arm I had honour'd thee;
But since thou stealst upon me like a Spie,
And thief-like thinkst that holy case shall carry thee
Through all my purposes, and so betray me,
Base as the act, thy end be, and I forget thee.
Ped. What poor evasions thou buildst on, to abuse me!
The goodness of a man ne'r taught these principles.
I come a Spie? durst any noble spirit
Put on this habit, to become a Traitor?
Even in an Enemy shew me this antipathy
Where there is *Christian* faith, and this not reverenced:
I come a Spie? no *Roderigo*, no,
A hater of thy person, a maligner?
So far from that, I brought no malice with me,
But rather when I meet thee, tears to soften thee;
When I put on this habit, I put off
All fires, all angers, all those starts of youth
That clapt too rank a bias to my being,
And drew me from the right mark all should aim at;
In stead of stubborn steel, I put on prayers;

For rash and hasty heats, a sweet repentance:
Long weary steps, and vows, for my vain-glories.
O *Roderigo.*
Rod. If thy tongue could save thee,
Prating be thy bail, thou hast a rare benefit.
Souldiers, come out, and bring a halter with ye;
I'le forgive your holy habit, Sir, but I'le hang you.

Enter Out-laws, Lope[z], Jaques.

1 *Out-l.* Wherefore this halter Captain?
Rod. For this traytor.
Go, put it on him, and then tie him up.
1. Do you want a Band Sir? this is a course wearing,
'Twill fit but scurvily upon this collar;
But patience is as good as a *French* Pickadel.
Lop. What's his fault, Captain?
Rod. 'Tis my will he perish,
And that's his fault.
Ped. A Captain of good government.
Come Souldiers, come, ye are roughly bred, and bloody,
Shew your obedience, and the joy ye take
In executing impious commands;
Ye have a Captain seals your liberal pardons,
Be no more *Christians*, put religion by,
'Twill make ye cowards: feel no tenderness,
Nor let a thing call'd conscience trouble ye;
Alas, 'twill breed delay. Bear no respect
To what I seem; were I a Saint indeed,
Why should that stagger ye? you know not holiness:
To be excellent in evil, is your goodness;
And be so, 'twill become ye: have no hearts,
For fear you should repent: that will be dangerous:
For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,
And that pulse beat back to your considerations,
How ye have laid a stiff hand on Religion—
Rod. Truss him I say.
Ped. And violated faith.
Rod. Hear him not prate.
Ped. Why, what a thing will this be?
What strange confusion then will breed among ye?

Rod. Will none of ye obey?
Ped. What Devils vex ye?
The fears ye live in and the hourly dangers
Will be delights to these: those have their ends,
But these outlive all time, and all repentance:
And if it creep into your conscience once,
Be sure ye lock that close.
Rod. Why stand ye gazing?
Ped. Farewel sleep, peace, all that are humane comforts,
Better ye had been Trees, or Stones, and happier;
For those die here, and seek no further being,
Nor hopes, nor punishments.
Rod. Rots take ye, Rascals.
Jaq. What would you have us do?
Rod. Dispatch the prater.
Jaq. And have religious blood hang on our consciences?
We are bad enough already: sins enough
To make our graves even loath us.
Rod. No man love me?
Lop. Although I be a thief, I am no hangman;
They are two mens trades, and let another execute.
Lay violent hands on holy things?
Rod. Base Cowards,
Put to your powers, ye rascals, I command ye.
Holy, or unholy, if I say it,
I'le have it done.
1 *Out-l.* If I do't, let me starve for't.
2. Or I.
3. Or I: we will obey things handsom,
And bad enough, and overdo obedience:
But to be made such instruments of mischief.
Jaq. I have done as many villanies as another,
And with as little reluctation,
Let me come clear of these, and wipe that score off.
Put me upon a felt and known perdition?
Rod. Have ye conspir'd, ye slaves?
Ped. How vilely this shows,
In one that would command anothers temper,
And bear no bound in's own?
Rod. Am I thus jaded?

Ped. Is it my life thou long'st for *Roderigo*?
And can no sacrifice appease thy malice,
But my blood spilt? do it thy self, dispatch it;
And as thou takst the whole revenge unto thee,
Take the whole sin upon thee; and be mighty,
Mighty in evil, as thou art in anger:
And let not these poor wretches houl for thy sake.
Those things that in thine own glass seem most monstrous,
Wouldst thou abuse their weak sights with, for amiable?
Is it, thou thinkst to fear me with thy terrors,
And into weak condition draw my vertue?
If I were now to learn to die I would sue thee:
Or did I fear death, then I would make thee glorious.
But knowing what, and how far I can suffer;
And all my whole life being but deaths preface,
My sleep but at next door.

Rod. Are ye so valiant?
I'le make ye feel: I'le make ye know, and feel too;
And Rascals, you shall tremble. Keep him here,
And keep him safe too: if he scape your guards—

Ped. Fear not, I will not.

Rod. As I live, ye die for't;
I will not be thus baffled. [*Exit.*

Ja. What a Devil have ye done, Pilgrim? or what mischief
Have you conspir'd, that he should rage and rave thus?
Have you kill'd his Father, or his Mother? or strangled any (of his kindred?

Lop. Has he no Sisters? have you not been bouncing
About their belly-pieces?

Jaq. Why should that be dangerous,
Or any way deserve death? is it not natural?
Bar us the *Christian* liberty of women,
And build us up with brick, take away our free-stone.

1 *Out-l.* Because thou art holier than he, upon my con- (science
He does not envy thee: that's not his quarrel;
For, look you, that might be compounded without prayers.

Lop. Nor that thou seemst an honester man: for here
We have no trading with such Tinsel-stuff;
To be an excellent thief, is all we aim at. (us?
Wilt thou take a spit and stride, and see if thou canst outrun

Ped. I scorn to shift his fury, keep your obedience;
For though your government admit no president,
Keep your selves carefull in't.
Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then.
Ped. I cannot die with fewer faults upon me. (in him
2 *Out-l.* 'Tis ten to one he will shoot him: for the Devil's
If he hang him himself.
Lop. He has too proud a nature:
He will compel some one.
Jaq. I am confident.
Lop. And so are all I think.
Ped. Be not molested,
If I must die, let it not trouble you;
It stirs not me: it is the end I was born for.
Only this honest office I desire ye,
(If there be courtesie in men of your breed)
To see me buried; not to let his fury
Expose my body to the open violence
Of beasts, and fowls: so far I urge humanity.

Enter Roderigo, Alinda.

Jaq. He shall not deny us that: we'l see ye under ground,
And give ye a volly of as good cups of Sack,
For that's our Discipline.
Lop. He comes again,
As high in rage as ever; the boy with him.
1 *Out-l.* Will he compel the child?
Lop. He is bent to do it,
And must have some body.
Rod. If thou lov'st me do it:
Love me, or love me not, I say thou shalt do it:
Stare not, nor stagger, Sirrah; if ye deny me,
Do you see this Rogue?
Alin. What would ye have me do Sir?
Heavens goodness bless me.
Rod. Do? why hang a Rascal,
That would hang me.
Alin. I am a boy, and weak, Sir.
Rod. Thou art strong enough to tie him to a Bough,
And turn him off: come, thou shalt be my Jewel,

And I'le allow thee horse, and all thy pleasures,
And twenty gallant things: I'le teach thee arms too;
Make thee mine heir.
Alin. Let me inherit death first.
Rod. Make me not angry, Sirrah.
Alin. Which is the man, Sir?
I'le pluck up the best heart I can yet.
Rod. Fear not,
It is my will: That in the Pilgrims coat there,
That Devil in the Saints skin.
Alin. Guard me goodness.
Rod. Dispatch him presently.
Ped. I wait your worst, Sir.
Jaq. Will the boy do it? is the rogue so confident?
So young, so deep in blood?
Lop. He shakes, and trembles.
Ped. Dost thou seek more coals still to sear thy conscience,
Work sacred innocence, to be a Devil?
Do't thy self for shame, thou best becom'st it.
Rod. Sirrah, I scorn my finger should be 'fil'd with thee;
And yet I'le have it done: this child shall strangle thee,
A crying Girle, if she were here, should master thee.
Ali. How should I save him? how my self from violence?
Ped. Leave your tongue-valour, and dispatch your hate, Sir;
The patience of my death, shall more torment thee,
(Thou painted honour, thou base man made backward)
Than all my life has fear'd thee.
Rod. Gag him, Sirrah.
Jaq. The Boy looks cheerfully now: sure he will do it.
Lop. He will mall him else.
Alin. Are ye prepar'd to die, Sir?
Ped. Yes boy, and ready; prethee to thy business.
Alin. Why are ye then so angry? so perplext, Sir?
Patience wins Heaven, and not the heat of passion.
Why do you rayle?
Lop. The boy's a pretty Priest.
Ped. I thank ye gentle child, you teach me truely.
Alin. You seem to fear too.
Ped. Thou seest more, than I feel, boy.
Alin. You tremble sure.

Ped. No sure boy, 'tis thy tenderness:
Prethee make haste, and let that gulph be satisfied.
Alin. Are ye so willing to go to it?
Ped. Most willing:
I would not borrow from his courtesie
One hour of life, to gain an age of glory.
Alin. And is your reckoning straight Sir?
Ped. As straight as truth, boy:
I cannot go more joyfully to a wedding.
Alin. Then to your prayers: I'le dispatch ye presently.
Now guide my tongue, thou blessedness.
Rod. A good boy.
Alin. But hark ye Sir, one word; and pray ye resolve me.
Let me speak privately.
Rod. What wouldst thou have child?
Alin. Shall this man die?
Rod. Why dost thou make that question?
Alin. Pray ye be not angry: if he must, I'le do it.
But must he now?
Rod. What else? who dare reprieve him?
Alin. Pray ye think again; and as your injuries
Are great, and full, you suffer from this fellow,
Do not ye purpose so to suit your vengeance?
Rod. I do, and must.
Alin. You cannot if he die now.
Rod. Cannot?
Alin. No, cannot: be not vext, you'l find it:
I have considered, and I know it certain,
Ye suffer below him: lose all your angers.
Rod. Why, my best boy?
Alin. I love, and tender ye,
I would not tell ye else. Is that revenge,
To slight your cause, and Saint your enemy,
Clap the Doves wings of downy peace unto him,
And let him soar to Heaven, whilst you are sighing?
Is this revenge?
Rod. I would have him die.
Alin. Prepar'd thus?
The blessing of a Father never reach'd it:
His contemplation now scorns ye, contemns ye,

And all the tortures ye can use. Let him die thus;
And these that know and love revenge will laugh at ye:
Here lies the honour of a well-bred anger,
To make his enemy shake and tremble under him;
Doubt, nay, almost despair, and then confound him.
This man ye rock asleep, and all your rages
Are Requiems to his parting soul, meer Anthems.
Rod. Indeed he is strongly built.
Alin. You cannot shake him;
And the more weight ye put on his foundation,
Now as he stands, ye fix him still the stronger;
If ye love him, honour him, would heap upon him
Friendships and benefits beyond example,
Hope him a Star in Heaven, and there would stick him,
Now take his life.
Rod. I had rather take mine own, Boy.
Alin. I'le ease him presently.
Rod. Stay, be not hasty.
Alin. Bless my tongue still.
Lop. What has the boy done to him?
How dull, and still he looks!
Alin. You are a wise man,
And long have buckled with the worlds extremities,
A valiant man, and no doubt know both fortunes,
And would ye work your Master-piece thus madly,
Take the bare name of honour, that will pity ye
When the world knows ye have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?
Rod. The boy has stagger'd me: what would'st thou have
Ali. Have ye? do you not feel Sir? do's it not stir ye? (me?
Do you ask a child? I would have ye do most bravely,
Because I most affect ye: like your self Sir,
Scorn him, and let him go; seem to contemn him,
And now ye have made him shake, seal him his pardon,
When he appears a subject fit for anger,
And fit for you, his pious Armour off,
His hopes no higher than your sword may reach at,
Then strike, and then ye know revenge; then take it.
I hope I have turn'd his mind.
Rod. Let the fool go there,
I scorn to let loose so base an anger

May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me;
And when we meet again.
Ped. I'le thank ye Captain. [*Exit.*
Alin. Why this was like your self: but which way goes
Shall we ne're happy meet? (he?
Rod. I am drowsie: Boy,
Go with me, and discourse: I like thy company
O Child! I love thy tongue.
Alin. I shall wait on ye. [*Exit.*
Lop. The Boy has don't: a Plaguey witty Rascal.
And I shall love him terribly.
Jaq. 'Twas he most certain,
For if ye mark, how earnest he was with him,
And how he labour'd him.
Lop. A cunning villain,
But a good rogue; 'This boy will make's all honest.
1 *Out-l.* I scarce believe that: but I like the boy well.
Come let's to Supper; then upon our watches.
Lop. This Pilgrim scap'd a joyfull one.
Jaq. Let's drink round
To the boys health, and then about our business.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopez, *and three Out-Laws.*

Rod. NOne of you know her?
Jaq. Alas Sir, we never saw her:
Nor ever heard of her, but from your report.
Rod. No happy eye?
Lop. I do not think 'tis she, Sir,
Me thinks a woman dares not.
Rod. Thou speak'st poorly,
What dares not woman, when she is provok'd?
Or what seems dangerous to Love, or fury?
That it is she, this has confirm'd me certain,
These Jewels here, a part of which I sent her,
And though unwilling, yet her Father wrought her
To take, and wear.

Lop. A wench, and we not know it?
And among us? where were our understandings?
I could have ghess'd unhappily: have had some feeling
In such a matter: Here are as pretty fellows,
At the discovery of such a Jigambob:
A handsome wench too! sure we have lost our faculties,
We have no motions: what should she do here, Sir?
Rod. That's it that troubles me: O that base rascal!
There lies the misery: how cunningly she quit him,
And how she urg'd! had ye been constant to me,
I ne're had suffer'd this.
1 *Out-l.* Ye might have hang'd him:
And would he had been hang'd, that's all we care for't:
So our hands had not don't.
Rod. She is gone again too,
And what care have ye for that? gone, and contemn'd me;
Master'd my will, and power, and now laughs at me.
Lop. The Devil that brought her hither, Sir I think
Has carryed her back again invisible,
For we ne're knew, nor heard of her departure.
Jaq. No living thing came this night through our watches.
She went with you.
Rod. Was by me till I slept,
But when I wak'd, and call'd: O my dull pate here,
If I had open'd this when it was given me,
This Roguy Box.

Enter Alphonso, *and* 2 *Out-laws.*

Lop. We could but give it ye.
Rod. Pilgrim? a Pox o' Pilgrims, there the game goes,
There's all my fortune fled; I know it, I feel it.
Al. Bring me unto thy Captain: where's thy Captain?
I am founder'd, melted, some fairy thing or other
Has led me dancing; the Devil has haunted me
I'th' likeness of a voyce: give me thy Captain.
2 *Out-l.* He's here Sir, there he stands.
Al. How do'st thou Captain?
I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dog-bolt.
My Daughter's run away: I have been haunted too,
I have lost my horse; I am hungry, and out of my wits also.

Rod. Come in: I'le tell you what I know: strange things.
And take your ease; I'le follow her recovery,
These shall be yours the whil'st, and do ye service.
Al. Let me have drink enough: I am almost choak'd too.
Rod. You shall have any thing; what think you now,
(Souldiers?
Jaq. I think a woman, is a woman, that's any thing.
The next we take, we'l search a little nearer,
We'l not be boyed again with a pair of breeches. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. He's gone in here: This is *Roderigo's* quarter,
And I'le be with him soon: I'le startle him,
A little better than I have done: all this long night
I have le[d] him out o'th' way, to try his patience,
And made him swear, and curse; and pray, and swear again,
And cry for anger; I made him leave his horse too,
Where he can never find him more; whistled to him,
And then he would run through thick and thin, to reach me,
And down in this ditch; up again, and shake him,
And swear some certain blessings; then into that bush
Pop goes his pate, and all his face is comb'd over,
And I sit laughing: a hundred tricks, I have serv'd him:
And I will double 'em, before I leave him;
I'le teach his anger to dispute with women.
But all this time, I cannot meet my Mistress,
I cannot come to comfort her; that grieves me,
For sure she is much afflicted: till I do,
I'le haunt thy Ghost *Alphonso*; I'le keep thee waking,
Yes, I must get a Drum: I am villanous weary,
And yet I'le trot about these villages
Till I have got my will, and then have at ye.
I'le make your anger drop out at your elbows e're I leave ye.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Seberto, *and* Curio.

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the circuit we have ridden,
We cannot cross her: no way light upon her.
Cur. I do not think she is gone thus far, or this way,
For certain if she had, we should have reach'd her, (thing.
Made some discovery, heard some news; we have seen no-
Seb. Nor pass by any body that could promise any thing.
She is certainly disguis'd, her modesty
Durst never venture else.
Cur. Let her take any shape,
And let me see it once, I can distinguish it.
Seb. So should I think too: has not her Father found her?
Cur. No, I'le be hang'd then; he has no patience
Unless she light in's teeth, to look about him.
He guesses now, and chafes and frets like Tinsel.
Seb. Let him go on, he cannot live without it.
But keep her from him, heaven: where are we *Curio*?
Cur. In a wood I think, hang me if I know else.
And yet I have ridden all these coasts, at all hours,
And had an aim.
Seb. I would we had a guide.
Cur. And if I be not much awry *Seberto*,
Not far off should be *Roderigo's* quarter,
For in this fastness if I be not cozen'd,
He and his out-laws live.
Seb. This is the place then

Enter Alinda.

We appointed him to meet in.
Cur. Yes, I think so. (that there?
Seb. Would we could meet some living thing: what's
Cur. A boy, I think, stay; why may not he direct us?
Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, and I cannot find him.
Keep my wits Heaven, I feel 'em wavering,
O God my head.
Seb. Boy, dost thou hear, thou stripling?
Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me, now *Roderigo*

Will hang [him] without mercy; ha?
Cur. Come hither.
A very pretty boy: what place is this, child?
And whither dost thou travel? how he stares!
Some stubborn Master has abus'd the boy,
And beaten him: how he complains! whither goest thou?
Alin. I go to *Segovia* Sir, to my sick Mother,
I have been taken here by drunken thieves,
And (O my bones!) I have been beaten Sir.
Mis-us'd, and rob'd: extreamly beaten Gentlemen,
O God, my side!
Seb. What beasts would use a boy thus?
Look up, and be of good cheer.
Alin. O, I cannot.
My back, my back, my back.
Cur. What thieves?
Alin. I know not.
But they call the Captain *Roderigo.*
Cur. Look ye,
I knew we were thereabouts.
Seb. Do'st thou want any thing?
Alin. Nothing but ease, but ease, Sir.
Cur. There's some mony,
And get thee to thy Mother.
Alin. I thank ye Gentlemen.
Seb. This was extreamly foul, to vex a child thus.
Come, let's along, we cannot lose our way now. [*Ex.*
Alin. Though ye are honest men, I fear your fingers,
And glad I am got off; O how I tremble!
Send me but once within his arms dear fortune,
And then come all the world: what shall I do now?
'Tis almost night again, and where to lodge me,

Enter Juletta.

Or get me meat, or any thing, I [k]now not.
These wild woods, and the fancies I have in me,
Will run me mad.
Jul. Boy, Boy.
Alin. More set to take me?
Jul. Do'st thou hear boy? thou pointer.

Alin. 'Tis a boy too,
A Lacky Boy: I need not fear his fierceness.
Jul. Canst thou beat a Drum?
Alin. A Drum?
Jul. This thing, a Drum here. (ble?
Didst thou never see a Drum? Canst thou make this grum-
Alin. *Julettas* face, and tongue; is she run mad too?
Here may be double craft: I have no skill in't.
Jul. I'le give thee a royal but to go along with me.
Alin. I care not for thy royal, I have other business,
Drum to thy self, and daunce to it.
Jul. Sirrah, Sirrah. (me?
Thou scurvy Sirrah; thou snotty-nos'd scab, do'st thou hear
If I lay down my Drum.

Enter Roderigo, *and two Outlaws.*

Alin. Here comes more Company,
I fear a plot, Heaven send me fairly from it. [*Exit.*
Jul. Basto; who's here?
Lop. Captain, do you need me farther?
Rod. No not a foot: give me the gown: the sword now.
Jul. This is the Devil thief, and if he take me,
Woe be to my Gally gaskins.
Lop. Certain Sir,
She will take her patches off, and change her habit.
Rod. Let her do what she please: No, no *Alinda*
You cannot cozen me again in a Boys figure,
Nor hide the beauty of that face in patches,
But I shall know it.
Jul. A boy his face in patches?
Rod. Nor shall your tongue again bewitch mine anger,
If she be found i'th' woods, send me word presently,
And I'le return; she cannot be far gone yet:
If she be not, expect me, when ye see me;
Use all your service to my friend *Alphonso*,
And have a care to your business: farewel,
No more, farewel. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. I am heartily glad thou art gone yet.
This boy in patches, was the boy came by me,
The very same, how hastily it shifted!

What a mop-eyed ass was I, I could not know her,
This must be she, this is she, now I remember her,
How loth she was to talk too, how she fear'd me:
I could now piss mine eyes out for meer anger:
I'le follow her, but who shall vex her Father then?
One flurt at him, and then I am for the voyage,
If I can cross the Captain too: Come Tabor. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaques, *and* 1 *Out-Law.*

Jaq. Are they all set?
1 *Out-l.* All, and each quarter quiet.
Jaq. Is the old man asleep?
1 *Out-l.* An hour agoe Sir.
Jaq. We must be very carefull in his absence,
And very watchfull.
1 *Out-l.* It concerns us nearly,
He will not be long from us.
Jaq. No, he cannot.
1 *Out-l.* A little heat of love, which he must wander out.
[*Drum a far off.*
And then again: hark.
Ja[*q*]. What?
1 *Out-l.* 'Tis not the wind sure:
That's still and calm, no noise, nor flux of waters.
Jaq. I hear a Drum, I think.
1 *Out-l.* That, that;
It beats again now.
Jaq. Now it comes nearer: sure we are surprized, Sir;
Some from the Kings command: we are lost, we are dead (all.
1 *Out-l.* Hark, hark, a charge now: my Captain has (betray'd us,
And left us to this ruine, run away from us.

Enter two Out-Laws.

Lop. Another beats o' that side.
2 *Out-l.* Fly, flie, *Jaques*,
We are taken in a toyle: snapt in a pitfal;

Methinks I feel a Sword already shave me.
3 *Out-l.* A thousand horse and foot, a thousand pioneers,
If we get under-ground, to fetch us out again;
And every one an Axe to cut the woods down.
Lop. This is the dismalst night— [*Exit.*

Enter Alpho[n]so.

Alp. Where's my Nag now?
And what make I here to be hang'd? What Devil
Brought me into this danger? Is there ne'er a hole,
That I may creep in deep enough, and die quickly?
Ne'r an old ditch to choke in? I shall be taken
For their Commander now, their General,
And have a commanding Gallows set up for me
As high as a May-pole; and nasty Songs made on me,
Be printed with a Pint-pot and a Dagger.
They are all kill'd by this time: Can I pray?
Let me see that first: I have too much fear to be faithful.
Where's all my State now? I must go hunt for Daughters;
Daughters, and Damsels of the Lake, damned Daughters.
A hundred Crowns for a good tod of Hay,
Or a fine hollow Tree, that would contain me;
I hear 'em coming: I feel the nooze about me.

Enter Seberto, Curio, *Outlaws, and* Jaques.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly? here are no Souldiers;
None from the King to vex ye.
1 *Outl.* The Drum, the Drum, Sir.
Cur. I never saw such Pigeon-hearted people: (there?
What Drum? what danger? who's that that shakes behind
Mercy upon me, Sir, why are ye fear'd thus?
Alp. Are we all kill'd, no mercy to be hoped for?
Am I not shot do you think?
Seb. You are strangely frighted,
Shot with a fiddle-stick: who's here to shoot ye?
A drum we saw indeed, a boy was beating it,
And hunting Squirrels by Moon-light.
Lop. Nothing else, Sir?
Cur. Not any thing: no other person stirring.
Alp. O that I had that boy: this is that Devil,

That fairy Rogue, that haunted me last night;
H'as sleeves like Dragons wings.
Seb. A little Foot-boy.
Alp. Come, let's go in, and let me get my cloaths on;
If ere I stay here more to be thus martyr'd—
Did ye not meet the wench?
Seb. No sure, we met her not.
Alp. She has been here in Boys apparel, Gentlemen,
A gallant thing, and famous for a Gentlewoman.
And all her face patcht over for discovery:
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a circumstance,
That she hath plaid her master-prize, a rare one.
I came too short.
Cur. Such a young Boy we met, Sir.
Alp. In a gray Hat.
Cur. The same: his face all patcht too.
Alp. 'Twas she, a rot run with her; she, that rank she;
Walk in, I'le tell ye all, and then we'll part again,
But get some store of Wine: this fright sits here yet. [*Ex.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. What a fright I have put 'em in; what a brave hurry.
If this do bolt him, I'le be with him again
With a new part, was never play'd; I'le ferk him.
As he hunts her, so I'le hunt him: I'le claw him.
Now will I see if I can cross her footing:
Yet still I'le watch his water, he shall pay for't;
And when he thinks most malice, and means worse,
I'le make him know the Mare's the better Horse. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Pedro, *and a Gentleman.*

Gent. Ye are a stranger, Sir, and for humanity,
Being come within our walls, I would shew you something.
Ye have seen the Castle?
Ped. Yes Sir, 'tis a strong one,
And well maintain'd.
Gent. Why are you still thus sad, Sir?
How do ye like the walks?

Ped. They are very pleasant;
Your Town stands cool and sweet.
Gent. But that I would not
Affect you with more sadness, I could shew ye
A place worth view.
Ped. Shows seldom alter me, Sir;
Pray ye speak it, and then shew it.
Gent. 'Tis a house here
Where people of all sorts, that have been visited
With Lunacies, and Follies wait their cures,
There's fancies of a thousand stamps and fashions,
Like flies in several shapes buz round about ye,
And twice as many gestures; some of pity,
That it would make ye melt to see their passions:
And some as light again, that would content ye.
But I see, Sir, your temper is too modest,
Too much inclin'd to contemplation,
To meet with these?
Ped. You could not please me better;
And I beseech you, Sir, do me the honour
To let me wait upon ye.
Gent. Since ye are willing,
To me it shall be a pleasure to conduct ye.
Ped. I never had such a mind yet to see misery. [*Exe.*

SCENE VI.

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry mad *Bess* some meat, she roars like Thunder;
And tie the Parson short, the Moon's i'th' full,
H'as a thousand Pigs in's brains: Who looks to the Prentice?
Keep him from Women, he thinks h'as lost his Mistris;
And talk of no silk stuffs, 'twill run him horn mad.
2 *Keep.* The Justice keeps such a stir yonder with his (Charges,
And such a coil with warrants.
1 *Keep.* Take away his Statutes;
The Devil has possest him in the likeness
Of penal Laws: keep him from *Aqua vitæ*,
For if that spirit creep into his *Quorum*,
He will commit us all: how is it with the Scholar?

2 *Keep.* For any thing I see, he's in his right wits.
1 *Keep.* Thou art an ass; in's right wits, goodman coxcomb?
As though any man durst be in's right wits, and be here.
It is as much as we dare be that keep 'em.

Enter English madman.

Engl. Give me some drink.
1 *Keep.* O, there's the *English* man.
Engl. Fill me a thousand pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em.
Down o' your knees, ye Rogues, and pledge me roundly;
One, two, three, and four; we shall all be merry within this (hour.
To the great Turk.
1 *Keep.* Peace, peace thou Heathen drunkard;
These *English* are so Malt-mad, there's no medling with 'em;
When they have a fruitful year of Barly there,
All the whole Island's thus.
Engl. A snuff, a snuff, a snuff.
A lewd notorious snuff: give't him again, boy.

Enter she-fool.

Fool. God-ye-good even, Gaffer.
2 *Keep.* Who let the Fool loose?
1 *Keep.* If any of the mad-men take her, she is pepper'd,
They'll bounce her loins.
Fool. Will ye walk into the coal house?
1 *Keep.* She is as leacherous too as a she-Ferret.
2 *Keep.* Who a vengeance looks to her? go in *Kate*,
I'le give thee a fine Apple.
Fool. Will ye buss me?
And tickle me, and make me laugh?
1 *Keep.* I'le whip ye.
Engl. Fool, fool, come up to me fool.
Fool. Are ye peeping?
Engl. I'le get thee with five fools.
Fool. O fine, O dainty.
Engl. And thou shalt lie in [in] a horse-cloth, like a Lady.
Fool. And shall I have a Coach?
Engl. Drawn with four Turkeys,
And they shall tread thee too.
Fool. We shall have eggs then;

And shall I sit upon 'em?
Engl. I, I, and they shall be all addle,
And make an admirable Tanzey for the Devil.
Come, come away, I am taken with thy love fool,
And will mightily belabour thee.
1 *Keep.* How the fool bridles! how she twitters at him!
These *English* men would stagger a wise woman.
If we should suffer her to have her will now,
We should have all the women in *Spain* as mad as she here.
2 *Keep.* They would strive who should be most fool:
Away with her.

Enter Master, three Gentlemen, a mad Scholar, and Pedro.

Fool. Pray ye stay a little: let's hear him sing, h'as a fine breast.
1 *Keep.* Here comes my Master; to the spit ye whore,
And stir no more abroad, but tend your business;
You shall have no more sops i'th' pan else, nor no Porridge:
Besides, I'le whip your breech.
Fool. I'le go in presently.
1 *Gent.* I'le assure ye, Sir, the Cardinal's angry with ye
For keeping this young man.
Mast. I am heartily sorry.
If ye allow him sound, pray ye take him with ye.
1 *Gent.* This is the place, and now observe their humours.
2 *Gent.* We can find nothing in him light, nor tainted;
No startings, nor no rubs, in all his answers,
In all his Letters nothing but discretion,
Learning, and handsome stile.
Mast. Be not deceived, Sir,
Mark but his look.
1 *Gent.* His grief, and his imprisonment
May stamp that there.
Mast. Pray talk with him again then. (enough,
2 *Gent.* That will be needless, we have tried him long
And if he had a taint we should have met with't.
Yet to discharge your care—
Ped. A sober youth:
Pity so heavy a cross should light upon him.
2 *Gent.* You find no sickness?
Schol. None Sir, I thank Heaven,

Nor nothing that diverts my understanding.
1 *Gent.* Do you sleep a nights?
Schol. As sound, and sweet, as any man.
2 *Gent.* Have ye no fearful dreams?
Schol. Sometimes, as all have
That go to bed with raw and windy stomachs;
Else I am all one piece.
1 *Gent.* Is there no unkindness
You have conceiv'd from any friend or parent?
Or scorn from what ye lov'd?
Schol. No, truely Sir:
I never yet was master of a faith
So poor, and weak, to doubt my friend or kindred,
And what love is, unless it lie in learning
I think I am ignorant.
1 *Gent.* This man is perfect,
A civiller discourser I ne'r talk'd with.
Mast. You'l find it otherwise.
2 *Gent.* I must tell ye true, Sir,
I think ye keep him here to teach him madness.
Here's his discharge from my Lord Cardinal;
And come Sir, go with us.
Schol. I am bound unto ye,
And farewel Master.
Master. Farewel *Stephano*,
Alas poor man.
1 *Gent.* What flaws, and whirles of weather,
Or rather storms have been aloft these three daies;
How dark, and hot, and full of mutiny!
And still grows louder.
Mast. It has been stubborn weather.
2 *Gent.* Strange work at Sea, I fear me there's old tumbling.
1 *Gent.* Bless my old Unkles Bark, I have a venture.
2 *Gent.* And I more than I would wish to lose.
Schol. Do you fear?
2 *Gent.* Ha! how he looks!
Mast. Nay, mark him better Gentlemen.
2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me: how his eyes are altered!
Mast. Now tell me how ye like him: whether now
He be that perfect man ye credited?

Schol. Do's the Sea stagger ye?
Mast. Now ye have hit the nick.
Schol. Do ye fear the billows?
1 *Gent.* What ails him? who has stir'd him?
Schol. Be not shaken,
Nor let the singing of the storm shoot through ye,
Let it blow on, blow on: let the clouds wrastle,
And let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous,
The Sea in hideous mountains rise and tumble
Upon a Dolphins back, I'le make all tremble,
For I am *Neptune.*
Mast. Now what think ye of him?
2 *Gent.* Alas poor man.
Schol. Your Bark shall plough through all,
And not a Surge so saucy to disturb her.
I'le see her safe, my power shall sail before her.

Down ye angry waters all,
Ye loud whistling whirlewinds fall;
Down ye proud Waves, ye storms cease;
I command ye, be at peace.
Fright not with your churlish Notes,
Nor bruise the Keel of Bark that flotes:
No devouring Fish come nigh,
Nor Monster in my Empery,
Once shew his head, or terror bring;
But let the weary Saylor sing:
Amphitrite with white arms
Strike my Lute, I'le sing Charms.

Mast. He must have Musick now: I must observe him,
His fit will grow too full else. [*Musick, Song.*
2 *Gent.* I must pity him.
Mast. Now he will in himself most quietly,
And clean forget all, as he had done nothing.
1 *Gent.* We are sorry, Sir: and we have seen a wonder;
From this hour we'll believe, and so we'll leave ye. [*Ex.*
Ped. This was a strange fit.
Mast. Did ye mark him, Sir?
Ped. He might have cozen'd me with his behaviour.
Mast. Many have sworn him right, and I have thought so:

Yet on a sudden, from some word, or other,
When no man could expect a fit, he has flown out:
I dare not give him will.

Enter Alinda.

Ped. Pray Heaven recover him.
Alin. Must I come in too?
Mast. No, my pretty Lad;
Keep in thy Chamber Boy; 'shalt have thy supper.
Ped. I pray ye what is he, Sir?
Mast. A strange Boy, that last night
Was found i'th' Town, a little craz'd, distracted,
And so sent hither.
Ped. How the pretty Knave looks,
And plays, and peeps upon me! sure such eyes
I have seen, and lov'd: what fair hands! certainly—
Mast. Good Sir, you'l make him worse.
Ped. I pray believe not.
Alas, why sho[u]ld I hurt him? how he smiles!
The very shape, and sweetness of *Alinda*:
Let me look once again: were it in such clothes
As when I saw her last; this must be she.
How tenderly it stroaks me!
Mast. Pray ye be mild Sir;
I must attend elsewhere. [*Exit.*
Ped. Pray ye be secure Sir,
What would ye say? how my heart beats and trembles!
He holds me hard by th' hand; O my life, her flesh too!
I know not what to think: her tears, her true ones;
Pure orient tears: Hark, do you know me little one?
Alin. O *Pedro Pedro*!
Ped. O my soul!
Gent. What fit's this?
The Pilgrim's off the hooks too.
Alin. Let me hold thee,
And now come all the world, and all that hate me.
Ped. Be wise, and not discovered: O how I love ye!
How do ye now?
Alin. I have been miserable;
But your most vertuous eyes have cur'd me, *Pedro*:

Pray ye think it no immodesty, I kiss ye,
My head's wild still.
Ped. Be not so full of passion,
Nor do not hang so greedily upon me;
'Twill be ill taken.
Alin. Are ye weary of me?
I will hang here eternally, kiss ever,
And weep away for joy.

Enter Master.

Master. I told ye Sir,
What ye would do: for shame do not afflict him;
You have drawn his fit upon him fearfully:
Either depart, and presently; I'le force ye else.
Who waits within?

Enter two Keepers to fetch 'em off.

Ped. Alas good Sir.
This is the way never to hope recovery. (Governour,
Mast. Stay but one minute more, I'le complain to the
Bring in the boy: do you see how he swells, and tears himself?
Is this your cure? Be gone; if the boy miscarry
Let me ne'r find you more, for I'le so hamper ye—
Gent. You were to blame: too rash.
Ped. Farewel for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alphonso, *Gent.* Juletta.

Gent. YOU are now within a mile o'th' Town Sir: if (my business
Would give me leave, I would turn and wait upon ye;
But for such Gentlemen as you enquire of,
Certain, I saw none such: But for the boy ye spoke of,
I will not say 'tis he, but such a one;
Just of that height.
Alph. In such clothes?
Gent. I much mistake else,
Was sent in th' other night, a little maddish,
And where such people wait their cures—

Alph. I understand ye.
Gent. There you may quickly know.
Alph. I thank ye Sir.
Jul. So do I too: and if there be such a place,
I ask no more: but you shall hear more of me,
She may be there, and you may play the tyrant;
I'le see what I can do: I am almost foundred
In following him; and yet I'le never leave him,
I'le crawl of all four first; my cause is meritorious,
And come what can come.
Gent. All you have told me is certain;
Complexion, and all else.
Alph. It may be she then;
And I'le so fumble her: is she grown mad now?
Is her blood set so high? I'le have her madded,
I'le have her worm'd.
Jul. Mark but the end, old Master,
If thou beest not sick o'th' Bots within these five hours,
And kickst and roar'st; I'le make ye fart fire, Signior.

Enter Alinda, *as a fool.*

Gent. Here's one o'th' house, a fool, an idiot Sir;
May be she is going home; she'l be a guide to ye:
And so I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*
Alph. I am your servant.
Alin. O now I am lost, lost, lost, Lord, how I tremble!
My Father, arm'd in all his hates and angers;
This is more misery than I have scap'd yet.
Alph. Fool, fool.
Alin. He knows me not; will ye give me two pence?
And gaffer, here's a Crow-flower, and a Dazie;
I have some pie in my pocket too.
Alph. This is an arrant fool,
An ignorant thing.
Alin. Believe so, and I am happy.
Alph. Dost thou dwell in *Sigovia*, fool?
Alin. No no, I dwell in Heaven.
And I have a fine little house, made of Marmalad.
And I am a lone woman, and I spin for Saint *Peter*; (me.
I have a hundred little children, and they sing Psalms with

Alp. 'Tis pity this pretty thing should want understanding.
But why do I stand talking with a coxcombe?
If I do find her, if I light upon her,
I'le say no more. Is this the way to th' Town, fool?
Alin. You must go over the top of that high steeple,
Alp. A plague o' your fools face. (Gaffer.
Jul. No, take her counsel. (over,
Alin. And then you shall come to a River twenty mile
And twenty mile and ten: and then you must pray, Gaffer;
And still you must pray, and pray.
Alp. Pray Heaven deliver me
From such an ass, as thou art.
Alin. Amen, sweet Gaffer.
And fling a sop of Suger-cake into it;
And then you must leap in naked.
Jul. Would he would believe her.
Alin. And sink seven daies together; can ye sink gaffer?
Alp. Yes coxcomb, yes; prethee farewel: a pox on thee.
A plague o' that fool too, that set me upon thee.
Alin. And then I'le bring you a sup of Milk shall serve ye:
I am going to get Apples.
Alp. Go to th' Devil:
Was ever man tormented with a puppy thus?
Thou tell me news? thou be a guide?
Alin. And then Nunkle— (rail now
Alph. Prethee keep on thy way (good Naunt) I could
These ten hours at mine own improvidence:
Get Apples, and be choak'd: farewel. [*Exit.*
Alin. Farewel Nunkle.
Jul. I rejoyce in any thing that vexes him;
And I shall love this fool extreamly for't:
Could I but see my Mistris now, to tell her
How I have truly, honestly wrought for her,
How I have worn my self away, to serve her.
Fool, there's a Royal for the sport thou mad'st me,
In crossing that old fool, that parted from thee.
Alin. Thou art honest sure; but yet thou must not see me:
I thank ye little Gentleman: Heaven bless ye
And I'le pray for ye too: pray ye keep this Nutmeg.
'Twas sent me from the Lady of the Mountain,

A golden Lady.

Jul. How prettily it prattles!

Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your understanding:
And so good night, the Moon's up.

Jul. Pretty innocent.

Alin. Now fortune, if thou darst do good, protect me.
[*Exit.*

Jul. I'll follow him to yond' Town; he shall not 'scape me.
Stay, I must counterfeit a Letter by the way first, (else,
And one that must carry some credit with it; I am wide
And all this to no purpose that I aim at.
A Letter must be had, and neatly handled;
And then, if Goodwife Fortune do not fail me,
Have at his Skirts; I shall worse anger him
Than ever I have done, and worse torment him.
It does me good to think how I shall conjure him,
And crucifie his crabbedness; he's my Master,
But that's all one; I'll lay that on the left hand,
He would now persecute my harmless Mistriss,
A fault without forgiveness, as I take it;
And under that bold Banner flies my vengeance,
A meritorious War, and so I'll make it.
I'th' name of innocence, what's this the fool gave me?
She said 'twas good to rub my understanding.
What strange Concealment! Bread or Cheese, or a Chesnut?
Ha! 'tis a Ring, a pretty Ring, a right one;
A Ring I know too! the very same Ring;
O admirable Blockhead! O base Eyes!
A Ring my Mistriss took from me and wore it;
I know it by the Posie: [*Prick me, and heale me.*]
None could deliver this, but she her self too;
Am I twice sand-blind? twice so near the Blessing
I would arrive at? and block-like never know it?
I am veng'ance angry, but that shall light on thee,
And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it;
There are so many cross ways, there's no following her;
And yet I must not now; I hope she is right still,
For all her outward shew, for sure she knew me;
And in that hope, some few hours I'll forget her. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. She is not to be recovered, which I vex at;
And he beyond my veng'ance, which torments me;
O! I am fool'd and sleighted, made a Rascal;
My hopes are flatter'd, as my present fortunes;
Why should I wander thus, and play the Coxcomb?
Tire out my peace and pleasure for a Girl?
A Girl that scorns me too? a thing that hates me?
And considered at the best, is but a short Breakfast
For a hot appetite: why should I walk and walk thus?
And fret my self, and travel like a Carrier,
And peep, and watch? want Meat, and Wine, to cherish me,
When thousand women may be had, ten thousand,
And thank me too, and I sit still: well, trim Beauty
And Chastity, and all that seem to ruine me,
Let me not take ye, let me not come near ye,
For I'll so trim ye, I'll so bustle with ye;
'Tis not the name of Virgin shall redeem ye,
I'll change that property: nor tears, nor angers;
I bear a hate about me scorns those follies.
To find this Villain too, for there's my main prize:
And if he snap me then.

Enter Alinda.

Alind. Is not that *Pedro*?
'Tis he, 'tis he: O!
Rod. What art thou?
Alind. Ha? now, now, now,
O now most miserable.
Rod. What a Devil art thou?
Alin. No end of my misfortunes, Heaven?
Rod. What antick?
Speak Puppet, speak.
Alind. That habit to betray me?
Ye holy Saints, can ye see this?
Rod. It danceth;
The Devil in a Fools Coat, is he turn'd Innocent?
What mops and mows it makes! heigh! how it frisketh!

Is't not a Fairy, or some small Hobgoblin?
It has a mortal face, and I have a great mind to it,
But if it should prove the Devil then.
Alin. Come hither.
Rod. I think 'twill ravish me,
It is a handsome thing, but horribly Sun-burnt,
What's that it points at?
Alin. Dost thou see that star there,
That just above the Sun?
Prithee go thither, and light me this Tobacco,
And stop it with the horns o'th' Moon.
Rod. The thing's mad,
Abominably mad, her brains are butter'd,
Go sleep, fool, sleep.
Alin. Thou canst not sleep so sweetly;
For so I can say my Prayers, and then slumber.

I am not proud, nor full of Wine,
This little Flower will make me fine;
Cruel in Heart, for I will cry,
If I see a Sparrow dye;
I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious to pursue it still;
Nor pitiless to those that weep;
Such as are, bid them go sleep.

Do, do, do, and see if they can.
Rod. It said true.
I feel it sink into me forcibly:
Sure 'tis a kind of *Sibyl*, some mad Prophet;
I feel my wildness bound, and fetter'd in me.
Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you what's your
Rod. Here, prithee speak. (fortune.
Alin. Fye, fye, fye, fye, fye.
Wash your hands, and pare your nails, and look finely,
You shall never kiss the Kings Daughter else.
Rod. I wash 'em daily.
Alin. But still you foul 'em faster.
Rod. This goes nearer.
Alin. You'll have two Wives.
Rod. Two Wives?

Alin. I, two fine Gentlewomen,
Make much of 'em; for they'll stick close to you, Sir:
And these two, in two days.
Rod. That's a fine Riddle.
Alin. To day you shall wed sorrow,
And repentance will come to morrow.
Rod. Sure she's inspired.
Alin. I'll sing ye a fine Song, Sir.

He called down his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three,
William *would fain have been the first,*
But now the last is he.

Rod. This the meer Chronicle of my mishaps. (yonder,
Alin. I'll bid you good ev'n, for my Boat stays for me
And I must sup with the Moon to Night in the *Mediterraneum.*
[*Exit.*
Rod. When fools and mad folks will be Tutors to me,
And feel my sores, yet I unsensible;
Sure it was set by Providence upon me
To steer my heart right, I am wondrous weary,
My thoughts too, which add more burthen to me;
I have been ill, and (which is worse) pursu'd it,
And still run on; I must think better, nobler,
And be another thing, or not at all.

Enter four Pesants.

Still I grow heavier, heavier, Heaven defend me;
I'll lye down, and take rest; and goodness guard me.
1 *Pes.* We have 'scaped to day well; certain if the Out-laws
Had known we had been stirring, we had paid for't.
2 *Pes.* 'Plague on 'em, they have rob'd me thrice.
3 *Pes.* And me five times:
Beside they made my Daughter one of us too
An arrant Drum: O, they are the lewdest Rascals,
The Captain such a damn'd piece of iniquitie:
But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the best on't,
They cannot hear.
4. They'le come to me familiarly
And eat up all I have: drink up my wine too,

And if there be a Servant that contents 'em,
Let her keel hold, they'l give her Stowage enough:
We have no Children now, but Thieves, and Outlaws.
The very Brats in their Mothers bellies have their qualities.
They'l steal into the world.
1. Would we had some of 'em here.
2. I, o' that condition we could Master 'em,
They are sturdy knaves.
3. A Devil take their sturdiness,
We can neither keep our wives from 'em nor our States,
We pay the Rent, and they possess the benefit.
1. What's this lies here? is it drunk, or sober?
It sleeps, and soundly too.
2. 'Tis an old woman
That keeps sheep hereabouts: it turns, and stretches.
4. Do's she keep sheep with a sword?
3. It has a Beard too.
1. Peace, peace: it is the Devil *Roderigo*,
Peace of all hands, and look.
2. 'Tis he.
3. Speak softly.
4. Now we may fit him.
3. Stay, stay: let's be provident.
1. Kill him, and wake him then.
4. Let me come to him,
Ev'n one blow at his pate, if e're he wake more.
3. So, so, so, lay that by.
2. I must needs kill him,
It stands with my reputation.
3. Stand off, I say:
And let us some way make him sure; then torture him.
To kill him presently, has no pleasure in't.
H'as been tormenting of us, at least this twelve moneth.
Rod. Oh me!
All. He comes: he comes.
4. Has he no Guns about him?
3. Softly again: no, no: take that hand easily,
And tye it fast there: that to th' other bough there.
Fast, fast, and easie lest he wake.
2. Have we got ye?

This was a benefit we never aim'd at.
3. Out with your knives, and let's carve this Cockthief,
Daintily carve him.
2. I would he had been used thus
Ten year agoe; we might have thought we had children.
3. O, that Sir *Nicholas* now our Priest were here,
What a sweet Homily would he say over him,
For ringing all in, with his wife in the Bell-frey!
He would stand up stiffe girt, now pounce him lightly
And as he roars, and rages, let's go deeper:
Come near: you are dim-ey'd: on with your spectacles.
Rod. O, what torments me thus? what slaves, what (villains?
O spare me, do not murther me.
3. We'l but tickle ye,
You have tickled us at all points.
4. Where are his *Emblemes*?

Enter Pedro.

Rod. As ye are men, and *Christians.*
2. Yes we hear ye,
And you shall hear of us too.
Rod. O no mercy.
Ped. What noise is this? what roar? I cannot find her,
She is got free again: but where, or which way?
Rod. O villains, beasts.
Ped. Murdering a man, ye Rascals?
Ye inhumane slaves, off, off, and leave this cruelty,
Or as I am a Gentleman: do ye brave me?
Then have among ye all, ye slaves, ye cowards,
Take up that sword, and stand: stay ye base rascals,
Ye cut-throat rogues.
All. Away, away. [*Exeunt* Pes.
Ped. Ye dog-whelps.
Rod. O, I am now more wretched far, than ever.
Ped. A violence to that habit? ha? *Roderigo*,
What makes he here, thus clad? is it repentance,
Or only a fair shew to guile his mischiefs?
Rod. This benefit has made me shame to see him,
To know him, blush.
Ped. You are not much hurt?

Rod. No Sir;
All I can call a hurt, sticks in my conscience,
That pricks and tortures me.
Ped. Have ye consider'd
The nature of these men, and how they us'd ye?
Was it fair play? did it appear to you handsom?
Rod. I dare not speak: or if I do 'tis nothing
Can bring me off, or justifie me.
Ped. Was it noble
To be o're-laid with odds, and violence?
Manly, or brave in these thus to oppress ye?
Do you blush at this, in such as are meer rudeness,
That have stopt souls, that never knew things gentle?
And dare you glorifie worse in your self Sir?
Ye us'd me with much honour, and I thank ye,
In this I have requited some: ye know me:
Come turn not back, ye must, and ye shall know me;
Had I been over season'd with base anger,
And suited all occasions to my mischiefs,
Bore no respect to honesty, Religion,
No faith, no common tye of man, humanity,
Had I had in me, but given reins, and licence
To a tempestuous will, as wild as winter,
This day, know *Roderigo*, I had set
As small a price upon thy life and fortunes,
As thou didst lately on mine innocence;
But I reserve thee to a nobler service.
Rod. I thank ye, and I'le study more to honour ye:
You have the nobler soul, I must confess it,
And are the greater Master of your goodness.
Though it be impossible I would now recover,
And my rude will grow handsom in an instant,
Yet touching but the pureness of your metal,
Something shall shew like gold, at least shall glister,
That men may hope, although the mind be rugged,
Stony, and hard to work, yet time, and honour
Shall find and bring forth that, that's rich and worthy.
Ped. I'le trie that: and toth' purpose: ye told me Sir
In noble emulation, so I take it;
I'le put your hatred far off, and forget it,

You had a fair desire to try my valour:
You seem'd to court me to it; you have found a time,
A weapon in your hand, an equal enemy,
That, as he puts this off, puts off all injuries,
And only now for honours sake defies ye:
Now, as you are a man, I know you are valiant,
As you are gentle bred, a Souldier fashioned.
Rod. His vertue startles me. I dare fight *Pedro.*
Ped. And as you have a Mistris that you honour,
Mark me, a Mistris.
Rod. Ha?
Ped. A handsome Mistris,
As you dare hold your self deserving of her.
Rod. Deserving? what a word was that to fire me?
Ped. I could compel ye now without this circumstance,
But I'le deal free, and fairly, like a Gentleman:
As ye are worthy of the name ye carry,
A daring man.
Rod. O that I durst not suffer:
For all I dare do now, implies but penance.
Ped. Now do me noble right.
Rod. I'll satisfie ye;
But not by th' sword, pray you hear me, and allow me;
I have been rude; but shall I be a Monster,
And teach my Sword to hurt that that preserv'd me?
Though I be rough by nature, shall my name
Inherit that eternal stain of barbarous?
Give me an enemy, a thing that hates ye,
That never heard of yet, nor felt your goodness,
That is one main antipathy to sweetness;
And set me on, you cannot hold me Coward
If I have ever err'd, 'thas been in hazard:
The temper of my Sword starts at your
And will flye off, nay it will v
Things excellently mingled, s
Hold sacred Love, and peac
See how it turns.
Ped. This is a str
And can ye fail yo
In such a case?

Rod. No Sir;
All I can call a hurt, sticks in my conscience,
That pricks and tortures me.
Ped. Have ye consider'd
The nature of these men, and how they us'd ye?
Was it fair play? did it appear to you handsom?
Rod. I dare not speak: or if I do 'tis nothing
Can bring me off, or justifie me.
Ped. Was it noble
To be o're-laid with odds, and violence?
Manly, or brave in these thus to oppress ye?
Do you blush at this, in such as are meer rudeness,
That have stopt souls, that never knew things gentle?
And dare you glorifie worse in your self Sir?
Ye us'd me with much honour, and I thank ye,
In this I have requited some: ye know me:
Come turn not back, ye must, and ye shall know me;
Had I been over season'd with base anger,
And suited all occasions to my mischiefs,
Bore no respect to honesty, Religion,
No faith, no common tye of man, humanity,
Had I had in me, but given reins, and licence
To a tempestuous will, as wild as winter,
This day, know *Roderigo*, I had set
As small a price upon thy life and fortunes,
As thou didst lately on mine innocence;
But I reserve thee to a nobler service.
Rod. I thank ye, and I'le study more to honour ye:
You have the nobler soul, I must confess it,
And are the greater Master of your goodness.
Though it be impossible I would now recover,
And my rude will grow handsom in an instant,
Yet touching but the pureness of your metal,
Something shall shew like gold, at least shall glister,
That men may hope, although the mind be rugged,
Stony, and hard to work, yet time, and honour
Shall find and bring forth that, that's rich and worthy.
Ped. I'le trie that: and toth' purpose: ye told me Sir
In noble emulation, so I take it;
I'le put your hatred far off, and forget it,

And I could curse my self, I made 'em stranger;
Yet my mind says you are not far from happiness.
Ped. It shall be welcome; come, let's keep up thus still,
And be as we appear; Heavens hand may bless us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alphonso, *Master and Keepers.*

Mast. Yes, Sir, here be such people; but how pleasing
They will appear to you.
Alph. 'Pray let me see 'em,
I come to that end; 'pray let me see 'em all. (ward,
Mast. They will confound ye, Sir, like Bells rung back-
They are nothing but Confusion, and meer Noises.
Alph. May be I love a noise; but hark ye, Sir,
Have ye no Boys? handsome young Boys?
Mast. Yes, one, Sir,
A very handsome Boy.
Alph. Long here?
Mast. But two days;
A little crazed; but much hope of recovery.
Alp. I, that Boy, let me see, may be I know him,
That Boy I say; this is the Boy he told me of,
And it must need be she; that Boy, I beseech ye, Sir,
That Boy I come to see.
Mast. And ye shall see him;
Or any else: but pray be not too violent. (cies;
Alph. I know what to do, I warrant ye; I am for all fan-
I can talk to 'em, and dispute.
1 *Keep.* As madly;
For they are very mad, Sir.
Alph. Let 'em be horn-mad. (their own, Sir,
1 *Keep.* We have few Citizens: they have Bedlams of
And are mad at their own charges.
Alph. Who lyes here?
Mast. 'Pray ye do not disturb 'em, Sir, here lie such youths
Will make you start if they but dance their trenchmores,
Fetch out the Boy, Sirrah; hark!
[*Shake Irons within. English mad-men, Scholar,*
[*Parson, Jenkin.*

Alph. Heigh Boys.
Eng. Bounce,
Clap her o'th' star-board; bounce, top the Can.
Schol. Dead ye dog, dead, do ye quarrel in my Kingdom?
Give me my trident.
Eng. Bounce, 'twixt wind and water,
Loaden with Mackrel; O brave meat.
Schol. My Sea horses;
I'll charge the Northern Wind, and break his Bladder.
Pars. I'll sell my Bells before I be out-brav'd thus.
Alph. What's he? what's he?
Mast. A Parson, Sir, a Parson
That run mad for tyth Goslings.
Alph. Green sawce cure him.
Pars. I'll curse ye all, I'll excommunicate ye;
Thou *English* Heretick, give me the tenth Pot.
Eng. Sue me, I'll drink up all, bounce I say once more.
O have I split your Mizen? blow, blow thou West-wind,
Blow till thou rive, and make the Sea run roaring.
I'll hiss it down again with a Bottle of Ale.
Schol. *Triton*, why *Triton*.
Eng. *Triton*'s drunk with *Metheglin*.
Seb. Strike, strike the surges, strike.
Eng. Drink, drink, 'tis day light;
Drink, didle, didle, didle, drink, *Parson*, proud *Parson*;
A Pigs tail in thy teeth, and I defie thee.
Par. Give me some porridg, or I'll damn thee, *English*.
Alph. How comes this *English* mad man here?
Mast. Alas, that's no question;
They are mad every where, Sir;
Their fits are cool now, let 'em rest.

Enter Keepers and She-fools.

Alph. Mad Gallants;
Most admirable mad; I love their faces. (lookt to him?
1 *Keep.* Ye stinking Whore, who knew of this? who
'Pox take him, he was sleepy when I left him.
2 *Keep.* Certain he made the fool drunk.
Mast. How now, who's this here?
Where is the Boy?

1 *Keep.* The Boy, Sir?
Mast. I, the Boy, Sir.
1 *Keep.* Here's all the Boys we found.
Mast. These are his Cloaths.
But where's the Boy?
She-fool. The Boy is gone a Maying, (*ter*?
He'll bring me home a Cuckows Nest; do you hear, *Mas-*
I put my Cloaths off, and I dizen'd him,
And pin'd a Plum in's forehead, and a feather,
And buss'd him twice, and bid him go seek his fortune;
He gave me this fine money, and fine Wine too,
And bid me sop; and gave me these trim Cloaths too,
And put 'em on.
Alph. Is this the Boy you would shew?
She-fool. I'll give you two pence, Master.
Alph. Am I fool'd of all sides?
I met a fool i'th' Woods, they said she dwelt here,
In a long pied Coat.
Mast. That was the very Boy, Sir.
She-f. I, I, I, I gave him leave to play, forsooth,
He'll come again to morrow, and bring peascods.
Mast. I'll bring your bones.
Alph. 'Pox o' your fools, and Bedlams,
'Plague o' your Owls and Apes.
Mast. 'Pray ye, Sir, be tamer,
We cannot help this presently, but we shall know;
I'll recompence your Care too.
Alph. Know me, a pudding,
You juggle, and ye fiddle; fart upon ye;
I am abused.
Mast. 'Pray ye, Sir. [*Welsh mad-man.*
Alph. And I will be abused, Sir,
And you shall know I am abused.
Welsh. Whaw, Mr. Keeper.
Alph. 'Pox o' thy whaws, and thy whyms,
'Pox o' thy urship. (wash-brew,
Wel. Give me some Ceeze, and Onions; give me some
I have —— in my bellies, give me abundance,
Pendragon was a Shentleman, marg you, Sir,
And the Organs at *Rixum* were made by Revelations,

There is a spirit blows, and blows the Bellows,
And then they sing.
Alph. What Moon-calf's this? what dream?
Mast. 'Pray ye, Sir, observe him,
He is a Mountaineer, a man of *Goteland.*
Welsh. I will beat thy face as black as a blue Clout,
I will leave no more sheet in thine eyes.
Mast. He will not hurt ye.
Welsh. Give me a great deal of Guns; thou art the Devils,
I know thee by thy tails; poor *Owen*'s hungry,
I will peg thy bums full of Bullets.
Alph. This is the rarest Rascal,
He speaks as if he had butter-milk in's mouth,
Is this any thing akin to th' *English*?
Mast. The elder Brother, Sir,
He run mad because a Rat eat up's Cheese.
Alph. H'ad a great deal of reason, Sir.
Welsh. *Basilus manus*, is for an old Codpiss, mark ye,
I will borrow thy Urships Whore to seal a Letter.
Mast. Now he grows villainous.
Alph. Methinks he's best now.
Mast. Away with him.
Alph. He shall not.
Mast. Sir, he must.
Welsh. I will sing and dance,
Do any thing.
Alph. Wilt thou declaim in Greek?
Mast. Away with the fool,
And whip her soundly, Sirrah.
She fool. I'll tell no more tales. [*Exit.*
Alph. Or wilt thou flye i'th' air?
Eng. Do, and I'll catch thee,
And like a wisp of Hay, I'll whirl, and whirl thee,
And puff thee up, and puff thee up.
Schol. I'll save thee,
And thou shalt fall into the Sea, soft, softly.
Welsh. I'll get upon a mountain, and call my Country-(men.
Mast. They all grow wild, away with him for Heavens (sake,
Sir, ye are much to blame.
Alph. No, no, 'tis brave, Sir,

Ye have cozen'd me; I'll make you mad.
Mast. In with him,
And lock him fast.
Alph. I'll see him in his lodging. [*Exit.*
Mast. What means this Gentleman?

Enter Juletta.

Jul. He's in; have at him,
Are you the Master, Sir?
Mast. What would you with him?
Jul. I have a business from the Duke of *Medina*,
Is there not an old Gentleman come lately in?
Mast. Yes, and a wild one too, but not a Prisoner.
Jul. Did you observe him well? 'tis like it may be he.
Mast. I have seen younger men of better temper.
Jul. You have hit the cause I come for; there's a Letter,
Pray ye peruse it well; I shall be wi' ye;
And suddenly, I fear not, finely, daintily,
I shall so feed your fierce vexation,
And raise your Worships storms; I shall so niggle ye,
And juggle ye, and fiddle ye, and firk ye:
I'll make ye curse the hour ye vext a Woman;
I'll make ye shake when our Sex are but sounded;
For the Lords sake we shall have him at; I long to see it
As much as for my wedding night; I gape after it.
Mast. This Letter says the Gentleman is lunatick,
I half suspected it.
Jul. 'Tis very true, Sir,
And such pranks he has plaid.
Mast. He's some great man,
The Duke commands me with such care to look to him,
And if he grow too violent, to correct him,
To use the speediest means for his recovery,
And those he must find sharp.
Jul. The better for him.
Mast. How got ye him hither?
Jul. With a train, I told him;
He's in love with a Boy, there lyes his melancholy.
Mast. Hither he came to seek one.
Jul. Yes, I sent him,

Now had we dealt by force, we had never brought him.
Mast. Here was a Boy.
Jul. He saw him not?
Mast. He was gone first.
Jul. It is the better; look you to your charge well;
I'll see him lodged, for so the Duke commanded me,
He will be very rough.
Mast. We are us'd to that, Sir,
And we as rough as he, if he give occasion.
Jul. You will find him gainful, but be sure ye curb him,
And get him, if ye can fairly, to his lodging,

Enter Alphonso.

I am afraid ye will not.
Mast. We must sweat then. (noise,
Alph. What dost thou talk to me of noises? I'l have more
I'll have all loose, and all shall play their prizes;
Thy Master has let loose the Boy I lookt for,
Basely convey'd him hence.
Keep. Will ye go out, Sir?
Alph. I will not out; I will have all out with me,
[*Shake Irons.*
I'll have thy Master in; he's only mad here: (Boys.
And Rogues, I'll have ye all whipt; heigh, mad Boys, mad
Jul. Do you perceive him now?
Mast. 'Tis too apparent.
Jul. I am glad she is gone; he raves thus.
Mast. Do you hear, Sir?
'Pray will ye make less stir, and see your Chamber,
Call in more help, and make the Closet ready. (ye.
Keep. I thought he was mad; I'll have one long lash at
Alph. My Chamber? where my Chamber? why my
Where's the young Boy? (Chamber?
Mast. Nay, Pray ye, Sir, be more modest
For your own Credit sake; the people see ye,
And I would use ye with the best.
Alph. Best, hang ye,
What dost thou think me mad?
Mast. Pray, and be civil,
Heaven may deliver ye.

Alph. Into a rogues hands.
Mast. You do but draw more misery upon ye,
And add to your disease.
Alph. Get from me.
Mast. No Sir,
You must not be left so: bear your self civilly,
And 'twill be better for ye: swell not, nor chafe not.
Alp. I am a Gentleman, and a neighbour, rascal.
Mast. A great deal the more pity: I have heard of ye.
Jul. Excellent Master.
Mast. The Duke is very tender too.
Alph. Am I lunatique? am I run mad?
What dost thou talk to me of Dukes, and Devils,
Why do the people gape so?
Mast. Do not anger 'em,
But go in quietly, and slip in softly
They will so tew ye, else, I am commanded Sir.
Alph. Why, prethee why?
Mast. Ye are dog-mad: you perceive it not,
Very far mad: and whips will scant recover ye.
Alph. Ha! whips?
Mast. I whips, and sore whips, and ye were a Lord Sir,
If ye be stubborn here.
Alph. Whips? what am I grown?
Jul. O I could burst: hold, hold, hold, hold o' both ends,
How he looks, pray heaven, he be not mad indeed.
Alph. I do not perceive I am so; but if you think it,
Nor I'le be hangd if 't be so.
Mast. Do you see this Sir? [*Irons brought in.*
Down with that Devil in ye.
Alph. Indeed I am angry,
But I'le contain my self: O I could burst now,
And tear my self, but these rogues will torment me,
Mad in mine old days? make mine own afflictions?
Mast. What do you mutter Sir?
Alph. Nothing, Sir, nothing;
I will go in, and quietly, most civilly:
And good Sir, let none of your tormentors come about me,
You have a gentle face; they look like Dragons.
Mast. Be civil and be safe: come, for these two daies

Ye must eat nothing neither: 'twill ease your fits Sir.
Alph. 'Twill starve me Sir; but I must bear it joyfully.
I may sleep?
Mast. Yes, a little: go in with these men.
Alph. O miserable me! [*Exit.*
Mast. I'le follow presently,
You see 'tis done Sir,
Jul. Ye have done it handsomely,
And I'le inform the Duke so: pray ye attend him,
Let him want nothing, but his will.
Mast. He shall not,
And if he be rebellious—
Jul. Never spare him:
H'as flesh, and hide enough, he loves a whipping.
Mast. My service to his Grace. [*Exit.*
Jul. I shall commend it.
So, thou art fast: I must go get some fresh room
To laugh, and caper in: O how it tickles me!
O how it tumbles me with joy! thy mouth's stopt:
Now if I can do my Mistris good, I am Sainted. [*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Seberto, Curio.

Seb. NOw, o' my conscience, we have lost him utterly,
He's not gone home: we heard from thence this
And since our parting last at *Roderigo's* (morning,
You know what ground we have travel'd.
Cur. He's asleep sure:
For if he had been awake, we should have met with him:
'Faith let's turn back, we have but a fruitless journey;
And to hope further of *Alindas* recovery,
(For sure she'l rather perish than return)
Is but to seek a Moth i'th' Sun.
Seb. We'l on sure;
Something we'l know, some cause of all this fooling,
Make some discovery.
Cur. Which way shall we cast then,
For all the Champion Country, and the villages,

And all those sides?
Seb. We'l cross these woods awhile then:
Here if we fail, we'l gallop to *Segovia.*
And if we light of no news there, hear nothing;
We'l even turn fairly home, and coast the other side.
Cur. He may be sick, or faln into some danger;
He has no guide, nor no man to attend him.
Seb. He's well enough, he has a travel'd body,
And though he be old, he's tough, and will endure well;
But he is so violent to finde her out,
That his anger leads him a thousand wild-goose chases:
I'le warrant he is well.
Cur. Shall we part company?
Seb. By no means, no: that were a sullen business:
No pleasure in our journey: come, let's cross here first,
And where we find the paths, let them direct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta, Alinda.

Jul. Why are you still so fearfull of me, Lady?
So doubtfull of my faith, and honest service?
To hide your self from me, to fly my company?
Am I not yours? all yours? by this light you shake still;
Do ye suspect me false? did I ever fail ye?
Do you think I am corrupted? base? and treacherous?
Lord, how ye look! Is not my life ty'd to ye?
And all the power I have to serve, and honour ye?
Still do ye doubt? still am I terrible?
I will not trouble ye: good Heaven preserve ye,
And send ye what ye wish: I will not see ye,
Nor once remember I had such a Mistris.
I will not speak of ye, nor name *Alinda,*
For fear you should suspect I would betray ye:
Goodness and peace conduct ye.
Alin. Prethee pardon me,
I know thou art truly faithfull: and thou art welcom,
A welcom partner to my miseries;
Thou knowst I love thee too.

Jul. I have thought so, Lady.
Alin. Alas, my fears have so distracted me
I durst not trust my self.
Jul. Come, pray ye think better,
And cast those by: at least consider, Lady,
How to prevent 'em: pray ye put off this fools coat;
Though it have kept ye secret for a season,
'Tis known now, and will betray ye; your arch enemy
Roderigo is abroad: many are looking for ye.
Alin. I know it: and those many I have cozen'd.
Jul. You cannot still do thus.
Alin. I have no means to shift it.
Jul. I have: and shift you too. I lay last night
At a poor widows house here in the Thicket,
Whither I will conduct ye, and new shape ye,
My self too to attend ye.
Alin. What means hast thou?
For mine are gone.
Jul. Fear not, enough to serve ye;
I came not out so empty.
Alin. Prethee tell me,
(For thou hast struck a kind of comfort through me.)
When saw'st thou *Roderigo*?
Jul. Even this morning,
And in these woods: take heed, h'as got a new shape.
Alin. The habit of a Pilgrim? yes, I know it,
And I hope shall prevent it; was he alone?
Jul. No Madam, and which made me wonder mightily,
He was in company with that handsom Pilgrim,
That sad sweet man.
Alin. That I forgot to give to?
Jul. The same, the very same, that you so pitied,
A man as fit to suit his villanies.
Alin. And did they walk together?
Jul. Wondrous civilly.
Alin. Talk, and discourse?
Jul. I think so, for I saw 'em
Make many stands, and then embrace each other.
Alin. The Pilgrim is betrai'd, a *Judas* dwells with him,
A *Sinon*, that will seem a Saint to choak him.

Canst thou but shew me this?
Jul. Lord how she trembles!
Not thus, for all the world, ye are undone then;
But let's retire, and alter, then we'l walk free;
And then I'le shew ye any thing.
Alin. Come, good wench,
And speedily: for I have strange faiths working,
As strange fears too, I'le tell thee all my life then.
Jul. Come quick, I'le conduct ye, and still serve ye,
And do not fear; hang fear, it spoils all projects.
This way; I'le be your guide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Governour, Verdugo, *Citizens.*

Gov. Use all your sports,
All your solemnities; 'tis the Kings day to morrow,
His birth-day, and his marriage, a glad day,
A day we ought to honour, all.
1 *Citi.* We will Sir,
And make *Segovia* ring with our rejoycings.
Gov. Be sumptuous, but not riotous; be bounteous,
But not in drunken *Bacchanals*: free to all strangers,
Easie, and sweet in all your entertainments,
For 'tis a Royal day admits no rudeness. (your self,
2 *Citi.* Your Lordship will do us the honour to be here
And grace the day?
Gov. 'Tis a main part of my service. (ration
3 *Citi.* I hope your honour has taken into your conside-
The miseries we have suffered by these Out-laws,
The losses, hourly fears; the rude abuses
Strangers that travel to us are daily loaden with,
Our Daughters, and our wives complaints.
Gov. I am sorry for't,
And have Commission from the King to ease it:
You shall not be long vext.
1 *Cit.* Had we not walls, Sir,
And those continually man'd too with our watches,
We should not have a bit of meat to feed us.
And yet they are our friends, and we must think so,

And entertain 'em so sometimes, and feast 'em,
And send 'em loaden home too, we are lost else. (*Christians*,
2 *Cit.* They'l come to Church amongst us, as we hope
When all their zeal is but to steal the Chalices;
At this good time now, if your Lordship were not here,
To awe their violence with your authority,
They would play such gombals.
Gov. Are they grown so heady? (Bonfires;
2 *Cit.* They would drink up all our Wine, piss out our
Then, like the drunken *Centaures*, have at the fairest,
Nay, have at all: four-score and ten's a Goddess,
Whilst we, like fools, stand shaking in our cellars.
Gov. Are they so fierce upon so little sufferance?
I'le give 'em such a purge, and suddenly.
Verdugo, after this solemnity is over,
Call on me for a charge of men, of good men,
To see what house these knaves keep: of good Souldiers,
As sturdy as themselves: that dare dispute with 'em,
Dare walk the woods as well as they, as fearless,
But with a better faith belabour 'em;
I'le know what claim they have to their possession.
'Tis pity of their Captain *Roderigo*,
A well-bred Gentleman, and a good Souldier,
And one his Majesty has some little reason
To thank, for sundry services, and fair ones;
That long neglect bred this, I am sorry for him.
Ver. The hope of his estate keeps back his pardon,
There's divers wasps, that buz about that hony-box,
And long to lick themselves full.
Gov. True *Verdugo*,
Would he had but the patience to discern it,
And policy to wipe their lips.
Verd. To fetch him in Sir,
By violence, he being now no infant,
Will ask some bloody crowns. I know his people
Are of his own choice, men that will not totter,
Nor blench much at a Bullet; I know his order,
And though he have no multitude, h'as manhood;
The elder-twin to that too, staid experience.
But if he must be forced, Sir,—

Gov. There's no remedy,
Unless he come himself.
Ver. That will be doubtfull.
Did you never hear yet of the noble *Pedro*?
Gov. I cannot by no means: I think he's dead sure;
The court bewails much his untimely loss:
The King himself laments him.
Verd. He was sunk;
And if he be dead, he died happily,
He buried all he had in the Kings service,
And lost himself.
Gov. Well: if he be alive, Captain,
(As hope still speaks the best) I know the Kings mind
So inwardly and full, he will be happy.
Come, to this preparation; when that's done,
The Out-laws expedition is begun.
Cit. We'l contribute all to that, and help our selves too.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Roderigo, Pedro.

Rod. How sweet these solitary places are! how wantonly
The wind blows through the leaves, and courts, and playes (with 'em!
Will ye sit down, and sleep? the heat invites ye.
Hark how yond purling stream dances, and murmurs,
The Birds sing softly too: pray take some rest, Sir.
I would fain wooe his fancie to a peace,
It labours high and hastily upon him;
Pray ye sit, and I'le sit by.
Ped. I cannot sleep friend,
I have those watches here admit no slumbers,
Saw ye none yet?
Rod. No creature.
Ped. What strange Musick
Was that we heard afar off?
Rod. I cannot guess;
'Twas loud, and shrill: sometimes it shew'd hard by us,
And by and by the sound fled as the wind does;

Here's no inhabitants.
Ped. It much delighted me.
Rod. They talk of Fairies, and such demi-devils,
This is a fine place to dance their gambols.—
Ped. Me thought I heard a voyce. [*Musick and Birds.*
Rod. They can sing admirably,
They never lose their maiden-heads: I would fool any way
To make him merry now: methink yond rocks yonder
Shew like inchanted Cells, where they inhabit.
[*Musick afar off. Pot Birds.*
Ped. 'Tis here again, hark gentle *Roderigo*,
Hark, hark: O sweet, sweet, how the Birds record too!
Mark how it flies now every way. O love,
In such a harmony art thou begotten,
In such soft air, so gentle, lull'd and nourish'd,
O my best Mistris!
Rod. How he weeps! dear Heaven
Give him his hearts content, and me forgive too.
I must melt too.
Ped. The Birds sing louder, sweeter,
And every note they emulate one another.
Lie still and hear: These when they have done their labours,

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta, *like old Women.*

Their pretty airs, fall to their rests, enjoy 'em.
Nothing rocks Love asleep, but death.
Rod. Who are these?
Ped. What.
Rod. Those there, those, those things that come upon us,
Those grandam things, those strange antiquities.
Did not I say these woods begot strange wonders?
Jul. Now ye may view 'em.
Alin. Ha?
Jul. The men ye long'd for,
Here they are both: now ye may boldly talk with 'em,
And never be ghess'd at: be not afraid, nor faint not;
They wonder at us; let's maintain that wonder;
Shake not, but what ye purpose do discreetly,
And from your tongue I'le take my part.
Alin. Ha?

Jul. There: before ye, there, do not turn coward Mistress,
If ye do love, carry your Love out handsomely.
Alin. 'Tis he and *Roderigo*; what a peace
Dwells in their faces, what a friendly calm
Crowns both their souls!
Rod. They show as if they were mortal,
They come upon us still.
Ped. Be not afraid, Man,
Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt us.
Rod. That thing i'th' Button'd-cap looks terribly.
She has Guns in her eyes, the Devils Ingeneer.
Ped. Come, stand, and let's go meet 'em.
Rod. Go you first.
I have less faith: when I have said my Prayers—
Ped. There needs no fear, hale reverend dames.
Alin. Good even.
What do ye seek?
Ped. We would seek happier fortunes.
Rod. That little devil has main need of a Barber,
What a trim beard she has!
Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em,
Lie not still, nor longer here,
Here inhabits nought but fear,
Be constant good, in faith be clear,
Fortune will wait ye every where.
Ped. Whither should we go? for we believe thy reverence,
And next obey.
Alin. Go to *Segovia*,
And there before the Altar pay thy vowes,
Thy gifts, and prayers: unload thy heaviness,
To morrow shed thy tears, and gain thy suit,
Such honest noble showrs, ne're wanted fruit.
Jul. Stand you out too.
Rod. I shall be hang'd, or whipt now:
These know, and these have power.
Jul. See how he shakes.
A secure conscience never quakes,
Thou hast been ill; be so no more,
A good retreat is a great store.
Thou hast commanded men of might,

Command thy self, and then thou art right.
Alin. Command thy will: thy foul desires.
Put out and quench thy unhallowed fires:
Command thy mind, and make that pure;
Thou art wise then, valiant, and secure.
A blessing then thou maist beget.
Jul. A curse else that shall never set
Will light upon thee: Say thy Prayers,
Thou hast as many sins, as hairs.
Thou art a Captain, let thy men
Be honest, and good thoughts, and then
Thou maist command, and lead in chief,
Yet thou art bloody, and a thief.
Rod. What shall I do? I do confess.
Alin. Retire,
And purge thee perfect in his fire:
His life observe; live in his School,
And then thou shalt put off the fool.
Jul. Pray at *Segovia* too, and give
Thy Offrings up, repent, and live. [*Musick within.*
Alin. Away, away: enquire no more,
Do this, ye are rich, else fools, and poor;
What musick's this?
Jul. Retire? 'tis some neat Joy,
In honour of the Kings great day: they wonder,
This comes in right to confirm their reverence.
Away, away, let them admire, it makes
For our advantage: how the Captain shakes! [*Exit.*
Ped. This was the Musick.
Rod. Yes, yes, how I sweat!
I was never so deserted; sure these woods
Are only inhabited with rare dreams, and wonders;
I would not be a knave again, a villain:
O how I loath it now: for these know all Sir,
And they would find me out.
Ped. They are excellent women,
Deep in their knowledge, friend.
Rod. I would not be traytor,
And have these of my Jury; how light I am,
And how my heart laughs now me thinks within me!

Now I am Catechiz'd, I would ever dwell here,
For here is a kind of Court of Reformation;
Had I been stubborn friend.
Ped. They would have found it.
Rod. And then they would have handled me a new way,
The Devils dump had been danced then.
Ped. Let's away
And do their great commands, and do 'em handsomely:
Contrite, and true, for I believe *Roderigo*,
And constantly believe, we shall be happy.
Rod. So you do well; fall edge or flat o' my side;
All I can stagger at is the Kings anger,
Which if it come, I am prepar'd to meet it.
Ped. The King has mercy, friend, as well as Justice:
And when you fall: no more—
Rod. I hope the fairest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Master, Seberto, Curio.

Cur. We have told ye what he is: what time we have (sought him:
His nature, and his name: the seeming Boy too
Ye had here, how, and what by your own relation,
All circumstances we have clear'd: That the Duke sent him
We told ye how impossible; he knows him not;
That he is mad himself, and therefore fit
To be your Prisoner, we dare swear against it. (him;
Seb. Take heed Sir, be not madder than you would make
Though he be rash, and suddain (which is all his wildness)
Take heed ye wrong him not: he is a Gentleman,
And so must be restor'd and clear'd in all points;
The King shall be a Judge else.
Cur. 'Twas some trick
That brought him hither: the boy, and letter conterfeit,
Which shall appear, if ye dare now detain him.
Mast. I dare not Sir; nor will not: I believe ye,
And will restore him up: had I known sooner
H'ad been a neighbour, and the man you speak him,
(Though as I live, he carried a wild seeming)

My Service, and my self had both attended him.
How I have us'd him, let him speak.
Seb. Let's in, and visit him:
Then to the holy Temple: there pay our duties,
And so we'l take our leaves.
Mast. I'le wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Altar prepar'd. *Solemn Musick.*

Enter Governour, Verdugo, *Courtiers, Ladies, &c.*

Gov. *This to devotion sacred be,*
This to the Kings prosperity,
This to the Queen, and Chastity. (Musick.
Ver. *These Oblations first we bring*
To purge our selves: These to the King.
To love, and beautie these: now sing. (Musick.
Ladies. *Holy Altar, daign to take*
These for our selves: For the Kings sake
And honour these: These sacred lye
To Vertue, Love, and Modesty,
Our wishes to Eternity. (Musick.

Enter Pedro, *and* Roderigo.

Ped. *For our selves first, thus we bend,*
Forgive us heaven, and be our friend.
Rod. *And happy fortune to us send.*
Ped. *To the King, honour, and all Joy,*
Long, and happy from annoy.
Rod. *Prosperous be all his dayes*
Every new hour, a new praise.
Ped. *Every minute thus be seen,*
Both. *And thousand honours Crown the Queen.* (Musick.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Seberto.

Seb. Come to the Altar: let us do our duties.
Alph. I have almost forgot a Church.
Cur. Kneel reverently.

Alph. *For my last wits (let me see)*
First I pray: and secondly
To be at home again, and free,
And if I travel more, hang me.
For the King, and for the Queen,
That they may be wise, and seen
Never in the Maid-mans Inne.
For my Daughter, I would pray
But she has made a holy-day,
And needs not my devotion now
Let her take her own course, Heaven,
Whether it be odd, or even, (Musick.

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta, *like Shepheards.*

And if that please not, take her you.
Seb. A short, and sweet Meditation: what are these here?
Alin. Hale to this sacred place.
Jul. They are all here, Madam:
No violence dare touch here; be secure:
My Bilbo Master too: how got he loose again?
How lamentably he looks! he has had discipline.
I dare not let him know my pranks.
Seb. 'Tis she sure.
Cur. 'Tis certainly.
Ped. Ha! do I dazel?
Rod. 'Tis the fair *Alinda.*
Gov. What wonder stand these strangers in?
Rod. Her woman by her.
The same Sir, as I live.
Alph. I had a Daughter,
With such a face once: such eyes and nose too,
Ha, let me see, 'tis wondrous like *Alinda,*
Their devotion ended, I'le mark 'em and nearer.
And she had a Filly that waited on her,
Just with such a favour:
Do they keep Goats now?
Alin. *Thus we kneel, and thus we pray*
A happy honour to this day,
Thus our Sacrifice we bring
Ever happy to the King.

Jul. *These of Purple, Damask green*
Sacred to the vertuous Queen
Here we hang.
Alin. *As these are now*
Her glories ever spring, and show.
These for our selves: our hopes, and loves,
Full of pinks, and Ladies gloves,
Of hearts-ease too, which we would fain
As we labour for, attain;
Hear me Heaven, and as I bend,
Full of hope, some comfort send.
Jul. *Hear her: hear her: if there be* (Musick.
A spotless Sweetness, this is she.
Ped. Now *Roderigo* stand.
Rod. He that divides ye
Divides my life too.
Gov. *Pedro*, Noble *Pedro*,
Do not you know your friend?
Ped. I know, and honour ye.
Gov. Lady this leave I'le crave, pray be not angry,
I will not long divide you: how happy, *Pedro*,
Would all the court be now, might they behold thee?
Might they but see you thus, and thus embrace you?
The King will be a joyfull man believe it,
Most joyfull, *Pedro*.
Ped. I am his humble Servant.
Nay, good Sir, speak your will, I see you wonder, one easie word from you—
Alph. I dare say nothing;
My tongue's a new tongue Sir, and knows his tither,
Let her do what she please, I dare do nothing,
I have been damn'd for doing, will the King know him?
That fellow there, will he respect and honour him?
He has been look'd upon they say: will he own him?
Gov. Yes certainly and grace him, ever honour him,
Restore him every way, he has much lamented him.
Alp. Is't your will too? this is the last time of asking.
Rod. I am sure, none else shall touch her, none else enjoy her.
If this, and this hold.
Al. You had best begin the game then, I have no title in her,

Pray take her, and dispatch her, and commend me to her,
And let me get me home, and hope I am sober:
Kiss, kiss, it must be thus: stand up *Alinda*,
I am the more child, and more need of blessing.
Ye had a waiting woman, one *Juletta*,
A pretty desperate thing, just such another
As this sweet Lady; we call'd her nimble chaps.
I pray is this the party?
Jul. No indeed Sir,
She is at home; I am a little Foot-Boy,
That walk a nights, and fright old Gentlemen;
Make 'em lose Hats and Cloaks.
Alph. And Horses too. (ditches;
Jul. Sometimes I do Sir, teach 'em the way through
And how to break their worships shins, and noses
Against old broken Stiles, and Stumps.
Alph. A fine art.
I feel it in my bones yet.
Jul. I am a Drum Sir,
A Drum at mid-night, ran tan tan tan tan Sir,
Do you take me for *Juletta*? I am a Page Sir,
That brought a letter from the Duke of *Medina*
To have one senior *Alphonso*, just such another
As your old worship, worm'd for running mad Sir.
Alas, you are mistaken.
Alph. Thou art the Devil,
And so thou hast used me.
Jul. I am any thing,
An old woman, that tells fortunes.
Rod. Ha.
Jul. And frights good people,
And sends them to *Segovia* for their fortunes:
I am strange airs, and excellent sweet voyces.
I am any thing, to do her good, believe me;
She now recovered, and her wishes crown'd
I am *Juletta* again, pray Sir forgive me, (still follow me,
Alph. I dare not do otherwise, for fear thou should'st
Prethee be forgiven, and I prethee forgive me too:
And if any of you will marry her.
Jul. No I beseech you Sir;

My Mistress is my husband, with her I'le dwell still,
And when you play any more pranks you know where to (have me.
Ped. You know him Sir.
Gov. Know him, and much lament him:
The King's incens'd much, much Sir, I can assure you.
Ped. Noble Governour.
Gov. But since he is your friend, and now appears,
In honour of this day and love to you Sir:
I'le try the power I have, to the pinch I'le put it;
Here's my hand *Roderigo*, I'le set you fair again.
Rod. And here's mine, to be true, and full of service.
Gov. Your people too, shall have their general pardons,
We'l have all peace and love.
Rod. All shall pray for you.
Gov. To my house now, and suite you to your worths;
Off with these weeds, and appear glorious:
Then to the Priest, that shall attend us here,
And this be stil'd Loves new and happy year.
Rod. The Kings and Queens, two noble honours meet,
To grace this day, two true loves at their feet.
Alph. Well well, since wedding will come after wooing,
Give me some Rose-Mary, and let's be going. [*Exeunt.*

THE
CAPTAIN.
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Julio, *a noble Gentleman, in Love with* Lelia.
Angelo, *a Gentleman, friend to* Juli[o].
Lodovico, Piso, } *two Cowardly Gulls.*
Frederick, *a Gentleman, Brother to* Frank.
Jacomo, *an angry Captain, a Woman-hater.*
Fabritio, *a merry Souldier, friend to* Jacomo.
Lelia's *Father, an old poor Gentleman.*
Host.
Vintner.
Drawers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Frank, *Sister to* Frederick, *a Lady passionately in love with* Jacomo.
Cl[o]ra, *Sister to* Fabritio, *a witty companion to* Frank.
Lelia, *a cunning wanton Widow.*
Waiting-woman.
Maid Servants.

The Scene Venice, Spain.

The principal Actors were,

Richard Burbadge. } { *William Ostler.*
Henry Condel. } { *Alexander Cooke.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lodovico, *and* Piso.

Lodovico.

THE truth is, *Piso*, so she be a woman
And rich and wholsome, let her be of what
Condition and Complexion it please,
She shall please me I am sure; Those men are fools
That make their eyes their choosers, not their needs.

Piso. Me thinks I would have her honest too, and handsom.

Lod. Yes if I could have both, but since they are
Wishes so near impossibilities,
Let me have that that may be.

Piso. If it were so,
I hope your conscience would not be so nice
To start at such a blessing.

Lod. No believe me,
I do not think I should.

Piso. But thou would'st be
I do not doubt upon the least suspicion
Unmercifully jealous.

Lod. No I should not,
For I believe those mad that seek vexations.
A Wife, though she be honest, is a trouble,
Had I a Wife as fair as *Hellen* was
That drew so many Cuckolds to her cause,
These eyes should see another in my Saddle
Ere I believe my beast would carry double.

Piso. So should not I by'our Lady, and I think
My patience (by your leave) as good as yours,
Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on't.

Lod. Report? You are unwise; report is nothing;
For if there were a truth in what men talk,
I mean of this kind, this part of the world
I am sure would be no more call'd *Christendom.*

Piso. What then?

Lod. Why *Cuckoldom*, for we should lose
Our old faiths clean, and hold their new opinions:
If talk could make me sweat, before I would marry

I'd tie a surer knot, and hang my self;
I tell thee there was never woman yet,
(Nor never hope there shall be) though a Saint,
But she has been a subject to mens tongues,
And in the worse sense: and that desperate Husband,
That dares give up his peace, and follow humours
(Which he shall find too busie, if he seek 'em)
Besides the forcing of himself an Ass
He dyes in chains, eating himself with anger.

Piso. Having these Antidotes against opinion
I would marry any one; an arrant Whore.

Lod. Thou dost not feel the nature of this Physick
Which I prescribe not to beget diseases,
But where they are, to stop them.

Piso. I conceive ye:
What thinkest thou, thy way, of the widow *Lelia*?

Lod. Faith thou hast found out one I must confess
Would stagger my best patience: From that woman
As I would bless my self from plagues and surfeits,
From Men of war at Sea, from storms, and quicksands,
From hearing Treason and concealing it,
From daring of a Madman, or a Drunkard,
From Heresie, ill Wine, and stumbling post Horse;
So would I pray each morning, and each night
(And if I said each hour, I should not lye)
To be delivered of all these in one,
The woman thou hast named.

Enter Julio, Angelo, *and Father.*

Piso. Thou hast set her in a pretty Litany.

Ang. Pray take my counsel.

Jul. When I am my self
I'le hear you any way; love me though thus
As thou art honest, which I dare not be
Lest I despise my self. Farewel. [*Exit* Julio.

Piso. Do you hear my friend: Sir, are you not a setter,
For the fair widow here of famous memory?

Fa. Ha? am I taken for a Bawd? Oh Heaven!
To mine own child too? misery, I thank thee
That keepst me from their knowledge: Sir, believe me

I understand ye not.
Lod. You love plain dealing.
Are you not parcel Bawd? confess your Function,
It may be we would use it.
Fa. Were she worse,
As I fear strangely she is ill enough,
I would not hear this tamely.
Piso. Here's a shilling
To strike good luck withal.
Fa. Here's a Sword, Sir,
To strike a Knave withal, thou lyest, and basely,
Be what thou wilt.
Ang. Why how now Gentlemen?
Fa. You are many: I shall meet you, Sir, again,
And make you understand, y'have wrong'd a Woman
Compar'd with whom thy Mother was a sinner. Farewel.
Piso. He has amazed me. [*Exit* Father.
Ang. With a blow?
By'r Lady 'twas a sound one; are ye good
At taking knocks? I shall know you hereafter:
You were to blame to tempt a man so far
Before you knew him certain: h'as not hurt ye?
Piso. No I think.
Lod. We were to blame indeed to go so far,
For men may be mistaken: if he had swinged us
H'had serv'd us right: Beshrew my heart, I think,
We have done the Gentlewoman as much wrong too,
For hang me if I know her
In my particular.
Piso. Nor I; this 'tis to credit
Mens idle tongues; I warrant they have said
As much by our two Mothers.
Lod. Like enough.
Ang. I see a beating now and then does more
Move and stir up a mans contrition
Than a sharp Sermon, here *probatum est.*

Enter Frederick, *and Servant.*

Ser. What shall I tell your Sister?
Fred. Tell her this,

Till she be better conversation'd
And leave her walking by her self, and whining
To her old melancholy Lute, I'le keep
As far from her as the Gallows. [*Exit Servant.*

Ang. Who's that, *Frederick*?

Fred. Yes marry is't. O *Angelo* how dost thou?

Ang. Save you Sir, how does my Mistris?

Fred. She is in love I think, but not with you
I can assure you: saw ye *Fabritio*?

Ang. Is he come over?

Fred. Yes a week ago: Shall we dine?

Ang. I cannot.

Fred. Prethee do.

Ang. Believe me I have business.

Fred. Have you too, Gentlemen?

Piso. No Sir.

Fred. Why then let's dine together.

Lod. With all my heart.

Fred. Go then: Farewel good *Angelo*,
Commend me to your friend.

Ang. I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Frank, *and* Clora.

Clo. Do not dissemble *Frank*, mine eyes are quicker
Than such observers, that do ground their faith
Upon one smile or tear; y'are much alter'd,
And are as empty of those excellencies
That were companions to you; I mean mirth
And free disposure of your blood and Spirit,
As you were born a mourner.

Fran. How I prethee?
For I perceive no such change in my self.

Clo. Come, come, this is not wise, nor provident
To halt before a Cripple: if you love,
Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it,
I see the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove without a true companion.

Fran. Sure thou wouldst have me love.

Clo. Yes marry would I,
I should not please ye else.
Fran. And who for Heavens sake?
For I assure my self, I know not yet:
And prethee *Clora*, since thou'lt have it so
That I must love, and do I know not what:
Let him be held a pretty handsome fellow,
And young, and if he be a little valiant
'Twill be the better; and a little wise,
And faith a little honest.
Clor. Well I will sound ye yet for all your craft.
Fran. Heigh ho! I'le love no more.
Clo. Than one; and him
You shall love *Frank.*
Fran. Which him? thou art so wise
People will take thee shortly for a Witch:
But prethee tell me *Clora*, if I were
So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of man
Wouldst thou imagine him?
Clo. Faith some pretty fellow,
With a clean strength, that cracks a cudgel well
And dances at a Wake, and plays at Nine-holes.
Fran. O what pretty commendations thou hast given him!
Faith if I were in love as I thank Heaven
I do not think I am; this short *Epistle*
Before my love would make me burn the *Legend.*
Clor. You are too wild, I mean some Gentleman.
Fran. So do not I, till I can know 'em wiser:
Some Gentleman? no *Clora*, till some Gentleman
Keep some land, and fewer whores, believe me
I'le keep no love for him, I do not long
To go a foot yet, and solicite causes.
Clor. What think you then of an adventurer?
I mean some wealthy Merchant.
Fran. Let him venture
In some decai'd Ware, or Carack of his own: he shall not
Rig me out, that's the short on't; out upon't:
What young thing of my years would endure
To have her Husband in another Country
Within a month after she is married

Chopping for rotten Raisins, and lye pining
At home under the mercy of his fore-man? no,
Though they be wealthy, and indifferent wise
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.
Clo. I see ye are hard to please; yet I will please ye.
Fran. Faith not so hard neither, if considered
What woman may deserve as she is worthy:
But why do we bestow our time so idlely?
Prethee let us entertain some other talk,
This is as sickly to me as faint weather.
Clor. Now I believe I shall content you *Frank*,
What think you of a Courtier?
Fran. Faith so ill,
That if I should be full, and speak but truth,
'Twould shew as if I wanted charity,
Prethee good wench let me not rail upon 'em,
Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do it;
I have no mercy of these Infidels
Since I am put in mind on't, good wench bear with me.
Clo. Can no man fit you? I will find him out.
Fran. This Summer fruit, that you call Courtier,
While you continue cold and frosty to him
Hangs fast, and may be found: but when you fling
Too full a heat of your affections
Upon his root, and make him ripe too soon,
You'll find him rotten i'th' handling;
His oaths and affections are all one
With his apparel, things to set him off,
He has as many Mistrisses as Faiths,
And all *Apocrypha*; his true belief
Is only in a private Surgion,
And for my single self, I'd sooner venture
A new conversion of the *Indies*,
Than to make Courtiers able men, or honest.
Clo. I do believe you love no Courtier,
And by my troth to ghess you into love
With any I can think of, is beyond
Either your will, or my imagination.
And yet I am sure y'are caught: and I will know him.
There's none left now worthy the thinking of,

Unless it be a Souldier, and I am sure,
I would ever bless my self from such a fellow.
Fran. Why prethee?
Clo. Out upon 'em fire-locks,
They are nothing i'th' world but Buff and Scarlet,
Tough unhewn pieces, to hack swords upon;
I had as lieve be courted by a Cannon,
As one of those.
Fran. Thou art too malicious,
Upon my faith me thinks they're worthy men.
Clo. Say ye so? I'le pull ye on a little further.
What worth can be in those men, whose profession
Is nothing i'th' world but drink and damn me,
Out of whose violence they are possest
With legions of unwholsome whores and quarrels;
I am of that opinion, and will dye in't,
There is no understanding, nor can be
In a soust Souldier.
Fran. Now 'tis ignorance
I easily perceive that thus provokes thee,
And not the love of truth; I'le lay my life
If thou'dst been made a man, thou hadst been a coward.
Clo. If to be valiant, be to be a Souldier; I'le tell ye true,
I had rather be a Coward, I am sure with less sin.
Fra. This Heresie must be look'd to in time: for if it spread
'Twill grow too Pestilent; were I a Scholar
I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,
That ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
With all the world, and make thee not believ'd
Even in indifferent things; that I would leave thee
A reprobate out of the state of honour.
By all good things, thou hast flung aspersions
So like a fool (for I am angry with thee)
Upon a sort of men, that let me tell thee
Thy mothers mother would have been a Saint
Had she conceiv'd a Souldier; they are people
(I may commend 'em, while I speak but truth)
Of all the old world, only left to keep
Man as he was, valiant and vertuous.
They are the model of those men, whose honours

We heave our hands at when we hear recited.
Clo. They are, and I have all I sought for, 'tis a souldier
You love, hide it no longer; you have betray'd your self;
Come, I have found your way of commendations,
And what I said, was but to pull it from ye.
Fran. 'Twas pretty, are you grown so cunning, *Clora*?
I grant I love a souldier; But what souldier
Will be a new task to ye? But all this
I do imagine was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.
Clo. I will have the man
Ere I forsake ye.
Fran. I must to my Chamber.
Clo. May not I go along?
Fran. Yes, but good wench
Move me no more with these fond questions,
They work like Rhubarb with me.
Clo. Well, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lelia *and her Waiting-woman.*

Lel. How now? who was that you staid to speak withal.
Wom. The old man forsooth.
Lel. What old man? (you call Father.
Wom. The poor old man that uses to come hither, he that
Lel. Have you dispatched him?
Wom. No; he would fain speak with you.
Lel. Wilt thou never learn more manners,
Than to draw in such needy Rascals to disquiet me?
Go, answer him I will not be at leasure. (weeps so,
Wom. He will needs speak with you; and good old man he
That by my troth I have not the heart to deny him,
Pray let him speak with you.
Lel. Lord how tender stomach'd you are grown of late!
You are not in love with him, are ye?
If ye be, strike up the match; you shall have
Three l. and a pair of blankets! will ye go answer him?
Wom. Pray let him speak with you, he will not away else.

Lel. Well, let him in then if there be no remedy; I thank
(Heaven I am
Able to abuse him, I shall ne'r come clear else of him.

Enter Father.

Now Sir, what is your business? pray be short; for I have other
Matters of more moment to call me from ye.
Fa. If you but look upon me like a Daughter
And keep that love about ye that makes good
A Fathers hope, you'l quickly find my business,
And what I would say to you, and before
I ask, will be a giver: say that sleep,
I mean that love, or be but num'd within ye,
The nature of my want is such a searcher,
And of so mighty power, that where he finds
This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,
That if the least heat of a childs affection
Remain unperish'd, like another nature,
It makes all new again; pray do not scorn me,
Nor seem to make your self a greater business
Than my relieving.
Lel. If you were not old
I should laugh at ye; what a vengeance ails ye
To be so childish to imagine me
A founder of old fellows? make him drink, wench,
And if there be any cold meat in the Buttery,
Give him some broken bread, and that, and rid him.
Fa. Is this a childs love? or a recompence
Fit for a Fathers care? O *Lelia*,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadst not been;
Or like me miserable: But 'tis impossible
Nature should dye so utterly within thee,
And lose her promises; thou art one of those
She set her stamp more excellently on,
Than common people, as fore-telling thee,
A general example of her goodness;
Or say she could lye, yet Religion
(For love to Parents is Religious)
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon me,
I am the root that gave thee nourishment,

And made thee spring fair, do not let me perish
Now I am old and sapless.
Lelia. As I live
I like ye far worse now ye grow thus holy,
I grant you are my Father; am I therefore
Bound to consume my self, and be a Beggar
Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any such mad compassion yet within me.
Fa. I gave up all my state to make yours thus.
Lel. 'Twas as ye ought to do, and now ye cry for't
As children do for babies back again.
Fath. How wouldst thou have me live?
Lel. I would not have ye,
Nor know no reason Fathers should desire
To live, and be a trouble, when children
Are able to inherit, let them dye,
'Tis fit, and lookt for, that they should do so.
Fa. Is this your comfort?
Lel. All that I feel yet.
Fa. I will not curse thee.
Lel. If you do I care not.
Fa. Pray you give me leave to weep.
Lel. Why pray take leave,
If it be for your ease.
Fa. Thy Mother dyed,
Sweet peace be with her, in a happy time.
Lel. She did, Sir, as she ought to do, would you
Would take the pains to follow; what should you,
Or any old man do wearing away
In this world with Diseases, and desire
Only to live to make their Children scourge-sticks,
And hoard up mill-mony? me thinks a Marble
Lyes quieter upon an old mans head
Than a cold fit o'th' Palsey.
Fa. O good Heaven!
To what an impudence thou wretched woman,
Hast thou begot thy self again! well, justice
Will punish disobedience.
Lel. You mistake, Sir;
'Twill punish Beggars, fye for shame go work,

Or serve, you are grave enough to be a Porter
In some good man of worships house, and give
Sententious answers to the comers in.
A pretty place; or be of some good Consort,
You had a pleasant touch o'th' *Cittern* once,
If idleness have not bereft you of it:
Be any thing but old and Beggarly,
Two sins that ever do outgrow compassion;
If I might see you offer at a course
That were a likely one, and shew'd some profit,
I would not stick for ten Groats, or a Noble.
Fath. Did I beget this woman?
Lel. Nay, I know not:
And till I know, I will not thank you for't;
How ever, he that got me had the pleasure,
And that me thinks, is a reward sufficient.
Fath. I am so strangely strucken with amazement,
I know not where I am, nor what I am. (bring ye
Lel. You had best take fresh air some where else, 'twill
Out of your trance the sooner.
Fath. Is all this
As you mean, *Lelia*?
Lel. Yes believe me is it,
For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my heir, or I so old to make
A Nurse at these years for you, and attend
While you sup up my state in penny pots
Of *Malmsey*: when I am excellent at Cawdles,
And Cullices, and have enough spare gold
To boil away, you shall be welcome to me;
'Till when I'd have you be as merry, Sir,
As you can make your self with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with these relations,
Of what you have been to me, or you are,
For as I hear them, so I lose them; this
For [a]ught I know yet, is my resolution.
Fath. Well, God be with thee, for I fear thy end
Will be a strange example. [*Exit Father.*
Lel. Fare ye well, Sir;

Now would some poor tender hearted fool have wept,
Relented, and have been undone: such Children
(I thank my understanding) I hate truly,
For by my troth I had rather see their tears
Than feel their pities: my desires and ends
Are all the Kindred that I have, and friends.

Enter Woman.

Is he departed?

Wom. Yes, but here's another.

Lel. Not of his tribe I hope; bring me no more
I would wish you such as he is; if thou seest
They look like men of worth, and state, and carry
Ballast of both sides like tall Gentlemen
Admit 'em, but no snakes to poyson us
With poverty; wench you must learn a wise rule,
Look not upon the youths of men, and making,
How they descend in bloud, nor let their tongues,
Though they strike suddainly, and sweet as musick
Corrupt thy fancy: see, and say them fair too,
But ever keep thy self without their distance,
Unless the love thou swallow be a pill
Gilded to hide the bitterness it brings,
Then fall on without fear, wench, yet so wisely
That one encounter cloy him not; nor promise
His love hath made thee more his, than his monies;
Learn this and thrive,
Then let thine honour ever
(For that's the last rule) be so stood upon,
That men may fairly see
'Tis want of means, not vertue makes thee fall;
And if you weep 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more compassion, which includes
A greater tenderness of love and bounty:
This is enough at once, digest it well:
Go let him in wench, if he promise profit,
Not else.

Enter Julio.

O you are welcome my fair Servant,

Upon my troth I have been longing for ye.
Wom. This, by her rule, should be a liberal man,
I see the best on's may learn every day.
Lel. There's none come with you?
Jul. No.
Lel. You do the wiser,
For some that have been here (I name no man)
Out of their malice, more than truth, have done me
Some few ill offices.
Jul. How, Sweet?
Lel. Nay, nothing,
Only have talkt a little wildly of me;
As their unruly Youth directed 'em;
Which though they bite me not, I would have wisht
Had light upon some other that deserv'd 'em.
Jul. Though she deserve this of the loosest tongue
(Which makes my sin the more) I must not see it;
Such is my misery. I would I knew him.
Lel. No, no, let him go,
He is not worth your anger; I must chide you
For being such a stranger to your Mistriss,
Why would you be so, Servant?
Jul. I should chide,
If chiding would work any thing upon you,
For being such a stranger to your Servant,
I mean to his desires; when, my dear Mistress,
Shall I be made a happy man?
Lel. Fye, Servant,
What do you mean? unhand me, or, by Heav'n,
I shall be very angry, this is rudeness.
Jul. 'Twas but a kiss or two, that thus offends you.
Lel. 'Twas more I think, than you have warrant for.
Jul. I am sorry I deserv'd no more.
Lel. You may,
But not this rough way, Servant; we are tender,
And ought in all to be respected so;
If I had been your Horse, or Whore, you might
Back me with this intemperance; I thought
You had lov'd as worthy men, whose fair affections
Seek pleasures warranted, not pull'd by violence,

Do so no more.
Jul. I hope you are not angry?
Lel. I should be with another man, I am sure,
That durst appear but half thus violent.
Jul. I did not mean to ravish ye.
Lel. You could not.
Jul. You are so willing—
Lel. How?
Jul. Methinks this shadow,
If you had so much shame as fits a woman,
At least of your way, Mistriss, long e're this
Had been laid off to me that understand ye.
Lel. That understand me? Sir, ye understand,
Nor shall, no more of me than modesty
Will, without fear, deliver to a stranger;
You understand I am honest, else I tell ye,
(Though you were better far than *Julio*)
You, and your understanding are two fools,
But were we Saints, thus we are still rewarded:
I see that Woman had a pretty catch on't,
That had made you the Master of a kindness,
She durst not answer openly; O me!
How easily we Women may be cozen'd!
I took this *Julio*, as I have a faith,
(This young Dissembler with the sober Vizard)
For the most modest, temper'd Gentleman,
The coolest, quietest, and best Companion;
For such an one I could have wish'd a Woman.
Jul. You have wish'd me ill enough o' conscience,
Make me no worse for shame; I see the more
I work by way of service to obtain ye,
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly
(While I am able to believe a Woman,
For if you use me thus, that faith will perish)
What is your end, and whither you will pull me;
Tell me, but tell me that I may not start at,
And have a cause to curse ye.
Lel. Bless me goodness!
To curse me did you say, Sir? let it be
For too much loving you then, such a curse

Kill me withal, and I shall be a *Martyr*,
You have found a new way to reward my doting,
And I confess a fit one for my folly,
For you your self, if you have good within ye,
And dare be Master of it, know how dearly
This heart hath held you ever; Oh good Heaven!
That I had never seen that false mans eyes,
That dares reward me thus with fears and curses;
Nor never heard the sweetness of that tongue,
That will, when this is known, yet cozen women;
Curse me, good *Julio*, curse me bitterly,
I do deserve it for my confidence,
And I beseech thee if thou hast a goodness
Or power yet in thee to confirm thy wishes,
Curse me to earth, for what should I do here
Like a decaying flower, still withering
Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat
Should give my poor heart life? No, curse me, *Julio*,
Thou canst not do me such a benefit
As that, and well done, that the Heav'ns may hear it.
Jul. O fair tears! were you but as chast as subtil,
Like Bones of Saints, you would work miracles;
What were these women to a man that knew not
The thousand, thousand ways of their deceiving?
What riches had he found? O he would think
Himself still dreaming of a blessedness,
That like continual spring should flourish ever.
For if she were as good as she is seeming,
Or, like an Eagle, could renew her vertues,
Nature had made another world of sweetness.
Be not so griev'd, sweet Mistriss, what I said,
You do, or should know, was but passion;
Pray wipe your eyes and kiss me; take these trifles,
And wear them for me, which are only rich
When you will put them on: indeed I love ye,
Beshrew my sick heart, if I grieve not for ye.
Lel. Will you dissemble still? I am a fool,
And you may easily rule me, if you flatter,
The sin will be your own.
Jul. You know I do not.

Lel. And shall I be so childish once again,
After my late experience of your spight
To credit you? you do not know how deep
(Or if you did you would be kinder to me,)
This bitterness of yours has struck my heart.
Jul. I pray, no more.
Lel. Thus you would do I warrant,
If I were married to you.
Jul. Married to me?
Is that your end?
Lel. Yes, is not that the best end,
And, as all hold, the noblest way of love?
Why do you look so strange, Sir? do not you
Desire it should be so?
Jul. Stay.
Lel. Answer me.
Jul. Farewel. [*Exit* Julio.
Lel. I! are you there? are all these tears lost then?
Am I so overtaken by a fool
In my best days and tricks? my wise fellow,
I'll make you smart for't as I am a woman,
And if thou beest not timber, yet I'll warm thee;
And is he gone?

Enter Woman.

Wom. Yes.
Lel. He's not so lightly struck,
To be recovered with a base repentance,
I should be sorry then; Fortune, I prithee
Give me this man but once more in my arms,
And if I lose him, women have no charms. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Jacomo, *and* Fabricio.

Jac. SEignior, what think you of this sound of Wars?
Fab. As only of a sound; they that intend
To do, are like deep waters that run quietly,
Leaving no face of what they were, behind 'em.
This rumour is too common, and too loud

To carry truth.
Jac. Shall we never live to see
Men look like men again,
Upon a March?
This cold dull rusty peace makes u[s] appear
Like empty Pictures, only the faint shadows
Of what we should be;
Would to Heaven my Mother
Had given but half her will to my begetting,
And made me woman, to sit still and sing,
Or be sick when I list, or any thing
That is too idle for a man to think of;
Would I had been a Whore, 't had been a course
Certain, and (o' my Conscience) of more gain
Than two commands, as I would handle it:
'Faith, I could wish I had been any thing
Rather tha[n] what I am, a Souldier;
A Carrier or a Cobler, when I knew
What 'twas to wear a Sword first; for their trades
Are, and shall be a constant way of life,
While men send Cheeses up, or wear out Buskins.
Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,
And mak'st thy anger a far more vexation
Than the not having Wars; I am a Souldier,
Which is my whole inheritance, yet I
Though I could wish a breach with all the world,
If not dishonourable, I am not so malicious,
To curse the fair peace of my Mother Country;
But thou want'st money, and the first supply
Will bury these thoughts in thee.
Jac. 'Pox o' peace,
It fills the Kingdom full of holydays,
And only feeds the wants of Whores and Pipers;
And makes the idle drunken Rogues get Spinsters:
'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,
And almost Cloaths too; of which if I had both
In full abundance; yet against all peace,
That brings up mischiefs thicker than a shower,
I would speak louder than a Lawyer;
By Heaven, it is the surfeit of all youth,

That makes the toughness, and the strength of Nations
Melt into Women. 'Tis an ease that broods
Thieves, and Bastards only.
Fab. This is more,
(Though it be true) than we ought to lay open,
And savours only of an indiscretion.
Believe me, Captain, such distemper'd spirits
Once out of motion, though they be proof valiant,
If they appear thus violent and fiery,
Breed but their own disgraces; and are nearer
Doubt and suspect in Princes, than rewards.
Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.
But call you those true spirits ill affected,
That whilst the wars were, serv'd like walls and ribs
To girdle in the Kingdom?
And now faln
Through a faint Peace into affliction,
Speak but their miseries? come, come, *Fabritio*,
You may pretend what patience ye please,
And seem to yoak your wants like passions;
But while I know thou art a Souldier,
And a deserver, and no other Harvest
But what thy Sword reaps for thee to come in,
You shall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell ye,
You wish a Devil of this musty peace;
To which Prayer,
As one that's bound in Conscience, and all
That love our trade, I cry, Amen.
Fab. Prithee no more, we shall live well enough,
There's ways enough besides the wars to men
That are not logs, and lye still for the hands
Of others to remove 'em.
Jac. You may thrive, Sir,
Thou art young and handsom yet, and well enough
To please a Widow; thou canst sing, and tell
These foolish love-tales, and indite a little,
And if need be, compile a pretty matter,
And dedicate it to the honourable,
Which may awaken his compassion,
To make ye Clark o'th' Kitchen, and at length,

Come to be married to my Ladies Woman,
After she's crackt i'th' Ring.
Fab. 'Tis very well, Sir.
Jac. But what dost thou think shall become of me,
With all my imperfections? let me dye,
If I think I shall ever reach above
A forlorn Tapster, or some frothy fellow,
That stinks of stale Beer.
Fab. Captain *Jacomo*,
Why should you think so hardly of your vertues?
Jac. What vertues? by this light, I have no vertue,
But down-right buffetting, what can my face,
That is no better than a ragged Map now
Of where I have march'd and travell'd, profit me?
Unless it be for Ladies to abuse, and say
'Twas spoil'd for want of a Bongrace when I was young,
And now 'twill make a true prognostication
Of what man must be? Tell me of a fellow
That can mend Noses, and complain,
So tall a Souldier should want teeth to his Stomach;
And how it was great pity, that it was,
That he that made my Body was so busied
He could not stay to make my Legs too; but was driven
To clap a pair of Cat-sticks to my Knees, for which
I am indebted to two School-Boys; this
Must follow necessary.
Fab. There's no such matter.
Jac. Then for my Morals, and those hidden pieces,
That Art bestows upon me, they are such,
That when they come to light, I am sure will shame me,
For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak
That any man shall hope to profit by me;
And for my Languages, they are so many,
That put them all together, they will scarce
Serve to beg single Beer in; the plain truth is,
I love a Souldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk;
This is my vertue, and if this will do,
I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.
Fab. 'Tis your way

To be thus pleasant still, but fear not, man,
For though the Wars fail, we shall screw our selves
Into some course of life yet.
Jac. Good *Fabricio*,
Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear
This Peace will make me something that I love not;
For by my troth, though I am plain and dudgion,
I would not be an Ass; and to sell parcels,
I can as soon be hang'd: prithee bestow me,
And speak some little good, though I deserve not.

Enter Father.

Fab. Come, we'll consider more; stay, this
Should be another wind-fall of the Wars.
Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd Colours,
That every wind would borrow from the Staff:
These are the hopes we have for all our hurts;
They have not cast his tongue too.
Fath. They that say
Hope never leaves a wretched man that seeks her,
I think are either patient fools, or liers,
I am sure I find it so, for I am master'd,
With such a misery and grief together
That that stay'd Anchor, men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me Lead that bows,
Or breaks with every strong sea of my sorrows.
I could now question Heaven (were it well
To look into their Justice) why those faults,
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with
Should be rewarded on the head of us,
That hold the least alliance to their vices;
But this would be too curious; for I see
Our sufferings, not disputing, is the end,
Reveal'd to us of all these miseries.
Jac. Twenty such holy *Hermits* in a Camp
Would make 'em all *Carthusians*, I'll be hang'd
If he know what a Whore is, or a health,
Or have a nature liable to learn,
Or so much honest nurture to be drunk.
I do not think he has the spleen to swear

A greater Oath than Semsters utter Socks with,
S'pur him a question.
Fath. They are strangers both
To me, as I to them I hope; I would not have
Me and my shame together known by any,
I'll rather lie my self unto another.
Fab. I need not ask you, Sir, your Country,
I hear you speak this tongue, 'pray what more are you?
Or have you been? if it be not offensive
To urge ye so far, misery in your years
Gives every thing a tongue to question it.
Fath. Sir, though I could be pleas'd to make my ills
Only mine own, for grieving other men,
Yet to so fair and courteous a demander
That promises compassion, at worst pity,
I will relate a little of my story.
I am a Gentleman, however thus
Poor and unhappy; which believe me, Sir,
Was not born with me; for I well have try'd
Both the extreams of Fortune, and have found
Both dangerous; my younger years provok'd me,
Feeling in what an ease I slept at home,
Which to all stirring spirits is a sickness,
To see far Countrys, and observe their Customs:
I did so, and I travell'd till that course
Stor'd me with language, and some few slight manners,
Scarce worth my money; when an itch possess'd me
Of making Arms my active end of travel.
Fab. But did you so?
Fath. I did, and twenty Winters
I wore the Christian Cause upon my Sword
Against his Enemies, at *Buda* Siege
Full many a cold Night have I lodg'd in armour,
When all was frozen in me but mine Honour;
And many a day, when both the Sun and Cannon
Strove who should most destroy us; have I stood
Mail'd up in Steel, when my tough sinew shrunk,
And this parch'd Body ready to consume
As soon to ashes, as the Pike I bore;
Want has been to me as another Nature,

Which makes me with this patience still profess it;
And if a Souldier may without vain glory
Tell what h'as done, believe me, Gentlemen,
I could turn over annals of my dangers;
With this poor weakness have I man'd a breach,
And made it firm with so much bloud, that all
I had to bring me off alive was anger;
Thrice was I made a Slave, and thrice redeem'd
At price of all I had; The miseries
Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,
Would make ye weep like Children; but [I]'ll spare ye.
Jac. *Fabricio*, we two have been Souldiers
Above these fourteen years, yet o' my Conscience,
All we have seen, compar'd to his experience
Has been but cudgel-play, or Cock-fighting.
By all the faith I have in Arms, I reverence
The very poverty of this brave fellow;
Which were enough it self, and his to strengthen
The weakest town against half *Christendom.*
I was never so asham'd of service
In all my life before, now I consider
What I have done; and yet the Rogues would swear
I was a valiant fellow; I do find
The greatest danger I have brought my life through,
Now I have heard this worthy, was no more
Than stealing of a *May*-pole, or at worst,
Fighting at single Billet with a Barge-man.
Fab. I do believe him, *Jacomo.*
Jac. Believe him?
I have no faith within me, if I do not.
Fath. I see they are Souldiers;
And if we may judge by affections,
Brave and deserving men; how they are stir'd
But with a meer relation of what may be?
Since I have won belief, and am not known,
Forgive me, Honour, I'll make use of thee.
Fab. Sir, would I were a man, or great, or able
To look with liberal eyes upon your vertue.
Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.
Here, Souldier, there's even five months pay, be merry,

And get thee handsom Cloaths.
Fab. What mean you, *Jacomo*?
Jac. Ye are a fool,
The very story's worth a hundred pound.
Give him more money.
Fath. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deserve this blessing;
But if I live to see fair days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your goodness,
That shall shew thankfulness, if not desert.
Fab. If you please, Sir, till we procure ye place,
To eat with us, or wear such honest Garments
As our poor means can reach to, you shall be
A welcome man; to say more, were to feed ye
Only with words; we honour what y'have been,
For we are Souldiers, though not near the worth
You spake of lately.
Fath. I do guess ye so,
And knew, unless ye were a Souldier,
Ye could not find the way to know my wants.
Jac. But methinks all this while y'are too temperate;
Do you not tell men sometimes of the dulness
When you are grip't, as now you are with need?
I do, and let them know those silks they wear,
The War weaves for 'em; and the bread they eat
We sow, and reap again to feed their hunger;
I tell them boldly, they are masters of
Nothing but what we fight for; their fair women
Lye playing in their arms, whilst we, like *Lares*
Defend their pleasures; I am angry too,
And often rail at these forgetful great men
That suffer us to sue for what we ought
To have flung on us, e're we ask.
Fath. I have
Too often told my griefs that way, when all
I reapt, was rudeness of behaviour;
In their opinion men of War that thrive,
Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.
Fab. Come, Sir, I see your wants need more relieving,
Than looking what they are; pray go with us.

Fath. I thank you, Gentlemen; since you are pleas'd
To do a benefit, I dare not cross it,
And what my service or endeavours may
Stand you in stead, you shall command, not pray. [*Exeunt.*
Jac. So you shall us, I'll to the Taylors with you bodily.

SCENE II.

Enter Frederick, Lodovico, *and* Piso.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a Woman
When I have nothing else to do.
Piso. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth
In blushes, smiles, and commendations;
For by this light, I have heard her praise yond' fellow
In such a pitch, as if sh'ad studied
To crowd the worths of all men into him,
And I imagine these are seldom us'd
Without their special ends, and by a maid
Of her desires and youth.
Fred. It may be so.
She's free, as you, or I am, and may have
By that Prerogative, a liberal choice
In the bestowing of her love.
Lod. Bestowing?
If it be so, she has bestow'd her self
Upon a trim youth, *Piso*, what do you call him?
Piso. Why, Captain *Jacomo*.
Lod. O, Captain Jack-boy,
That is the Gentleman.
Fred. I think he be
A Gentleman at worst.
Lod. So think I too,
Would he would mend, Sir.
Fred. And a tall one too.
Lod. Yes, of his teeth; for of my faith I think
They are sharper than his sword, and dare do more
If the Buff meet him fairly.
Fred. Very well.
Piso. Now do I wonder what she means to do

When she has married him.
Lod. Why, well enough;
Trail his Pike under him, and be a Gentlewoman
Of the brave Captains Company.
Fred. Do you hear me?
This woman is my Sister, Gentlemen.
Lod. I am glad she is none of mine; but *Frederick*
Thou art not such a fool sure to be angry
Unless it be with her; we are thy friends, man.
Fred. I think ye are.
Lod. Yes, 'faith, and do but tell thee
How she will utterly overthrow her credit,
If she continue gracing of this pot-gun.
Piso. I think she was bewitcht, or mad or blind,
She would never have taken such a scar-Crow else
Into protection; of my life he looks
Of a more rusty swarth Complexion
Than an old arming Doublet.
Lod. I would send
His face to the Cutlers then, and have it sanguin'd,
'Twill look a great deal sweeter; then his Nose
I would have shorter, and my reason is,
His face will be ill mounted else.
Piso. For his Body,
I will not be my own Judge, lest I seem
A Railer, but let others look upon't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a Trunk-sellar, to send wines down in,
Or a long walking bottle, I'll be hang'd for't;
His Hide (for sure he is a Beast) is ranker
Than the *Muscovy*-Leather, and grain'd like it:
And by all likelihoods he was begotten
Between a stubborn pair of Winter-boots;
His body goes with straps, he is so churlish.
Lod. He's poor and beggarly besides all this,
And of a nature far uncapable
Of any benefit; for his manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,
He's so uncivil; you may do a part
Worthy a Brother, to perswade your Sister

From her undoing; if she prove so foolish
To marry this cast Captain, look to find her
Within a month, where you, or any good man,
Would blush to know her; selling cheese and prunes,
And retail'd Bottle-Ale; I grieve to think,
Because I lov'd her, what a march this Captain
Will set her into.

Fred. You are both, believe me,
Two arrant Knaves, and were it not for taking
So just an execution from his hands
You have bely'd thus, I would swaddle ye,
Till I could draw off both your skins like Scabbards.
That man that you have wrong'd thus, though to me
He be a stranger, yet I know so worthy,
However low in fortune, that his worst parts,
The very wearing of his Cloaths, would make
Two better Gentlemen than you dare be,
For there is vertue in his outward things.

Lod. Belike you love him then?

Fred. Yes marry do I.

Lod. And will be angry for him.

Fred. If you talk,
Or pull your face into a stich again,
As I love truth I shall be very angry.
Do not I know thee, though thou hast some land
To set thee out thus among Gentlemen,
To be a prating, and vain-glorious Ass?
I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth.
Do not I know thou hast been a cudgel'd Coward,
That has no cure for shame but Cloath of Silver?
And think'st the wearing of a gawdy Suit
Hides all disgraces?

Lod. I understand you not, you hurt not me,
Your anger flies so wide.

Piso. Seignior *Frederick*,
You much mistake this Gentleman.

Fred. No, Sir.

Piso. If you would please to be less angry,
I would tell you how.

Fred. You had better study, Sir,

How to excuse your self if ye be able,
Or I shall tell you once again.
Piso. Not me, Sir;
For I protest what I have said, was only
To make you understand your Sisters danger.
Lod. He might, if it pleas'd him, conceive it so.
Fred. I might, if it pleas'd me, stand still and hear
My Sister made a *May*-game, might I not?
And give allowance to your liberal jests
Upon his Person, whose least anger would
Consume a Legion of such wretched people,
That have no more to justifie their actions
But their tongues ends? that dare lie every way
As a Mill grinds? from this hour, I renounce
All part of fellowship that may hereafter
Make me take knowledg of ye, but for Knaves;
And take heed, as ye love whole skins and coxcombs,
How, and to whom, ye prate thus; for this time,
I care not if I spare ye; do not shake,
I will not beat ye, though ye do deserve it
Richly.
Lod. This is a strange Course, *Frederick*;
But sure you do not, or you would not know us;
Beat us?
Piso. 'Tis somewhat low, Sir, to a Gentleman.
Fred. I'll speak but few words, but I'll make 'em truths;
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring,
Or looking big; and yet before you go,
I will have this confess'd, and seriously,
That you two are two Rascals.
Lod. How?
Fred. Two Rascals.
Come speak it from your hearts, or by this light
My sword shall flye among ye; answer me,
And to the point directly.
Piso. You shall have
Your will for this time: since we see y'are grown
So far untemperate; Let it be so Sir
In your opinion.
Fred. Do not mince the matter,

But speak the words plain; and you *Lodovick*
That stand so tally on your reputation,
You shall be he shall speak it.
Lod. This is pretty.
Fred. Let me not stay upon't.
Lod. Well we are Rascals,
Yes *Piso*, we are Rascals. [*Ex.* Lod. *and* Piso.
Fred. Get ye gone now, not a word more, y'are Rascals.

Enter Fabricio, *and* Jacomo.

Fab. That should be *Frederick*.
Jac. 'Tis he: *Frederick*?
Fred. Who's that?
Jac. A friend Sir.
Fred. It is so, by the voyce:
I have sought you Gentlemen, and since I have found you,
So near our house, I'le force ye stay a while,
I pray let it be so.
Fab. It is too late,
We'l come and dine to morrow with your Sister,
And do our services.
Jac. Who were those with you?
Fab. We met two came from hence.
Fred. Two idle fellows,
That you shall beat hereafter, and I'le tell ye
Some fitter time a cause sufficient for it.
Fab. But *Frederick*, tell me truly; do you think
She can affect my friend?
Fred. No certainer
Than when I speak of him, or any other,
She entertains it with as much desire
As others do their recreations.
Fabr. Let not him have this light by any means;
He will but think he's mockt, and so grow angry,
Even to a quarrel: he's so much distrustfull
Of all that take occasion to commend him—
Women especially: for which he shuns
All conversation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a mirth to all their Sex.
Whence is this musique?

Fred. From my Sisters chamber.
Fab. The touch is excellent, let's be attentive.
Jac. Hark, are the Waits abroad?
Fab. Be softer prethee,
'Tis private musick.
Jac. What a dyn it makes!
I had rather hear a Jews trump than these Lutes,
They cry like School-boys.
Fabr. Prethee *Jacomo.*
Jac. Well I will hear, or sleep, I care not whether.

THE SONG.

Enter at the Window Frank, *and* Clora.

1. *TEll me dearest what is Love?*
2. *'Tis a lightning from above,*
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
Both. *'Tis a grave,*
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

1. *Tell me more, are Women true?*
2. *Yes, some are, and some as you.*
Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change.
Both. *And till troth*
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

1. *Tell me more yet can they grieve?*
2. *Yes, and sicken sore, but live:*
And be wise, and delay,
When you men are as wise as they.
Both. *Then I see*
Fai[th] will be,
Never till they both believe.

Fran. *Clora*, come hither; who are these below there?
Clor. Where?
Fran. There.

Clor. Ha? I should know their shapes
Though it be darkish; there are both our Brothers,
What should they make thus late here?
Fran. What's the tother?
Clor. What tother?
Fran. He that lyes along there.
Clor. O, I see him
As if he had a branch of some great Petigree
Grew out on's belly.
Fran. Yes.
Clor. That should be,
If I have any knowledge in proportion.—
Fab. They see us.
Fred. 'Tis no matter.
Fab. What a log
Is this, to sleep such musique out!
Fred. No more, let's hear 'em.
Clor. If I have any knowledge in proportion
The Captain *Jacomo*, those are his legs
Upon my conscience.
Fran. By my faith, and neat ones.
Clor. You mean the boots, I think they are neat by nature.
Fra. As thou art knavish, would I saw his face!
Clor. 'Twould scare you in the dark.
Fran. A worse than that
Has never scar'd you *Clora* to my knowledge.
Clor. 'Tis true, for I never have seen a worse;
Nor while I say my prayers heartily,
I hope I shall not.
Fran. Well, I am no tell tale:
But is it not great pity, tell me *Clora*,
That such a brave deserving Gentleman
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more respect, and worth flung on him
By able men? Were I one of these great ones,
Such vertues should not sleep thus.
Clor. Were he greater
He would sleep more I think: I'le waken him.
Fran. Away ye fool.
Clor. Is he not dead already, and they two taking order

About his Blacks? me thinks they are very busie,
A fine clean coarse he is: I would have him buried
Even as he lyes, cross legg'd, like one o'th' *Templers*
(If his Westphalia gammons will hold crossing)
And on his brest, a buckler with a pike in't,
In which I would have some learned Cutler
Compile an Epitaph, and at his feet
A musquet, with this word upon a Label
Which from the cocks mouth thus should be delivered,
I have discharg'd the office of a Souldier.
Fran. Well, if thy Father were a Souldier
Thus thou wouldst use him.
Clora. Such a Souldier,
I would indeed.
Fab. If he hear this, not all
The power of man could keep him from the windows
Till they were down and all the doors broke open:
For Gods sake make her cooler: I dare not venture
To bring him else: I know he will go to buffets
Within five words with her, if she holds this spirit;
Let's waken him, and away, we shall hear worse else.
Fran. Well if I be not even with thee *Clora*
Let me be hang'd for this: I know thou dost it
Only to anger me, and purge thy wit
Which would break out else.
Clora. I have found ye,
I'le be no more cross, bid 'em good night.
Fran. No, no, they shall not know we have seen 'em;
Shut the window. [*Ex.* Fran. *and* Clora.
Fab. Will you get up Sir?
Jac. Have you paid the Fidlers?
Fab. You are not left to do it: Fie upon thee,
Hast thou forsworn manners?
Jac. Yes unless
They would let me eat my meat without long graces
Or drink without a preface to the pledger;
Oft, will it please you, shall I be so bold Sir,
Let me remember your good bed-fellow,
And lye and kiss my hand unto my Mistris
As often as an Ape does for an Aple;

These are meer Schisms in Souldiers; where's my friend?
These are to us as bitter as purgations,
We love that general freedom we are bred to;
Hang these faint fooleries, they smell of peace,
Do they not friend?
Fab. Faith Sir to me they are
As things indifferent, yet I use 'em not,
Or if I did, they would not prick my conscience.
Fred. Come, shall we go? 'tis late.
Jac. Yes any whither,
But no more Musick, it has made me dull.
Fab. Faith any thing but drinking disturbs thee *Jacomo*,
We'l ev'n to bed.
Jac. Content.
Fab. Thou wilt dream of wenches.
Jac. I never think of any I thank Heaven
But when I am drunk, and then 'tis but to cast
A cheap way how they may be all destroy'd
Like vermine; let's away, I am very sleepy.
Fab. I, thou art ever so, or angry, come. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Julio, *and* Angelo.

Jul. I Will but see her once more *Angelo*,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
My self again.
Ang. I would not have thee tempt lust,
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hadst thou the constancy of all men in thee.
Jul. Having her sins before me, I dare see her
Were she as catching as the plague, and deadly,
And tell her she is fouler than all those
And far more pestilent, if not repentant,
And like a strong man, chide her well, and leave her.
Ang. 'Tis easily said, of what complexion is she?
Jul. Make but a curious frame unto thy self
As thou wouldst shape an Angel in thy thought;
Such as the Poets, when their fancies sweat,

Imagine *Juno* is, or fair ey'd *Pallas*,
And one more excellent, than all those figures
Shalt thou find her; she's brown, but of a sweetness,
(If such a poor word may express her beauty)
Believe me *Angelo*, would do more mischief
With a forc't smile, than twenty thousand *Cupids*
With their love quivers, full of Ladies eyes,
And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.
Ang. Of what age is she?
Jul. As a Rose at fairest,
Neither a bud, nor blown, but such a one,
Were there a *Hercules* to get again
With all his glory, or one more than he,
The god would choose out amongst a race of women
To make a Mother of: she is outwardly
All that bewitches sense; all that entices,
Nor is it in our vertue to uncharm it.
And when she speaks, oh *Angelo*, then musick
(Such as old *Orpheus* made, that gave a soul
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts
Lay by their rages; and tall trees that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches
And hear, and wonder; and the Sea, whose surges
Shook their white heads in Heaven, to be as mid-night
Still, and attentive) steals into our souls
So suddenly, and strangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what she pleases.
Ang. Why look, how far you have thrust your self again
Into your old disease! are you that man
With such a resolution, that would venture
To take your leave of folly, and now melt
Even in repeating her?
Jul. I had forgot me.
Ang. As you will still do.
Jul. No, the strongest man
May have the grudging of an ague on him,
This is no more; let's go, I would fain be fit
To be thy friend again, for now I am no mans.
Ang. Go you, I dare not go, I tell you truly
Nor were it wise I should.

Jul. Why?
Ang. I am well,
And if I can, will keep my self so.
Jul. Ha? thou mak'st me smile, though I have little cause,
To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee;
Art thou not strong enough to see a woman?
Ang. Yes, twenty thousand: but not such a one
As you have made her: I'le not lye for th' matter:
I know I am frail, and may be cozen'd too
By such a Syren.
Jul. Faith thou shalt go, *Angelo.*
Ang. Faith but I will not; no I know how far Sir
I am able to hold out, and will not venture
Above my depth: I do not long to have
My sleep ta'ne from me, and go pulingly
Like a poor wench had lost her market-mony;
And when I see good meat, sit still and sigh,
And call for small beer; and consume my wit
In making *Anagrams*, and faithful posies;
I do not like that Itch, I am sure I had rather
Have the main pox, and safer.
Jul. Thou shalt go,
I must needs have thee as a witness with me
Of my repentance; as thou lov'st me go.
Ang. Well I will go, since you will have it so,
But if I prove a fool too, look to have me
Curse you continually, and fearfully.
Jul. And if thou seest me fall again, good *Angelo*
Give me thy counsel quickly lest I perish.
Ang. Pray Heaven I have enough to save my self,
For as I have a soul, I had rather venture
Upon a savage Island, than this woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Father, and Servant.

Fath. From whom Sir, comes this bounty? for I think
You are mistaken.
Serv. No Sir, 'tis to you
I am sure my Mistris sent it.

Fath. Who's your Mistris,
That I may give her thanks?
Serv. The vertuous Widow.
Fath. The vertuous widow Sir? I know none such:
Pray what's her name?
Ser. Lælia.
Fath. I knew you err'd,
'Tis not to me I warrant ye; there Sir,
Carry it to those she feeds fat with such favours,
I am a stranger to her.
Serv. Good Sir take it,
And if you will, I'le swear she sent it to you,
For I am sure mine eye never went off ye
Since you forsook the Gentlemen you talk'd with
Just at her door.
Fath. Indeed I talkt with two
Within this half hour in the street.
Serv. 'Tis you Sir,
And none but you I am sent to: wiser men
Would have been thankful sooner, and receiv'd it,
'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,
And from a woman of her excellence.
Fa. Well Sir, I am Catechiz'd; what more belongs to't?
Ser. This only Sir; she would intreat you come
This evening to her without fail.
Fath. I will.
Serv. You ghess where.
Fath. Sir I have a tongue else. [*Exit Ser.*
She is down-right Devil; or else my wants
And her disobedience have provok't her
To look into her foul self, and be sorry.
I wonder how she knew me? I had thought
I had been the same to all, I am to them
That chang'd me thus: Heaven pardon me for lying,
For I have paid it home: many a good man
That had but found the profit of my way
Would forswear telling true again in hast.

Enter Lodovico, *and* Piso.

Here are my praters; now if I did well

I should belabour 'em, but I have found
A way to quiet 'em, worth a thousand on't.
Lod. If we could get a fellow that would do it.
Fat. What villany is now in hand?
Pis. 'Twill be hard to be done in my opinion
Unless we light upon an *English-man*
With seven-score surfeits in him.
Lod. Are the *English-men* such stubborn drinkers?
Piso. Not a leak at Sea
Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children
Christened in mull'd sack, and at five years old, able
To knock a *Dane* down: Take an *English-man*
And cry St. *George*, and give him but a rasher,
And you shall have him upon even terms
Defy a hogshead; such a one would do it
Home boy, and like a work-man: at what weapon?
Lod. Sherry sack: I would have him drink stark dead
If it were possible: at worst past portage.
Piso. What is the end then?
Lod. Dost thou not perceive it?
If he be drunk dead, there's a fair end of him.
If not, this is my end, or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The fool is, that admires him; and if sober,
His nature be so rugged, what will't be
When he is hot with wine? come let's about it,
If this be done but handsomely, I'le pawn
My head she hath done with Souldiers.
Piso. This may do well.
Fat. Here's a new way to murther men alive,
I'le choak this train: God save ye Gentlemen.
It is to you, stay: yes it is to you.
Lod. What's to me?
Fath. You are fortunate,
I cannot stand to tell you more now, meet me
Here soon, and you'l be made a man. [*Exit* Father.
Lod. What Vision's this?
Piso. I know not.
Lod. Well, I'le meet it,
Think you o'th' other, and let me a while

Dream of this fellow.
Piso. For the Drunkard, *Lodovick*,
Let me alone.
Lod. Come, let's about it then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Clora, *and* Frank.

Clor. Ha, ha, ha, pray let me laugh extreamly.
Fra. Why? prethee why? hast thou such cause?
Clor. Yes faith, my Brother will be here straightway,
Fra. What? (and —
Clor. The other party: ha, ha, ha.
Fra. What party?
Wench thou art not drunk?
Clor. No faith.
Fra. Faith thou hast been among the bottles *Clora.*
Clor. Faith but I have not *Frank*: Prethee be handsom,
The Captain comes along too, wench.
Fra. O is that it
That tickles ye?
Clor. Yes, and shall tickle you too,
You understand me?
Fran. By my troth thou art grown
A strange lewd wench: I must e'ne leave thy company,
Thou wilt spoil me else.
Clor. Nay, thou art spoil'd to my hand;
Hadst thou been free, as a good wench ought to be,
When I went first a birding for thy Love,
And roundly said, that is the man must do it,
I had done laughing many an hour agoe.
Fra. And what dost thou see in him, now thou knowst him
To be thus laught at?
Clor. Prethee be not angry
And I'le speak freely to thee.
Fran. Do, I will not.
Clor. Then as I hope to have a handsom husband,
This fellow in mine eye, (and *Frank* I am held
To have a shrewd ghess at a pretty fellow)
Appears a strange thing.

Fra. Why, how strange for *Gods* sake?
He is a man, and one that may content
(For any thing I see) a right good woman:
And sure I am not blind.
Clor. There lyes the question?
For, (but you say he is a man, and I
Will credit you,) I should as soon have thought him
Another of *Gods* creatures; out upon him,
His body, that can promise nothing
But laziness and long strides.
Fra. These are your eyes;
Where were they *Clora*, when you fell in love
With the old foot-man, for singing of Queen *Dido*?
And swore he look'd in his old velvet trunks
And his slic't *Spanish* Jerkin, like *Don John*?
You had a parlous judgment then, my *Clora*.
Clora. Who told you that?
Fran. I heard it.
Clora. Come, be friends,
The Souldier is a *Mars*, no more, we are all
Subject to slide away.
Fra. Nay, laugh on still.
Clor. No faith, thou art a good wench, and 'tis pity
Thou shouldst not be well quarried at thy entring,
Thou art so high flown for him: Look, who's there?

Enter Fabricio, *and* Jacomo.

Jac. Prethee go single, what should I do there?
Thou knowst I hate these visitations,
As I hate peace or perry.
Fab. Wilt thou never
Make a right man?
Jac. You make a right fool of me
To lead me up and down to visit women,
And be abus'd and laugh'd at; let me sta[rv]e
If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em
What their shooes cost?
Fab. Fye upon thee, coward,
Canst thou not sing?
Jac. Thou knowest I can sing nothing

But *Plumpton* park.
Fab. Thou't be bold enough,
When thou art enter'd once.
Jac. I had rather enter
A breach: if I miscarry, by this hand
I will have you by th' ears for't.
Fab. Save ye Ladies.
Clo. Sweet Brother I dare swear, you're welcom hither,
So is your Friend.
Fab. Come, blush not, but salute 'em.
Fra. Good Sir believe your Sister; you are most welcom,
So is this worthy Gentleman whose vertues
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.
Jac. She has found me out already, and has paid me;
Shall we be going?
Fab. Peace;
Your goodness Lady
Will ever be afore us, for my self
I will not thank you single, lest I leave
My friend, this Gentleman, out of acquaintance.
Jac. More of me yet?
Fra. Would I were able, Sir,
From either of your worths to merit thanks.
Clor. But Brother, is your friend thus sad still? methinks
'Tis an unseemly nature in a Souldier.
Jac. What hath she to do with me, or my behaviour?
Fab. He do's but shew so, prethee to him Sister.
Jac. If I do not break thy head, I am no Christian,
If I get off once.
Clor. Sir, we must intreat you
To think your self more welcom, and be merry,
'Tis pity a fair man of your proportion
Should have a soul of sorrow.
Jac. Very well;
Pray Gentlewoman what would you have me say?
Clora. Do not you know, Sir?
Jac. Not so well as you
That talk continually.
Fran. You have hit her, Sir.
Clora. I thank him, so he has,

Fair fall his sweet face for't.
Jac. Let my face
Alone, I would wish you, lest I take occasion
To bring a worse in question.
Clora. Meaning mine?
Brother, where was your friend brought up? h'as sure
Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,
They lye so dull upon his understanding.
Fab. No more of that, thou'lt anger him at heart.
Clo. Then let him be more manly, for he looks
Like a great School-boy that had been blown up
Last night at dust-point.
Fran. You will never leave
Till you be told how rude you are, fye *Clora.*
Sir will it please you sit?
Clora. And I'le sit by you.
Jac. Woman be quiet, and be rul'd I would wish you.
Clora. I have done, Sir Captain.
Fab. Art thou not asham'd?
Jac. You are an asse, I'le tell you more anon,
You had better have been hang'd than brought me hither.
Fab. You are grown a sullen fool; either be handsom,
Or by this light I'le have wenches bait thee;
Go to the Gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your head up; what?
Jac. By this light I'le brain thee.
Fra. Now o' my faith this Gentleman do's nothing
But it becomes him rarely; *Clora*, look
How well this little anger, if it be one,
Shews in his face.
Clo. Yes, it shews very sweetly.
Fra. Nay do not blush Sir, o' my troth it does,
I would be ever angry to be thus.
Fabritio, o' my conscience if I ever
Do fall in love, as I will not forswear it
Till I am something wiser, it must be,
I will not say directly with that face,
But certainly, such another as that is,
And thus dispose my chance to hamper me.
Fab. Dost thou hear this, and stand still?

Jac. You will prate still;
I would you were not women, I would take
A new course with ye.
Clora. Why couragious?
Jac. For making me a stone to whet your tongues on.
Clora. Prethee sweet Captain.
Jac. Go, go spin, go hang.
Clo. Now could I kiss him.
Jac. If you long for kicking,
You'r best come kiss me, do not though, I'de wish ye,
I'le send my Foot-man to thee, he shall leap thee,
And thou wantst horsing: I'le leave ye Ladies.
Fra. Beshrew my heart you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a Gentleman
Of his deserts, that comes so worthily
To visit me, I cannot take it well.
Jac. I come to visit you, you foolish woman?
Fra. I thought you did Sir, and for that I thank you,
I would be loth to lose those thanks; I know
This is but some odd way you have, and faith
It do's become you well to make us merry;
I have heard often of your pleasant vein.
Fab. What wouldst thou ask more?
Jac. Pray thou scurvy fellow
Thou hast not long to live; adieu dear Damsels,
You filthy women farewel, and be sober,
And keep your chambers.
Clor. Farewel old *Don Diego.*
Fra. Away, away, you must not [be so] angry,
To part thus roughly from us; yet to me
This do's not shew, as if it were yours, the wars
May breed men something plain I know,
But not thus rude; give me your hand good Sir
I know 'tis white, and—
Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating houswives?
Clo. For any thing I know, we would in to supper,
And there begin a health of lusty Claret
To keep care from our hearts, and it should be—
Fab. Faith to whom? Mark but this *Jacomo.*

Clo. Even to the handsomest fellow now alive.
Fab. Do you know such a one?
Fra. He may be ghest at,
Without much travel.
Fab. There's another item.
Clor. And he should be a Souldier.
Fra. 'Twould be better.
Clor. And yet not you sweet Captain.
Fra. Why not he?
Jac. Well; I shall live to see your husbands beat you,
And hiss 'em on like ban-dogs.
Clora. Ha, ha, ha.
Jac. Green sicknesses and serving-men light on ye
With greasy Codpieces, and woollen stockings,
The Devil (if he dare deal with two women)
Be of your counsels: farewel Plaisterers— [*Exit* Jac.
Clora. This fellow will be mad at Mid-summer
Without all doubt.
Fab. I think so too.
Fra. I am sorry,
He's gone in such a rage; but sure this holds him
Not every day.
Fab. 'Faith every other day
If he come near a woman.
Clor. I wonder how his mother could endure
To have him in her Belly, he's so boysterous.
Fra. He's to be made more tractable I doubt not.
Clo. Yes, if they taw him as they do whit-leather
Upon an iron, or beat him soft like Stock-fish.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lelia *and her waiting-woman with a Vail.*

Lel. Art t' sure 'tis he?
Wom. Yes, and another with him.
Lel. The more the merrier; did you give that money
And charg'd it to be delivered where I shew'd you?
Wom. Yes, and what else you bad me.
Lel. That brave fellow,
Though he be old, whate'r he be, shews toughness,

And such a one I long for, and must have
At any price; these young soft melting gristles
Are only for my safer ends.
Wom. They are here.
Lel. Give me my Vail, and bid the Boy go sing
That song above, I gave him; the sad song;
Now if I miss him, I am curst, go, wench,
And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn
All company of men, yet make a venture
At last to let 'em in; thou knowst these things,
Do 'em to th' life.
Wom. I warrant you I am perfect.
Lel. Some ill woman for her use would give
A million for this Wench, she is so subtle.

Enter to the door Julio, *and* Angelo.

Wom. Good Sir, desire it not, I dare not do it,
For since your last being here, Sir, believe me,
She has griev'd her self out of all Company,
And (sweet Soul) almost out of life too.
Jul. Prithee,
Let me but speak one word.
Wom. You will offend, Sir,
And yet your name is more familiar with her
Than any thing but sorrow, good Sir, go.
Ang. This little Varlet hath her Lesson perfect,
These are the baits they bob with.
Jul. 'Faith I will not.
Wom. I shall be chidden cruelly for this;
But you are such a Gentleman—
Jul. No more. (enough.
Ang. There's a new Tyre, wench; peace, thou art well
Jul. What, has she musick?
Wom. Yes, for Heavens sake stay,
'Tis all she feeds upon.
Jul. Alas, poor soul.
Ang. Now will I pray devoutly, for there's need on't.

The SONG.

AWay delights, go seek some other dwelling,
For I must dye:
Farewel false Love, thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after Lye.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts,
Alas, for pity go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee, mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,
For I will dye;
And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I:
For ever will I sleep, while poor Maids cry,
Alas, for pity stay,
And let us dye
With thee, men cannot mock us in the day.

Jul. Mistriss? not one word, Mistriss if I grieve ye I can depart again.

Ang. Let's go then quickly,
For if she get from under this dark Cloud,
We shall both sweat I fear, for't.

Jul. Do but speak
Though you turn from me, and speak bitterly,
And I am gone, for that I think will please you.

Ang. Oh, that all women were thus silent ever,
What fine things they were!

Jul. You have look'd on me,
When (if there be belief in Womens words
Spoken in tears) you swore you lov'd to do so.

Lel. Oh me, my heart!

Ang. Now, *Julio*, play the man,
Or such another O me will undo thee:
Would I had any thing to keep me busie,
I might not hear her; think but what she is,
Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i'th' mash too.

Jul. 'Pray speak again.

Lel. Where is my Woman?

Wom. Here.
Ang. Mercy upon me! what a face she has!
Would it were vail'd again.
Lel. Why did you let
This flattering man in to me? did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,
As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?
Thou hast brought me poyson in a shape of Heaven,
Whose violence will break the hearts of all,
Of all weak Women, as it hath done mine,
That are such fools to love, and look upon him.
Good Sir, be gone, you know not what an ease
Your absence is.
Ang. By Heaven she is a wonder,
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am [s]quamish.
Jul. Though I desire to be here more than Heaven,
As I am now, yet if my sight offend you,
So much I love to be commanded by you,
That I will go; farewel—
Lel. I should say something
E're you depart, and I would have you hear me;
But why should I speak to a man that hates me,
And will but laugh at any thing I suffer?
Jul. If this be hate—
Lel. Away, away, deceiver.
Jul. Now help me, *Angelo*!
Ang. I am worse than thou art.
Lel. Such tears as those might make another Woman
Believe thee honest, *Julio*, almost me,
That know their ends, for I confess they stir me.
Ang. What will become of me? I cannot go now
If you would hang me, from her; O brave Eye!
Steal me away, [for Gods sake] *Julio*.
Jul. Alas, poor man! I am lost again too, strangely.
Lel. No, I will sooner trust a Crocodile
When he sheds tears, for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once; or any thing
That's evil to our Natures, than a man;
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way;

I was requesting you to come no more
And mock me with your service, 'tis not well,
Nor honest, to abuse us so far; you may love too;
For though, I must confess, I am unworthy
Of your love every way; yet I would have you
Think I am somewhat too good to make sport of.
Jul. Will you believe me?
Lel. For your Vows and Oaths,
And such deceiving tears as you shed now,
I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.
Jul. Let me be most despis'd of men—
Lel. No more;
There is no new way left, by which your cunning
Shall once more hope to catch me; no, thou false man,
I will avoid thee, and for thy sake all
That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in love,
For I am open ey'd again, and know thee;
Go, make some other weep, as I have done,
That dare believe thee; go, and swear to her
That is a stranger to thy cruelty,
And knows not yet what man is, and his lyings,
How thou di'st daily for her; pour it out
In thy best lamentations; put on sorrow,
As thou canst, to deceive an Angel, *Julio*,
And vow thy self into her heart, that when
I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falshood,
Still a forsaken Woman may be found,
To call to Heaven for vengeance.
Ang. From this hour,
I heartily despise all honest Women;
I care not if the World took knowledg on't,
I see there's nothing in them, but that folly
Of loving one man only; give me henceforth,
(Before the greatest Blessing can be thought of)
If this be one, a Whore; that's all I aim at.
Jul. Mistriss, the most offending man is heard
Before his sentence, why will you condemn me
E're I produce the truth to witness with me,
How innocent I am of all your angers?
Lel. There is no trusting of that tongue, I know't,

And how far if it be believ'd, it kills; no more, Sir.
Jul. It never lied to you; if it did,
'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.
Lel. Good Sir, no more; make not my understanding,
After I have suffer'd thus much evil by you,
So poor to think I have not reach'd the end
Of all your forc'd affections; yet because
I once lov'd such a sorrow too too dearly,
As that would strive to be; I do forgive ye
Even heartily, as I would be forgiven,
For all your wrongs to me; my charity
Yet loves you so far, (though again I may not)
And wish when that time comes, you will love truly,
(If you can ever do so) you may find
The worthy fruit of your affections,
True love again, not my unhappy Harvest,
Which, like a fool, I sow'd in such a heart,
So dry and stony, that a thousand showers
From these two eyes, continually raining,
Could never ripen.
Jul. Y' have conquer'd me;
I did not think to yield, but make me now,
Even what you will, my *Lelia*, so I may
Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.
Lel. No, no, those fond imaginations,
Are dead and buried in me, let 'em rest.
Jul. I'll marry you.
Ang. The Devil thou wilt, *Julio*,
How that word waken'd me! come hither, friend,
Thou art a fool, look stedfastly upon her,
Though she be all that I know excellent,
As she appears, though I could fight for her,
And run through fire; though I am stark mad too
Never to be recover'd, though I would
Give all I had i'th' World to lye with her
Even to my naked soul, I am so far gone,
Yet, methinks still, we should not dote away
That that is something more than ours, our honours.
I would not have thee marry her by no means,
Yet I should do so; is she not a Whore?

Jul. She is; but such a one—
Ang. 'Tis true, she's excellent,
And when I well consider, *Julio*,
I see no reason we should be confin'd
In our affections; when all Creatures else
Enjoy still where they like.
Jul. And so will I then.
Lel. He's fast enough I hope now, if I hold him.
Ang. You must not do so though, now I consider
Better what 'tis.
Jul. Do not consider, *Angelo*,
For I must do it.
Ang. No, I'll kill thee first,
I love thee so well, that the worms shall have thee
Before this Woman, friend.
Jul. It was your counsel.
Ang. As I was a Knave,
Not as I lov'd thee.
Jul. All this is lost upon me, *Angelo*,
For I must have her; I will marry ye
When ye please: pray look better on me.
Ang. Nay then no more, friend; farewel, *Julio*,
I have so much discretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.
Jul. Stay, thou art more than she, and now I find it.
Lel. Is he so?
Jul. Mistriss.
Lel. No, I'll see thee starv'd first. [*Exit* Lelia.
Jul. Friend.
Ang. Fly her as I do, *Julio*, she's a Witch.
Jul. Beat me away then, I shall grow here still else.
Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with thee,
Farewel for ever. [*Exit* Angelo.
Jul. Stay, I am uncharm'd,
Farewel thou cursed house, from this hour be
More hated of me than a Leprosie. [*Exit* Julio.

Enter Lelia.

Lel. Both gone? a plague upon 'em both,
Am I deceiv'd again? Oh, I would rail

And follow 'em, but I fear the spight of people,
Till I have emptied all my gall; the next
I seize upon shall pay their follies
To the last penny; This will work me worse,
He that comes next, by Heav'n shall feel their curse. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Jacomo *at one door*, Fabricio *at another.*

Fab. O, ye are a sweet youth, so uncivilly
To rail, and run away!
Jac. O! are you there, Sir?
I am glad I have found ye, you have not now your Ladies,
To shew your wit before.
Fab. Thou wou'lt not, wou'lt 'ou?
Jac. What a sweet youth I am, as you have made me,
You shall know presently.
Fab. Put up your Sword,
I have seen it often, 'tis a Fox.
Jac. It is so,
And you shall feel it too; will you dispatch, Sir?
And leave your mirth out? or I shall take occasion
To beat ye, and disgrace ye too.
Fab. Well, since there is no other way to deal with you,
Let's see your Sword, I am sure you scorn all odds,
I will fight with you—
Jac. How now? [*They measure, and* Fab. *gets his Sword.*
Fab. Nay, stand out,
Or by this light, I'll make ye.
Jac. This is scurvy,
And out of fear done.
Fab. No, Sir, out of judgment,
For he that deals with thee, thou'rt grown so boysterous,
Must have more wits, or more lives than another,
Or always be in Armour, or inchanted,
Or he is miserable.
Jac. Your end of this, Sir?
Fab. My end is only mirth to laugh at thee,
Which now I'll do in safety; ha, ha, ha.
Jac. *'S heart*! then I am grown ridiculous.

Fab. Thou art,
And wilt be shortly sport for little Children,
If thou continuest this rude stubborness.
Jac. O God, for any thing that had an edge!
Fab. Ha, ha, ha.
Jac. Fye, what a shame it is,
To have a Lubber shew his teeth!
Fab. Ha, ha.
Jac. Why dost thou laugh at me, thou wretched fellow?
Speak with a Pox; and look ye render me
Just such a reason—
Fab. I shall dye with laughing.
Jac. As no man can find fault with; I shall have
Another Sword, I shall, ye flearing Puppy.
Fab. Does not this testiness shew finely in thee?
Once more take heed of Children, if they find thee,
They'll break up School to bear thee Company,
Thou wilt be such a pastime, and whoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-Bones, and Spade, and Spit-fire,
And Gaffer Mad-man; and go by *Jeronimo*,
And will with a wisp, and come aloft, and crack rope,
And old Saint *Dennis* with the dudgeon Codpiss!
And twenty such names.
Jac. No, I think they will not.
Fab. Yes, but they will; and Nurses still their Children
Only with thee, and here take him, *Jacomo*.
Jac. God's precious, that I were but over thee
One Steeple height, I would fall and break thy Neck.
Fab. This is the reason I laugh at thee,
And while thou art thus, will do; tell me one thing.
Jac. I wonder how thou durst thus question me;
Prithee restore my Sword.
Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will; Nay Sir, keep out.
Jac. Well, I will be your fool now, speak your mind, Sir.
Fab. Art thou not breeding teeth?
Jac. How? Teeth?
Fab. Yes, teeth, thou wouldst not be so froward else.
Jac. Teeth?
Fab. Come, 'Twill make thee

A little rheumatick, but that's all one,
We'll have a Bib, for spoiling of thy Doublet;
And a fring'd Muckender hang at thy Girdle,
I'll be thy Nurse, and get a Coral for thee,
And a fine Ring of Bells.
Jac. 'Faith, this is somewhat
Too much, *Fabricio*, to your friend that loves you;
Methinks your goodness rather should invent
A way to make my follies less, than breed 'em;
I should have been more moderate to you,
But I see ye despise me.
Fab. Now I love ye,
There, take your Sword: continue so; I dare not
Stay now to try your patience, soon I'll meet ye,
And as you love your honours, and your state,
Redeem your self well to the Gentlewoman,
Farewel till soon. [*Exit* Fabricio.
Jac. Well, I shall think of this. [*Exit* Jacomo.

SCENE [VI].

Enter Host, Piso, *and Boy with a Glass of Wine.*

Pis. Nothing i'th' World, but a dry'd Tongue or two—
Host. Taste him, and tell me.
Pis. Is a valiant wine,
This must be mine, Host.
Host. This shall be *ipse*,
Oh, he's a devilish biting wine, a Tyrant
Where he lays hold, Sir, this is he that scorns
Small Beer should quench him; or a foolish Caudle
Bring him to Bed; no, if he flinch I'll shame him,
And draw him out to mull amongst old Midwives.
Piso. There is a Souldier, I would have thee better
Above the rest, because he thinks there's no man
Can give him drink enough.
Host. What kind of man?
Pis. That thou mayst know him perfectly, he's one
Of a left-handed making, a lank thing;
As if his Belly were ta'n up with straw
To hunt a match.

Host. Has he no Beard to shew him?
Pis. 'Faith, but a little, yet enough to note him,
Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant;
And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one
That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.
Host. That note's enough, he's mine, I'll fuddle him,
Or lye i'th' suds; you will be here too?
Pis. Yes, 'Till soon, farewel, and bear up.
Host. If I do not,
Say I am recreant, I'll get things ready.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Julio, *and* Angelo.

Jul. 'TIS strange thou should'st be thus, with thy dis-
Ang. I am sure I am so. (cretion.
Jul. I am well you see.
Ang. Keep your self warm then, and go home, & sleep,
And pray [to God] thou mayst continue so;
Would I had gone to th' Devil of an arrant,
When I was made a fool to see her; Leave me,
I am not fit for conversation.
Jul. Why, thou art worse than I was.
Ang. Therefore leave me,
The nature of my sickness is not eas'd
By company or counsel, I am mad,
And if you follow me with questions,
Shall shew my self so.
Jul. This is more than errour.
Ang. 'Pray be content, that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me. (gone.
Jul. Let me know, but what you mean to do, and I am
I would be loth to leave you thus else.
Ang. Nothing
That needs your fear, that is sufficient;
Farewel, and pray for me.
Jul. I would not leave you.
Ang. You must, and shall.
Jul. I will then, would yond' Woman

Had been ten fathom under ground, when first
I saw her eyes.
Ang. Yet she had been dangerous,
For to some wealthy Rock of precious stone,
Or mine of Gold, as tempting, her fair Body
Might have been turn'd, which once found out by labour,
And brought to use, having her Spells within it,
Might have corrupted States, and ruin'd Kingdoms,
Which had been fearful, (Friend) go, when I see thee
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.
'Pray do not follow me, you'll make me angry.
Jul. Heav'n grant you may be right again.
Ang. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tavern-Boys, &c.

Boy. Score a gallon of Sack, and a pint of Olives to the (Unicorn.
Above, within. Why drawer?
Boy. Anon, anon.
Another Boy. Look into the Nags-head there.
2 *Boy.* Score a quart of Claret to the Bar,
And a pound of Sausages into the Flower-pot.

Enter first Servant with Wine.

1 *Serv.* The Devil's in their throats; anon, anon.

Enter second Servant.

2 *Ser.* Mull a pint of Sack there for the women in the Flower-deluce, and put in ginger enough, they belch like potguns, And *Robin* fetch Tobacco for the Peacock, they will not be Drunk till mid-night else: how now, how does my Master?
2 *Boy.* Faith he lyes drawing on a pace.
1 *Boy.* That's an ill sign.
2 *Boy.* And fumbles with the pots too.
1 *Boy.* Then there's no way but one with him.
2 *Boy.* All the rest,
Except the Captain, are in *Limbo patrum*,
Where they lye sod in sack.
1 *Boy.* Does he bear up still?

2 *Boy.* Afore the wind still, with his lights up bravely,
All he takes in I think he turns to Juleps,
Or h'as a world of Stowage in his belly,
The rest look all like fire-drakes, and lye scatter'd
Like rushes round about the room. My Master
Is now the loving'st man, I think, above ground.
1 *Boy.* Would he were always drunk then.
Within. Drawer.
2 *Boy.* Anon, anon Sir.
1 *Boy.* And swears I shall be free to morrow, and so weeps
And calls upon my Mistris.
2 *Boy.* Then he's right. (her
1 *Boy.* And swears the Captain must lye this night with
And bad me break it to her with discretion,
That he may leave an issue after him,
Able to entertain a *Dutch Ambassador*,
And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,
And how he stole her from her friends i'th' Country;
And brought her up disguiz'd with the Carriers,
And was nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,
And the tenth got a drawer, here they come.

Enter Jacomo, *Host*, Lod. Piso.

Within cry drawer. Anon, anon, speak to the Tyger, *Peter.*
Host. There's my Bells boys, my silver Bell.
Piso. Would he were hang'd
As high as I could ring him.
Host. Captain.
Jac. Hoe Boy.
Lod. *Robin*, sufficient single Beer, as cold as crystal,
Quench *Robin*, quench.
1 *Boy.* I am gone Sir.
Host. Shall we bear up still? Captain how I love thee!
Sweet Captain let me kiss thee, by this hand
I love thee next to Malmsey in a morning,
Of all things transitory.
Jac. I love thee too, as far as I can love a fat man.
Host. Do'st thou Captain?
Sweetly? and heartily?
Jac. With all my heart Boy.

Host. Then welcom death, come close mine eyes sweet
Thou shalt have all. (Captain
Jac. What shall your wife have then? (spoon,
Host. Why she shall have besides my blessing, and a silver
Enough to keep her stirring in the world,
Three little Children, one of them was mine
Upon my conscience, th' other two are Pagans.
Jac. 'Twere good she had a little foolish mony,
To rub the time away with.
Host. Not a rag,
Not a *Deniere*, no, let her spin a Gods name:
And raise her house again.
Jac. Thou shalt not dye though:
Boy see your Master safe delivered,
He's ready to lye in.
Host. Good night.
Jac. Good morrow,
Drink till the Cow come home, 'tis all pay'd boyes.
Lod. A pox of Sack.
Host. Marry [God] bless my Buts, Sack is a Jewel,
'Tis comfortable, Gentlemen.
Jac. More Beer boy,
Very sufficient single Beer.
Boy. Here Sir.
How is it Gentlemen?
Jac. But ev'n so, so.
Host. Go before finely *Robin*, and prepare
My wife, bid her be right and streight, I come boy.
And Sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use
Their own discretions, by all means, and stir not,
And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried;
Captain, adieu, adieu sweet bully Captain,
One kiss before I dye, one kiss.
Jac. Farewel Boy.
Host. All my sweet boys farewel. [*Exit Host.*
Lod. Go sleep, you are drunk.
Ja. Come gentlemen, I'le see you at your lodging,
You look not lustily, a quart more.
Lod. No Boy.
Piso. Get us a Torch.

Boy. 'Tis day Sir.
Jac. That's all one.
Piso. Are not those the stars, thou scurvy Boy?
Lod. Is not Charles-wain there, tell me that, there?
Jac. Yes;
I have paid 'em truly: do not vex him Sirrah.
Piso. Confess it Boy, or as I live I'le beat
Mid-night into thy brains.
Boy. I do confess it.
Piso. Then live, and draw more small Beer presently.
Jac. Come Boyes, let's hug together, and be loving,
And sing, and do brave things cheerly my hearts,
A pox o' being sad; now could I fly
And turn the world about upon my finger,
Come ye shall love me, I am an honest fellow:
Hang care and fortune, we are friends.
Lod. No Captain.
Jac. Do not you love me? I love you two dearly.
Piso. No by no means; you are a fighting Captain,
And kill up such poor people as we are, by th' dozens.
Lod. As they kill flyes with Fox-tails, Captain.
Jac. Well Sir.
Lod. Me thinks now as I stand, the Captain shews
To be a very mercifull young man.
(And pre'thee *Piso*, let me have thy opinion).
Piso. Then he shall have mercy, that merciful is,
Or all the Painters are Apocrypha.
Jac. I am glad you have your wits yet, will ye go?
Piso. You had best say we are drunk.
Jac. Ye are.
Lod. Ye lye.
Jac. Y'are rascals, drunken rascals.
Piso. 'Tis sufficient.
Jac. And now I'le tell you why, before I beat ye,
You have been tampring any time these three days,
Thus to disgrace me.
Piso. That's a lye too.
Jac. Well Sir,
Yet I thank fate I have turn'd your points on you,
For which I'le spare ye somewhat, half a beating.

Piso. I'le make you fart fire Captain, by this hand,
And ye provoke, do not provoke I'de wish you.
Jac. How do you like this?
Lod. Sure I am inchanted.
Piso. Stay till I draw.
Jac. Dispatch then, I am angry.
Piso. And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll kill thee.
Jac. Thou darst not draw, ye cold, tame, mangy Cowards,
Ye drunken Rogues, can nothing make you valiant?
Not wine, nor beating?
Lod. If this may be suffer'd,
'Tis very well.
Jac. Go there's your way, go and sleep:
I have pity on you, you shall have the rest
To morrow when we meet.
Piso. Come *Lodowick*,
He's monstrous drunk now, there's no talking with him.
Jac. I am so; when I am sober, I'le do more
Boy where's mine Host? [*Ex.* Lod. *and* Piso.
Boy. He's on his bed asleep Sir. [*Ex.* Boy.
Jac. Let him alone then: now am I high proof
For any action, now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a wild fire; or I could love
Any man living now, or any woman,
Or indeed any creature that loves Sack
Extreamly, monstrously; I am so loving,
Just at this instant, that I might be brought
I feel it, with a little labour, now to talk
With a Justice of peace, that to my nature
I hate next an ill Sword: I will do
Some strange brave thing now, and I have it here:
Pray Heaven the air keep out; I feel it buzzing. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Frederick, Frank, Clora.

Clora. She loves him too much, that's the plain truth
For which if I might be believ'd, I think her (*Frederick*,
A strange forgetter of her self; there's *Julio*,

Or twenty more—
Fred. In your eye I believe you,
But credit me the Captain is a man,
Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy.
Clora. So is a resty Jade a horse of service,
If he would leave his nature; give me one
By your leave Sir to make a husband of
Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him;
Me thinks a man is misery enough.
Fred. You are too bitter,
I would not have him worse.
Yet I shall see you hamper'd one day Lady,
I do not doubt it, for this heresie.
Clo. I'le burn before; come pre'thee leave this sadness;
This walking by thy self to see the Devil,
This mumps, this Lachrymæ, this love in sippets;
It fits thee like a French-hood.
Fra. Does it so?
I am sure it fits thee to be ever talking,
And nothing to the purpose, take up quickly;
Thy wit will founder of all four else wench,
If thou hold'st this pace; take up when I bid thee.
Clora. Before your Brother, fy?
Fred. I can endure it.

Enter Jacomo.

Clo. Here's Raw-head come again; Lord how he looks!
Pray we 'scape with broken pates.
Fra. Were I he,
Thou should'st not want thy wish, he has been drinking,
Has he not *Frederick*?
Fred. Yes, but do not find it.
Clor. Peace and let's hear his wisdom.
Fred. You will mad him.
Jac. I am somewhat bold, but that's all one.
Clor. A short and pithy saying of a Souldier.
Fra. A[s] I live
Thou art a strange mad wench.
Clor. To make a Parson.
Jac. Ladyes I mean to kiss ye.

Clora. How he wipes his mouth like a young Preacher;
We shall have it.
Jac. In order as you lye before me; first
I'le begin with you.
Fra. With me Sir?
Jac. Yes.
Fra. If you will promise me to kiss in ease,
I care not if I venture.
Jac. I will kiss according to mine own inventions
As I shall see cause; sweetly I would wish you,
I love ye.
Fra. Do you Sir?
Jac. Yes indeed do I,
Would I could tell you how.
Fra. I would you would Sir.
Jac. I would to Heaven I could, but 'tis sufficient,
I love you with my heart.
Fra. Alas poor heart.
Jac. And I am sorry; but we'l talk of that
Hereafter, if it please Heaven.
Fra. Ev'n when you will Sir.
Clor. He's dismal drunk, would he were muzled.
Jac. You
I take it are the next.
Fra. Go to him fool.
Clor. Not I, he will bite me.
Jac. When wit? when?
Clor. Good Captain.
Jac. Nay, and you play bo-peep; I'le ha' no mercy
But catch as catch may.
Fred. Nay, I'le not defend ye.
Clor. Good Captain do not hurt me, I am sorry
That e're I anger'd ye.
Jac. I'le tew you for't
By this hand wit, unless you kiss discreetly.
Clor. No more Sir.
Jac. Yes a little more sweet wit,
One tast more o' your office: go thy wayes
With thy small kettle Drums; upon my conscience
Thou art the best, that e're man laid his leg o'er.

Clor. He smells just like a Cellar,
Fye upon him.
Jac. Sweet Lady now to you.
Clor. For loves sake kiss him.
Fred. I shall not keep my countenance.
Fra. Trye pre'thee.
Jac. Pray be not coy sweet woman, for I'le kiss ye,
I am blunt
But you must pardon me.
Clor. O God, my sides.
All. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Jac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?
Why all this noise sweet Ladyes?
Clor. Lusty *Laurence*,
See what a Gentlewoman you have saluted;
Pray God she prove not quick.
Fred. Where were thine eyes
To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha.
Jac. Who art 'a, art 'a mortal?
Fred. I am *Frederick*.
Jac. Then *Frederick* is an Asse,
A scurvy *Frederick* to laugh at me.
Fra. Sweet Captain.
Jac. Away woman;
Go stitch and serve, [God,] I despise thee woman,
And *Frederick* shall be beaten; 'Sfut ye Rogue
Have you none else to make your puppies of, but me?
Fred. I pre'thee be more patient
There's no hurt done.
Jac. 'Sfut but there shall be, Scab.
Clor. Help, help for loves sake.
Fra. Who's within there?
Fred. So now you have made a fair hand.
Jac. Why?
Fred. You have kill'd me— [*Fall as kill'd.*
Clor. Call in some Officers, and stay the Captain.
Jac. You shall not need.
Clor. This is your drunkenness.
Fra. O me, unhappy Brother, *Frederick*,
Look but upon me, do not part so from me,

Set him a little higher, he is dead.
Clora. O villain, villain.

Enter Fabritio, *and Servants.*

Fab. How now what's the matter?
Fra. O Sir my Brother! O my dearest Brother!
Clor. This drunken trowgh has kill'd him.
Fab. Kill'd him?
Clor. Yes.
For Heavens sake hang him quickly, he will do
Ev'ry day such a murder else, there is nothing
But a strong Gallows that can make him quiet,
I finde it in his nature too late.
Fab. Pray be quiet,
Let me come to him.
Clor. Some go for a Surgeon.
Fra. O what a wretched woman has he made me!
Let me alone good Sir.
Fab. To what a fortune,
Hast thou reserv'd thy life!
Ja. Fabritio.
Fab. Never entreat me, for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, unless it be
To have thee hang'd; for Heaven sake be more temperate.
Jac. I have a sword still, and I am a villain.
Clor. &c. Hold, hold, hold.
Jac. Ha?
Clor. Away with him for Heavens sake
He's too desperate for our enduring.
Fab. Come, you shall sleep, come strive not
I'le have it so, here take him to his lodging, and
See him laid before you part. [*Exeunt* Jac. *with Ser.*
Serv. We will Sir.
Fred. Ne're wonder, I am living yet, and well,
I thank you Sister for your grief, pray keep it
Till I am fitter for it.
Fab. Do you live Sir?
Fred. Yes, but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown
To such a madness in his wine.
Fab. 'Twas well Sir,

You had that good respect unto his temper,
That no worse follow'd. (perish'd.
Fred. If I had stood him, certain one of us must have
How now *Frank*?
Fra. Beshrew my heart I tremble like an aspin.
Clor. Let him come here no more for Heavens sake
Unless he be in chains.
Fra. I would fain see him
After he has slept, *Fabritio*, but to try
How he will be; chide him, and bring him back.
Clor. You'l never leave till you be worried with him.
Fra. Come Brother, we'l walk in, and laugh a little
To get this Fever off me.
Clor. Hang him squib,
Now could I grind him into priming powder.
Fra. Pray will you leave your fooling?
Fab. Come, all friends.
Fra. Thou art enough to make an age of men so,
Thou art so cross and peevish.
Fab. I will chide him,
And if he be not graceless, make him cry for't.
Clor. I would go a mile (to see him cry) in slippers
He would look so like a whey cheese.
Fra. Would we might see him once more.
Fab. If you dare
Venture a second tryal of his temper
I make no doubt to bring him.
Clor. No, good *Frank*,
Let him alone, I see his vein lyes only
For falling out at Wakes and Bear-baitings,
That may express him sturdy.
Fab. Now indeed
You are too sharp sweet Sister, for unless
It be this sin, which is enough to drown him,
I mean this sowrness, he's as brave a fellow,
As forward, and as understanding else
As any he that lives.
Fra. I do believe you,
And good Sir when you see him, if we have
Distasted his opinion any way,

Make peace again.

Fab. I will: I'le leave ye Ladies.

Clor. Take heed you had best, h'as sworn to pay you else.

Fab. I warrant you, I have been often threatned. (ach,

Clor. When he comes next, I'le have the cough or tooth-
Or something that shall make me keep my chamber,
I love him so well.

Fra. Would you would keep your tongue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. I cannot keep from this ungodly woman,
This *Lelia*, whom I know too, yet am caught,
Her looks are nothing like her; would her faults
Were all in *Paris* print upon her face,
Cum Privilegio, to use 'em still,
I would write an Epistle before it, on the inside of her masque
And dedicate it to the whore of *Babylon*, with a preface upon
Her nose to the gentle Reader; and they should be to be sold
At the sign of the whores head i'th' pottage pot, in what
Street you please. But all this helps not me;—I
Am made to be thus catch'd, past any redress, with a thing
I contemn too.
I have read *Epictetus* twice over against the
Desire of these outward things, and still her face runs in
My mind, I went to say my prayers, and they were
So laid out o'th' way, that if I could find any prayers I
Had, I'm no Christian,
This is the door, and the short
Is, I must see her again.— [*He knocks.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

Ang. 'Tis I, I would speak with your Mistriss.

Maid. Did she send for you?

Ang. No, what then? I would see her, prethee by thy leave.

Maid. Not by my leave; for she will not see you, but doth hate you, and (so proper
Your friend, and doth wish you both hang'd, which being

Men, is great pity, that you are not.
Ang. How's this? (perswaded your
Maid. For your sweet self in particular, who she resolves
Friend to neglect her, she deemeth whip-cord the most
Convenient unction for your back and shoulders.
Ang. Let me in, I'le satisfie her. (my speeches,
Ma. And if it shall happen that you are in doubt of these
Insomuch that you shall spend more time in arguing at the
Door, I am fully perswaded that my Mistris in person from
Above, will utter her mind more at large by way of
Urine upon your head, that it may sink the more soundly
Into your understanding faculties.
Ang. This is the strangest thing, good pretty soul, why dost thou use me so?
I pray thee let me in sweet-heart.
Maid. Indeed I cannot sweet-heart. (not become thee.
Ang. Thou art a handsom one, and this crosseness do's
Maid. Alas I cannot help it. (said I lik'd thee of
Ang. Especially to me; thou knowst when I was here, I
All thy Mistriss Servants. (press
Maid. So did I you, though it be not my fortune to ex-
It at this present: for truly if you would cry, I cannot
Let you in. (you
Ang. Pox on her, I must go the down-right way: look
Here is ten pound for you, let me speak with her.
Maid. I like your gold well, but it is a thing by heaven
I cannot do, she (affairs.
Will not speak with you, especially at this time, she has
Ang. This makes her leave her jesting yet, but take it
And let me see her, bring me to a place
Where undiscerned of her self I may
Feed my desiring eyes but half an hour.
Maid. Why faith I think I can, and I will stretch my wits
And body too for gold: if you will swear as you
Are gentle, not to stir, or speak, where you shall (you.
See or hear, now, or hereafter: give me your gold, I'le plant
Ang. Why, as I am a Gentleman, I will not.
Maid. Enough, quick, follow me.
[*Ex.* Angelo, *and Maid.*

Enter Servant.

S. Why where's this maid, she has much care of her business,
I think she be sunk;—why *Nell*—whiew— (*Nell*?
Maid within. What's the matter?

Enter Maid.

Ser. I pray you heartily, come away, oh, come, come, the
(Gentleman
My Mistris invited, is coming down the street, and the banquet
Not yet brought out?— [*They bring in the Banquet.*
Lel. within. Nell, Sirrah.
Maid. I come forsooth. (in hand, my
Ser. Now must I walk: when there's any fleshly matters
Mistris sends me of a four hours errand: but if I go not
About mine own bodily business as well as she, I am a Turk.
[*Exit Servant.*

Enter Father.

Fa. What, all wide open? 'Tis the way to sin
Doubtless; but I must on; the gates of Hell
Are not more passable than these; how they
Will be to get out, God knows, I must try.
'Tis very strange, if there be any life
Within this house, would it would shew it self.
What's here? a Banquet? and no mouth to eat,
Or bid me do it? this is something like
The entertainment of adventurous Knights
Entring enchanted Castles: For the manner
Though there be nothing dismal to be seen
Amazes me a little; what is meant
By this strange invitation? I will sound
My Daughters meaning e're I speak to her,
If it be possible, for by my voyce— [*Musique.*
She will discover me! hark, whence is this.

The SONG.

COme hither you that love, and hear me sing
of joyes still growing
Green, fresh, and lusty, as the pride of Spring,
and ever blowing.

Come hither youths that blush, and dare not know
what is desire,
And old men worse than you, that cannot blow
one spark of fire.
And with the power of my enchanting Song,
Boyes shall be able men, and old men young.

Enter Angelo, *above.*

Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,
leave off complaining,
Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never dye,
are here remaining.
Come hither fools, and blush, you stay so long
from being blest,
And mad men worse than you, that suffer wrong,
Yet seek no rest.
And in an hour, with my enchanting Song,
You shall be ever pleas'd, and young maids long.

Enter Lelia, *and her Maid with a Night-gown and Slippers.*

Lel. Sir you are welcom hither, as this kiss
Given with a larger freedom than the use
Of strangers will admit, shall witness to you.
Put the gown on him, in this chair sit down;
Give him his slippers: be not so amaz'd,
Here's to your health, and you shall feel this wine
Stir lively in me, in the dead of night,
Give him some wine; fall to your banquet Sir,
And let us grow in mirth; though I am set
Now thus far off you, yet four glasses hence
I will sit here,
And try, till both our bloods
Shoot up and down to find a passage out,
Then mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,
And undress one another as we go;
Where both my treasure, body, and my soul
Are your's to be dispos'd of.

Fa. Umh, umh.—*Makes signs of his white head & [b]eard.*

Lel. You are old,
Is that your meaning? why, you are to me

The greater novelty, all our fresh youth
Are daily offer'd me, though you perform
As you think little, yet you satisfie
My appetite: from your experience
I may learn something in the way of lust
I may be better for. But I can teach
These young ones;
But this day I did refuse
A paire of 'em, *Julio*, and *Angelo*,
And told them they were as they were
Raw fools and whelps.[a]
Maid. Pray God he speak not.[b]
Lel. Why speak you not sweet sir?

[a] Ang. *makes discontented signs.*
[b] *Maid laies her finger cross her mouth to him.*

Fath. Umh.— [*Stops his ears, shews he is troubled with*
Lel. Peace there, that musique, now Sir speak (*the Musick.*
To me.
Fath. Umh.— *Points at the Maid.*
Lel. Why? would you have her gone? you need not keep
Your freedom in for her; she knows my life
That she might write it;
Think she is a stone.
She is a kind of bawdy Confessor,
And will not utter secrets.
Fath. Umh.— [*Points at her again.*
Lel. Be gone then, since he needs will have it so,
'Tis all one. [*Exit Maid.—Fath. locks the door.*
Is all now as you would? come meet me then,
And bring a thousand kisses on thy lips,
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave
Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.
Fath. Yes, all is as I would but thou.
Lel. By Heaven 'tis my Father.— *Starts.*
Fath. And I do beseech thee
Leave these unheard of lusts which worse become thee,
Than mocking of thy Father; let thine eyes
Reflect upon thy soul, and there behold
How loathed black it is; and whereas now
Thy face is heavenly fair, but thy mind foul,
Go but into thy Closet, and there cry
Till thou hast spoil'd that face, and thou shalt find

How excellent a change thou wilt have made
For inward beauty.
Lel. Though I know him now
To be my Father, never let me live
If my lust do abate,
I'le take upon me
To have known him all this while.
Fath. Look, dost thou know me?
Lel. I knew ye Sir before.
Fath. What didst thou do?
Lel. Knew you, and so unmov'dly have you born
All the sad crosses that I laid upon you,
With such a noble temper, which indeed
I purposely cast on you, to discern
Your carriage in calamity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,
That I have turn'd the reverence of a child
Into the hot affection of a Lover.
Nor can there on the earth be found but yours
A spirit fit to meet with mine.
Fath. A woman? thou art not sure.
Lel. Look and believe.
Fath. Thou art
Something created to succeed the Devil
When he grows weary of his envious course,
And compassing the World; but I believe thee
Thou didst but mean to try my patience,
And dost so still; but better be advis'd,
And make thy tryal with some other things,
That safelier will admit a dalliance;
And if it should be earnest, understand
How curst thou art, so far from Heaven,
That thou believ'st it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a stranger, but wouldst heap all sins
Unnatural upon this aged head,
And draw thy Father to thy Bed, and Hell.
Lel. You are deceiv'd, Sir, 'tis not against nature
For us to lye together; if you have
An Arrow of the same Tree with your Bow,
Is't more unnatural to shoot it there

Than in another? 'Tis our general nature
To procreate, as fire is to consume,
And it will trouble you to find a stick
The fire will turn from; If't be Natures will
We should not mix, she will discover to us
Some most apparent crossness, as our organs
Will not be fit; which, if we do perceive,
We'll leave, and think it is her pleasure
That we should deal with others.

Fath. The doors are fast, thou shalt not say a Prayer,
'Tis not Heavens will thou shouldst; when this is done
I'll kill my self, that never man may tell me
I got thee.

[*Father draws his Sword*, Angelo *discovers himself.*

Lel. I pray you, Sir, help her, for Heavens sake, Sir.

Ang. Hold, Reverend Sir, for honour of your Age.

Fath. Who's that?

Ang. For safety of your Soul, and of the Soul
Of that too-wicked woman yet to dye.

Fath. What art thou? and how cam'st thou to that place?

Ang. I am a man so strangely hither come,
That I have broke an Oath in speaking this,
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,
And I desire your patience; let me in,
And I protest I will not hinder you
In any act you wish, more than by word,
If so I can perswade you, that I will not
Use violence, I'll throw my Sword down to you;
This house holds none but I, only a maid
Whom I will lock fast in as I come down.

Fath. I do not know thee, but thy tongue doth seem
To be acquainted with the truth so well,
That I will let thee in; throw down thy Sword.

Ang. There 'tis.

Lel. How came he there? I am betray'd to shame,
The fear of sudden death struck me all over
So violently, that I scarce have breath

[*He lets in* Angelo, *and locks the Door.*

To speak yet; but I have it in my head,
And out it shall, that (Father) may perhaps

O'r-reach you yet.

Enter Father, and Angelo.

Fath. Come, Sir, what is't you say?
Lel. My *Angelo*, by all the joys of love,
Thou art as welcome as these pliant arms
Twin'd round, and fast about thee, can perswade thee.
Ang. Away.
Lel. I was in such a fright before thou cam'st,
Yond' old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh,
Though it feared me) has talkt so wildly here—
Sirrah, he rush'd in at my doors, and swore
He was my Father, and I think believ'd it;
But that he had a Sword, and threatned me—
I' faith he was good sport, good, thrust him out,
That thou and I may kiss together; wilt thou?
Fath. Are you her Champion? and with these fair words
Got in to rescue her from me? [*Offers to run at him.*
Ang. Hold, Sir,
I swear I do not harbour such a thought,
I speak it not, for that you have two Swords,
But for 'tis truth.
Lel. Two Swords, my *Angelo*?
Think this, that thou hast two young brawny arms
And ne'r a Sword, and he has two good Swords,
And ne'r an arm to use 'em; rush upon him,
I could have beaten him with this weak Body,
If I had had the spirit of a man.
Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or, by Heaven,
I'll trample thy last damning word out of thee.
Fath. Why do you hinder me then? stand away,
And I will rid her quickly.
Lel. Would I were
Clear of this business, yet I cannot pray.
Ang. Oh, be advis'd, why you were better kill her
If she were good, convey her from this place,
Where none but you, and such as you appoint,
May visit her; where, let her hear of nought
But death and damning, which she hath deserv'd,
Till she be truly, justly sorrowful,

And then lay mercy to her, who does know
But she may mend?
Fath. But whither should I bear her?
Ang. To my house,
'Tis large, and private, I will lend it you.
Fath. I thank you, Sir, and happily it fits
With some design I have: but how shall we
Convey her?
Lel. Will they carry me away?
Fath. For she will scratch and kick, and scream so loud
That people will be drawn to rescue her.
Ang. Why? none can hear her here but her own maid,
Who is as fast as she.
Fath. But in the street?
Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the Kitchen,
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a Coach I'll bring to the back-door,
And hurry 'em away.
Fath. It shall be so,
I owe you much for this, and I may pay you,
There is your Sword, lay hold upon her quickly,
This way with me, thou disobedient Child,
Why does thy stubborn heart beat at thy breast?
Let it be still, for I will have it search'd
Till I have found a Well of living tears
Within it, that shall spring out of thine eyes,
And flow all o'r thy Body foul'd with sin,
Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain. [*They drag her.*
Lel. Help, help, ah! ah!
Murther, I shall be murthered, I shall be murthered.
Fath. This helps thee not.
Lel. Basely murthered, basely.
Fath. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lodowick, *and* Piso.

Lod. THis roguey Captain has made fine work with us.
Pis. I would the Devil in a storm would carry
Home to his Garrison again; I ake all over, (him

That I am sure of; certainly my Body
Is of a wild-fire, for my head rings backward,
Or else I have a morise in my brains.
Lod. I'll deal no more with Souldiers; well remembred,
Did not the Vision promise to appear
About this time again?
Pis. Yes, here he comes;
He's just on's word.

Enter Father.

Fath. O, they be here together,
She's penitent, and by my troth I stagger
Whether (as now she is) either of these
Two fools be worthy of her; yet because
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may stay her, one of 'em;
And *Piso*, since I understand him abler,
Shall be the man; the other bear the charges,
And willingly, as I will handle it.
I have a Ring here, which he shall believe
Is sent him from a woman I have thought of;
But e're I leave it, I'll have one of his
In pawn worth two on't; for I will not lose
By such a mess of sugar-sops as this is:
I am too old.
Lod. It moves again, let's meet it.
Fath. Now if I be not out, we shall have fine sport,
I am glad I have met you, Sir, so happily,
You do remember me I am sure.
Lod. I do, Sir.
Pis. This is a short præludium to a challenge.
Fa. I have a message, Sir, that much concerns you,
And for your special good; nay, you may hear too.
Pis. What should this fellow mean?
Fath. There is a Lady,
(How the poor thing begins to warm already)
Come to this town, (as yet a stranger here, Sir)
Fair, young, and rich, both in possessions,
And all the graces that make up a Woman,
A Widow, and a vertuous one; it works,

He needs no broth upon't.
Lod. What of her, Sir?
Fath. No more but this; she loves you.
Lod. Loves me?
Fath. Yes,
And with a strong affection, but a fair one, (matter.
If ye be wise and thankful ye are made; there's the whole
Lod. I am sure I hear this.
Fath. Here is a Ring, Sir, of no little value;
Which after she had seen you at a window,
She bad me haste, and give it, when she blush'd
Like a blown Rose.
Lod. But pray, Sir, by your leave—
Methinks your years should promise no ill meaning.
Fath. I am no Bawd, nor Cheater, nor a Courser
Of broken-winded women; if you fear me,
I'll take my leave, and let my Lady use
A fellow of more form; an honester
I am sure she cannot.
Lod. Stay, you have confirm'd me,
Yet let me feel; you are in health?
Fath. I hope so,
My water's well enough, and my pulse.
Lod. Then
All may be excellent; pray pardon me,
For I am like a Boy that had found money,
Afraid I dream still.
Pis. Sir, what kind of woman?
Of what proportion is your Lady?
Lod. I.
Fath. I'll tell you presently her very Picture,
Do you know a woman in this town they call
(Stay, yes, it is so) *Lelia*?
Piso. Not by sight.
Fath. Nor you, Sir?
Lod. Neither.
Fath. These are precious Rogues
To rail upon a woman they never saw;
So they would use their Kindred.
Pis. We have heard though

She is very fair and goodly.
Fath. Such another,
Just of the same Complexion, making, speech,
But a thought sweeter is my Lady.
Lod. Then
She must be excellent indeed.
Fath. Indeed she is,
And you will find it so; you do believe me?
Lod. Yes marry do I, and I am so alter'd—
Fath. Your happiness will alter any man:
Do not delay the time, Sir; at a house
Where *Don Valasco* lay, the Spanish Seignior
(Which now is Seignior *Angelo*'s) she is.
Lod. I know it.
[*Fath.*] But before you shew your self,
Let it be night by all means, willingly
By day she would not have such Gallants seen
Repair unto her, 'tis her modesty.
Lod. I'll go and fit my self.
Fath. Do, and be sure
You send provision in, in full abundance,
Fit for the Marriage; for this night I know
She will be yours, Sir, have you never a token
Of worth to send her back again? you must,
She will expect it.
Lod. Yes, pray give her this.
And with it all I have; I am made for ever. [*Exit* Lod.
Pis. Well, thou hast fools luck; should I live as long
As an old Oak, and say my prayers hourly,
I should not be the better of a penny;
I think the Devil be my ghostly father;
Upon my conscience I am full as handsome,
I am sure I have more wit, and more performance,
Which is a pretty matter.
Fath. Do you think, Sir,
That your friend, Seignior *Piso*, will be constant
Unto my Lady? you should know him well.
Piso. Who? Seignior *Piso*?
Fath. Yes, the Gentleman.
Piso. Why, you are wide, Sir.

Fath. Is not his name *Piso*?
Piso. No, mine is *Piso*.
Fath. How?
Piso. 'Tis indeed, Sir,
And his is *Lodowick*.
Fath. Then I am undone, Sir,
For I was sent at first to *Piso*; what a Rascal
Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you?
Piso. Peace,
There is no harm done yet.
Fath. Now 'tis too late,
I know my errour;
At turning of a Street,
For you were then upon the right hand of him,
You chang'd your places suddenly; where I
(Like a cross block-head) lost my memory;
What shall I do? my Lady utterly
Will put me from her favour.
Piso. Never fear it,
I'll be thy guard I warrant thee; O, O,
Am I at length reputed? for the Ring,
I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from him;
H'ad better keep tame Devils than that Ring;
Art thou not Steward?
Fath. No.
Pis. Thou shalt be shortly.
Fath. Lord, how he takes it!
Piso. I'll go shift me streight;
Art t' sure [it] was to *Piso*?
Fath. O, too sure, Sir.
Piso. I'll mount thee if I live for't,
Give me patience, heav'n, to bear this blessing I beseech thee;
I am but man, I prithee break my head
To make me understand I am sensible.
Fath. Lend me your Dagger, and I will, Sir.
Piso. No.
I believe now like a good Christian.
Fath. Good Sir, make hast; I dare not go without ye
Since I have so mistaken.
Piso. 'Tis no matter,

Meet me within this half hour at St. *Marg'rets.*
Well, go thy ways, old Lad, thou hast the trick on't.
[*Exit* Piso.

Enter Angelo, *and* Julio.

Ang. How now? the news?
Fath. Well, passing well, I have 'em,
Both in a leash, and made right for my purpose.
Jul. I am glad on't, I must leave you.
Ang. Whither man?
Jul. If all go right I may be fast enough too.
Ang. I cry you mercy, Sir, I know your meaning,
Clora's the woman, she's *Frank*'s Bedfellow,
Commend me to 'em, go, *Julio*,
Bring 'em to supper all, to grace this matter;
They will serve for witnesses.
Jul. I will, farewel.
[*Exit* Julio *at one door, and* Ang. *and Fath. at another.*

SCENE II.

Enter Clora, Frank, *and* Frederick, *and Maid.*

Fred. Sister, I brought you *Jacomo* to the door,
He has forgot all that he said last night;
And shame of that makes him [more] loth to come,
I left *Fabricio* perswading him, but 'tis in vain.
Fran. Alas, my fortune, *Clora.*
Clor. Now *Frank*, see what a kind of man you love,
That loves you when he's drunk.
Fran. If so,
'Faith, I would marry him; my friends I hope
Would make him drink. (humours then,
Clor. 'Tis well consider'd, *Frank*, he has such pretty
Besides, being a Souldier, 'tis better he should love
You when he's drunk, than when he's sober, for then he
Will be sure to love you the greatest part on's life.
Fran. And were not I a happy woman then?
Clor. That ever was born, *Frank*, i' faith—
Fred. How now, what says he?

Enter Fabricio.

(and Bell

Fab. 'Faith, you may as well 'tice a Dog up with a Whip
As him, by telling him of Love and Women, he swears
They mock him.

Fred. Look how my Sister weeps.

Fab. Why, who can help it?

Fred. Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.

Fab. Why, so I did; and may do all the oaths,
Arithmetick can make, e're he believe me;
And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous
They would abuse him; if we could perswade him
She lov'd, he would embrace it.

Fred. She her self
Shall bate so much of her own modesty
To swear it to him, with such tears as now
You see rain from her.

Fab. I believe 'twould work,
But would you have her do't i'th' open street?
Or if you would, he'll run away from her,
How shall we get him hither?

Fred. By entreaty.

Fab. 'Tis most impossible, no, if we could
Anger him hither, as there is no way
But that to bring him, and then hold him fast,
Women, and men, whilst she delivers to him the truth
Seal'd with her tears, he would be plain
As a pleas'd Child; he walks below for me
Under the window.

Clor. We'll anger him I warrant ye,
Let one of the maids take a good Bowl of water,
Or say it be a piss-pot, and pour't on's head.

Fab. Content, hang me if I like not the cast of it rarely,

(for no question

It is an approv'd Receipt to fetch such a fellow; (one,
Take all the women-kind in this house, betwixt the Age of
And one hundred, and let them take unto them a pot or a
Bowl containing seven quarts or upwards, and let them
Never leave, till the above named
Pot or Bowl become full, then let one of them stretch out

Her Arm, and pour it on his head, and *probatum est*, it
Will fetch him, for in his anger he will run up, and then let
Us alone.

Clor. Go you and do it. [*Exit Maid.*

Fran. Good *Clora*, no. (that

Clor. Away I say, & do it, never fear, we have enough of
Water ready distill'd.

Fran. Why, this will make him mad, *Fabricio*,
He'll neither love me drunk nor sober now.

Fab. I warrant you; what, is the wench come up?

Enter Wench.

Clor. Art thou there, wench?

Wench. I.

Fab. Look out then if thou canst see him. (could not

Wench. Yes, I see him, and by my troth he stands so fair I
Hold were he my Father, his hat's off too, and he's scratching
His head.

Fab. O, wash that hand I prithee. (thrown thee

Wench. 'Send thee good luck, this the second time I have
Out to day, ha, ha, ha, just on's head.

Fran. Alas!

Fab. What does he now? (Street windows.

Wench. He gathers stones, God's light, he breaks all the

Jac. Whores, Bawds, your windows, your windows.

Wench. Now he is breaking all the low windows with
His Sword, (him,
Excellent sport, now he's beating a fellow that laugh'd at
Truly the man takes it patiently; now he goes down the street
Gravely, looking on each side, there's not one more dare laugh.

Fran. Does he go on?

Wench. Yes.

Fran. *Fabricio*, you have undone a Maid
[Frank *kneels.*
By treachery; know you some other better,
You would prefer your friend to? if you do not
Bring him again, I have no other hope,
But you that made me lose hope, if you fail me,
I ne'r shall see him, but shall languish out
A discontented life, and dye contemn'd.

Fab. This vexes me, I pray you be more patient,
[*Lifts her up.*
If I have any truth, let what will happen,
I'll bring him presently, do ye all stand
At the Street door, the maids, and all, to watch
When I come back, and have some private place
To shuffle me into; for he shall follow
In fury, but I know I can out-run him
As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him;
And use your own discretions.
Fred. We will do it.
Fab. But suddenly, for I will bring him hither
With that unstopt speed, that he shall run over
All that's in's way; and though my life be ventur'd
'Tis no great matter, I will do't.
Fran. I thank you,
Worthy *Fabricio.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. I ever knew no woman could abide me,
But am I grown so contemptible, by being once drunk
Amongst 'em, that they begin to throw piss on my head?
For surely it was piss, huh, huh. [*seem to smell.*

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. *Jacomo*, how do'st thou?
Jac. Well, something troubled with waterish humours.
Fab. Foh, how thou stink'st! pre'thee stand further off me,
Me thinks these humours become thee better than thy dry
Cholerick humours, or thy wine-wet humours; ha?
Jac. You're pleasant, but *Fabritio* know I am not in the (mood of
Suffering jests.
Fab. If you be not i'th' mood I hope you will not be moody,
But truly I cannot blame the Gentlewomen, you stood eves- (dropping
Under their window, and would not come up.
Jac. Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk
Your hand was in't, which if I once believe,

Be sure you shall account to me. (you already,
Fab. The Gentlewomen and the Maids have counted to
The next turn I see is mine.
Jac. Let me dye but this is very strange; good *Fabritio*
Do not provoke me so. (there's no
Fab. Provoke you? you're grown the strangest fellow;
Keeping company with you, phish; take you that.
Jac. O all the Devils! stand Slave. (Fab. *gives him a box o'th' ear suddenly, and throws him from him, and goes his way, whilst* Jaco. *draws his Sword.*
Fab. Follow me if thou dar'st.
Jac. Stay coward, stay.— Jac. *runs after* Fabricio.

SCENE IV.

Enter Fred. Fra. Clora, *and Servant, and Maid.*

Clora. Be ready for I see *Fabritio* running,
And *Jacomo* behind him.

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Where's the place?
Fred. That way *Fabritio.* [*Exit* Fabritio.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. Where art thou treacher, (Fred. Clor. *and Maid, lay hold on* Jacomo.
What is the matter Sirs?
Why do you hold me? I am basely wrong'd,
Torture, and hell be with you; let me go.
Fre. Good *Jac.* be patient, and but hear (*they drag him to a chair and hold him down in't.*
What I can say, you know I am your friend,
If you yet doubt it, by my soul I am.
Jac. S'death stand away;
I would my breath were poyson.
Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown on you,
And this now done, were but to draw you hither
For causes weighty, that concern your self,
Void of all malice, which this Maid my Sister
Shall tell you.
Jac. Puh, a pox upon you all; you will not hold me
For ever here, and till you let me go,
I'le talk no more.

Fran. As you're a Gentleman
Let not this boldness make me be believ'd
To be immodest; if there were a way
More silently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would choose, but as it is
Take it in plainness: I do love you more
Than you do your content, if you refuse
To pity me, I'le never cease to weep,
And when mine eyes be out I will be told
How fast the tears I shed for you do fall,
And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'le fetch a sigh shall make 'em start, and leap,
As if the fire were under.
Jac. Fine mocking, fine mocking.
Fred. Mocking? look how she weeps.
Jac. Do's she counterfeit crying too?
Fred. Behold how the tears flow, or pity her
Or never more be call'd a man. (sible think you,
Jac. How's this? soft you, soft you my Masters: is't pos-
She should be in earnest? (sleeps,
Clo. Earnest? I in earnest: she's a fool to break so many
That would have been sound ones, & venture such a fane, and
So much life, for e're an humorous asse i'th' world.
Fra. Why *Clora*? I have known you cry as much
For *Julio*, that has not half his worth,
All night you write and weep too much I fear,
I do but what I should.
Clora. If I do write,
I am answer'd *Frank.*
Fran. I would I might be so.
Jac. Good *Frederick* let me go, I would fain try
If that thing do not counterfeit.
Fred. Give me your Sword then.
Jac. No, but take my word,
As I am man, I will not hurt a creature
Under this roof, before I have deliver'd
My self, as I am now, into your hands,
Or have your full consent.
Fred. It is enough.
Ja. Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel your face; I am an

Infidel, if she do not weep: Stay, where's my handkerchief?
I'le wipe the old wet off, fresh tears come, pox on't
I am a handsom, gracious fellow amongst women, and (are
Knew't not Gentlewoman; how should I know these tears
For me? is not your Mother dead?

Fran. By heaven they are for you. (morrow

Jac. 'Slight I'le have my head curl'd, and powder'd to
By break of day; if you love me, I pray you kiss me,
For if I love you, it shall be such love, as I will not be
Asham'd of, if this be a mock— [*kisses.*
It is the heartiest, and the sweetest mock
That e're I tasted, mock me so again— [*kiss again.*

Fred. Fy *Jacomo*? why do you let her kneel
So long?

Jac. It's true I had forgot it— [*lifts her up.*
And should have done this twelve-moneth; pray you rise.
Frederick, if I could all this while have been perswaded she could
Have lov'd me, dost thou think I had not rather kiss her
Than another should? and yet you may gull me for ought
I know, but if you do, hell take me if I do not cut
All your throats sleeping.

Fred. Oh do not think of such a thing.

Jac. Otherwise, if she be in earnest, the short is I am.

Fran. Alas, I am.

Jac. And I did not think it possible any woman
Could have lik'd this face, it's good for nothing, is't?

Clor. Yes it's worth forty shillings to pawn, being lin'd
Through with velvet. (almost quite

Fran. 'Tis better than your *Julio's*.

Jac. Thou thinkest so,
But otherwise, in faith it is not *Frank*—[*whilst* Jacomo *is kissing* Frank.

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Hist *Jacomo*; How do'st thou Boy? ha?

Jac. Why very well, I thank you Sir. (sages

Fab. Do'st thou perceive the reason of matters, and pas-
Yet Sirrah, or no?

Jac. 'Tis wondrous good Sir. (to some

Fab. I have done simply for you, but now you are beaten

Understanding, I pray you dally not with the Gentlewoman
But dispatch your Matrimony, with all convenient speed.
Fred. He gives good counsel.
Jac. And I will follow it.
Fab. And I you, prethee do not take it unkindly,
For trust me I boxt thee for thy advancement,
A foolish desire I had to joggle thee into preferment.
Jac. I apprehend you Sir, and if I can study out a course
How a bastinadoing may any wayes raise your fortunes
In the State, you shall be sure on't.
Fab. Oh Sir keep your way, God send you much joy.
Clora. And me my *Julio.*
O God I hear his voyce, now he is true, (*but* Fred.
Have at a marriage *Frank*, as soon as you— [*Exeunt all*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir I would speak with you.
Fred. What is your has[t]y business friend? (Court.
Mess. The Duke commands your present attendance at
Fred. The cause?
Mess. I know not in particular; but this
Many are sent for more, about affairs
Forraign I take it Sir.
Fred. I will be there
Within this hour, return my humble service.
Mess. I will Sir. [*Exit Messenger.*
Fred. Farewel friend, what new's with you?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Mistris would desire you Sir to follow
With all the hast you can, she is gone to Church,
To marry Captain *Jacomo*, and *Julio*
To do as much for the young merry Gentlewoman,
Fair Mistris *Clora.*
Fred. *Julio* marry *Clora*?
Thou art deceiv'd I warrant thee.
Ser. No sure Sir,
I saw their lips as close upon the bargain
As Cockles.
Fred. Give 'em joy, I cannot now go,

The Duke hath sent for me in hast. (where they are. [*Ex.*
Ser. This note Sir, when you are free, will bring you
Fred. reads. You shall find us all at Signeur *Angelo's*,
Where *Piso*, and the worthy *Lelia*
Of famous memory are to be married,
And we not far behind.
Would I had time
To wonder at this last couple in hell.

Enter Messenger again.

Mess. You are stai'd for Sir.
Fred. I come, pray God the business
Hold me not from this sport, I would not lose it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Father, Piso, Angelo, *and* Lelia.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy pair.
Piso. I do not doubt we shall.
There was never poor gentleman had such a sudden fortune,
I could thrust my head betwixt two pales, and strip me out of
My old skin like a Snake: will the guests come thou saidst
Thou sentest for to solemnize the Nuptials?
Fath. They will, I lookt for 'em e're this.

Enter Julio, Jacomo, Fabritio, Frank, Clora.

Jul. By your leave all.
Fath. They're here Sir.
Jul. Especially fair Lady
I ask your pardon, to whose marriage-bed
I wish all good success, I have here brought you
Such guests as can discern your happiness,
And best do know how to rejoyce at it;
For such a fortune they themselves have run,
The worthy *Jacomo*, and his fair Bride,
Noble *Fabritio*, whom this age of peace
Has not yet taught to love ought but the warrs,
And his true friends, this Lady who is but
A piece of me. [*Exit Father.*

Leli. Sir, you are welcom all,
Are they not Sir? (fool
Piso. Bring in some wine, some of the wine *Lodowick* the
Sent hither: who ever thou bid'st welcom shall find it.
Leli. An une[x]pected honour you have done
To our too hasty wedding.
Jac. Faith Madam, our weddings were as hasty as yours,
We are glad to run up and down any whither, to see where
We can get meat to our wedding.
Piso. That *Lodowick* hath provided too, good Asse.
Ang. I thought you *Julio* would not thus have stollen a
Without acquainting your friends. (marriage
Jul. Why I did give thee inklings. (e're almost
Ang. If a marriage should be thus stubber'd up in a play,
Any body had taken notice you were in love, the Spectators
Would take it to be but ridiculous.
Jul. This was the first, and I will never hide
Another secret from you.

Enter Father.

Fath. Sir, yonder's your friend *Lodowick*, hide your self
And 'twill be the best sport—
Piso. Gentlemen, I pray you take no notice, I'm here.
The coxcomb *Lodowick* is coming in.

Enter Lodowick.

Lod. Is that the Lady?
Fath. That is my Lady.
Lod. As I live she's a fair one; what make all these here?
Fath. O Lord Sir she is so pester'd—
Fab. Now will the sport be, it runs right as *Julio* told us.
Lod. Fair Lady health to you; some words I have, that
Require an utterance more private,
Than this place can afford.
Lel. I'le call my husband,
All business I hear with his ears now.
Lod. Good Madam no, but I perceive your jest,
You have no husband, I am the very man
That walk'd the streets so comely.
Lel. Are you so?

Lod. Yes faith, when *Cupid* first did prick your heart.
I am not cruel, but the love begun
I'th' street I'le satisfie i'th' chamber fully.
Lel. To ask a Madman whether he be mad
Were but an idle question, if you be,
I do not speak to you, but if you be not
Walk in the streets again, and there perhaps
I may dote on you, here I not endure you.
Lod. Good Madam stay, do not you know this Ring?
Lel. Yes it was mine, I sent it by my Man,
To change and so he did, it has a blemish,
And this he brought me for it; did you change it?
Are you a Goldsmith?
Lod. Sure the world is mad,
Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your Lady?
Fath. Yes surely Sir, did I, but your worship must ev'n (bear with me;
For there was a mistaking in it, and so, as I was
Saying to your worship, my Lady is now married.
Lod. Married? to whom?
Fa. To your worships friend *Piso.*
Lod. S'death to *Piso*?
Piso within. Ha, ha, ha.
Ang. Yes Sir I can assure you she's married to him, I saw't
With these gray eyes.
Lod. Why what a Rogue art thou then! thou hast made
Me send in provision too. (in's mouth.
Fa. O a Gentleman should not have such foul words
But your Worships provision could not have come in at a fitter
Will it please you to tast any of your own wine? (time;
It may be the Vintner has cozen'd you.
Lod. Pox I am mad.
Ang. You have always plots Sir, and see how they fall out.
Jac. You had a plot upon me, how do you like this?
Lod. I do not speak to you.
Fab. Because you dare not. (this Ring.
Lod. But I will have one of that old Rogues teeth set in
Fat. Do'st not thou know that I can beat thee?
Dost thou know it now? (*discovers himself.*)
Lod. He beat me once indeed.

Fat. And if you have forgot it, I can call a witness,
Come forth *Piso*—remember you it?
Piso. Faith I do call to minde such a matter.
Fat. And if I cannot still do't, you are young
And will assist your Father in law.
Piso. My Father in law?
Ang. Your Father in law, as sure as this is widow *Lelia.*
Piso. How widow *Lelia*?
Fat. I' faith 'tis she, Son.
Lod. Ha, ha, ha, let my provision go, I am glad I
Have mist the woman.
Piso. Have you put a whore upon me?
Lel. By heaven you do me wrong, I have a heart
As pure as any womans, and I mean
To keep it so for ever.
Fa. There is no starting now, Son, if you offer't
I can compel you, her estate is great,
But all made o're to me, before this match,
Yet if you use her kindly, as I swear
I think she will deserve, you shall enjoy it
During your life, all save some slender piece
I will reserve for my own maintenance,
And if God bless you with a child by her,
It shall have all.
Piso. So I may have the means,
I do not much care what the woman is:
Come my sweet heart, as long as I shall find
Thy kisses sweet, and thy means plentifull,
Let people talk their tongues out.
Lel. They may talk
Of what is past, but all that is to come
Shall be without occasions.
Jul. Shall we not make *Piso*, and *Lodowick* friends?
Jac. Hang 'em they dare not be Enemies, or if they be,
The danger is not great, welcom *Frederick.*

Enter Frederick.

Fred. First joy unto you all; and next I think
We shall have wars.
Jac. Give me some wine, I'le drink to that.

Fab. I'le pledge.
Fran. But I shall lose you then. (a Souldier.
Jac. Not a whit wench; I'le teach thee presently to be
Fred. *Fabritio*'s command, and yours are both restor'd.
Jac. Bring me four glasses then.
Fab. Where are they?
Ang. You shall not drink 'em here, 'tis supper time,
And from my house no creature here shall stir
These three dayes, mirth shall flow as well as wine.
Fa. Content, within I'le tell you more at large
How much I am bound to all, but most to you,
Whose undeserved liberality
Must not escape thus unrequited.
Jac. 'Tis happiness to me, I did so well:
Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give worth reward, vice, punishment.

[*Exeunt Om.*

Prologue.

TO please you with this Play, we fear will be
(So does the Author too) a mystery
Somewhat above our Art; For all mens eyes,
Ears, faiths, and judgements, are not of one size.
For to say truth, and not to flatter ye,
This is nor Comedy, *nor* Tragedy,
Nor History, *nor any thing that may*
(Yet in a week) be made a perfect Play:
Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think
Twelve pence goes farther this way than in drink,
Or Damsels, if they mark the matter through,
May stumble on a foolish toy, or two
Will make 'em shew their teeth: pray, for my sake
(That likely am your first man) do not take

A distaste before you feel it: for ye may
When this is hist to ashes, have a Play.
And here, to out-hiss this; be patient then,
(My honour done) y'are welcom Gentlemen.

Epilogue.

IF you mislike (as you shall ever be
Your own free Judges) this Play utterly,
For your own Nobleness yet do not hiss,
But as you go by, say it was amiss;
And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be
Never in cold blood: O' my honesty
(If I have any) this I'le say for all,
Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

THE PROPHETESS.

A Tragical History.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Charinus, *Emperour of* Rome.
Cosroe, *King of* Persia.
Diocles, *of a private Souldier elected Co-Emperour.*
Maximinian, *Nephew to* Diocles, *and Emperour by his donation.*
Volutius Aper, *Murtherer of* Numerianus, *the late Emperour.*
Niger, *a noble Souldier, Servant to the Emperour.*
Camurius, *a Captain, and Creature of* Aper's.
Persian *Lords.*
Senators.
Souldiers.
Guard.
Suitors.
Ambassadors.
Lictors.
Flamen.
Attendants.
Shepherd.
Country-men.
Geta, *a Jester, Servant to* Diocles, *a merry Knave.*

WOMEN.

Aurelia, *Sister to* Charinus.
Cassana, *Sister to* Cosroe, *a Captive, waiting on* Aurelia.
Delphia, *a Prophetess.*
Drusilla, *Niece to* Delphia, *in love with* Diocles.

The Scene Rome.

The principal Actors were,

John Lowin. | *Joseph Taylor.*
Robert Benfield. | *Nicholas Toolie.*
John Shanke. | *George Birch.*
Richard Sharpe. | *Thomas Holcombe.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Niger.

Cha. YOU buz into my head strange likelihoods,
And fill me full of doubts; but what proofs, *Niger*,
What certainties, that my most noble Brother
Came to his end by murther? Tell me that,
Assure me by some circumstance.
Niger. I will, Sir,
And as I tell you truth, so the gods prosper me,
I have often nam'd this *Aper*.
Char. True, ye have done;
And in mysterious senses I have heard ye
Break out o'th' sudden, and abruptly.
Niger. True, Sir;
Fear of your unbelief, and the times giddiness
Made me I durst not then go farther. So your Grace please,
Out of your wonted goodness, to give credit,
I shall unfold the wonder.
Aur. Do it boldly;
You shall have both our hearty loves, and hearings.
Niger. This *Aper* then, this too much honour'd Villain,
(For he deserves no mention of a good man)
Great Sir, give ear; this most ungrateful, spightful,
Above the memory of mankind, mischievous,
With his own bloody hands.
Char. Take heed.
Nig. I am in, Sir;
And if I make not good my story.
Aur. Forward;
I see a truth would break out; be not fearful.
Nig. I say this *Aper*, and his damn'd Ambition,
Cut off your Brothers hopes, his life, and fortunes;
The honour'd *Numerianus* fell by him,
Fell basely, most untimely, and most treacherously:
For in his Litter, as he bore him company,
Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him;
Yet still he fills the faithful Souldiers ears
With stories of his weakness, of his life,

That he dare not venture to appear in open,
And shew his warlike face among the Souldiers;
The tenderness and weakness of his eyes
Being not able to endure the Sun yet.
Slave that he is, he gives out this infirmity
(Because he would dispatch his honour too)
To arise from wantonness, and love of women,
And thus he juggles still.
Aur. O most pernicious,
Most bloody, and most base! Alas, dear Brother,
Art thou accus'd, and after death thy memory
Loaden with shames and lies? Those pious tears
Thou daily shower'st upon my Fathers monument,
(When in the *Persian* Expedition
He fell unfortunately by a stroke of Thunder)
Made thy defame and sins? those wept out eyes,
The fair examples of a noble nature,
Those holy drops of Love, turn'd by depravers
(Malicious poyson'd tongues) to thy abuses?
We must not suffer this.
Char. It shows a truth now;
And sure this *Aper* is not right nor honest,
He will not [now] come near me.
Nig. No, he dare not;
He has an inmate here, that's call'd a conscience,
Bids him keep off.
Char. My Brother honour'd him,
Made him first Captain of his Guard, his next friend;
Then to my Mother (to assure him nearer)
He made him Husband.
Nig. And withal ambitious;
For when he trod so nigh, his false feet itch'd, Sir,
To step into the State.
Aur. If ye believe, Brother,
Aper a bloody Knave (as 'tis apparent)
Let's leave disputing, and do something noble.
Char. Sister, be rul'd, I am not yet so powerful
To meet him in the field; he has under him
The Flower of all the Empire, and the strength,
The *Britain*, and the *German* Cohorts; pray ye be patient,

Niger, how stands the Souldier to him?
Nig. In fear more, Sir,
Than love or honour; he has lost their fair affections,
By his most covetous and greedy griping:
Are ye desirous to do something on him,
That all the World may know ye lov'd your Brother?
And do it safely too without an Army?
Char. Most willingly.
Nig. Then send out a Proscription,
Send suddenly; And to that man that executes it
(I mean, that brings his head) add a fair payment,
No common Summ; then ye shall see I fear not,
Even from his own Camp, from those men that follow him,
Follow, and flatter him, we shall find one,
And if he miss, one hundred that will venture it.
Aur. For his reward, it shall be so, dear Brother,
So far I'll honour him that kills the Villain;
For so far runs my love to my dead Brother,
Let him be what he will, base, old, or crooked,
He shall have me; nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be deny'd.
Char. You shall not, Sister;
But ye shall know, my love shall go along too;
See a *Proscription* drawn; and for his recompence,
My Sister, and half Partner in the Empire;
And I will keep my word.
Aur. Now ye do bravely.
Nig. And though it cost my life, I'll see it publish'd.
Char. Away then for the business.
Nig. I am gone, Sir;
You shall have all dispatch'd to night.
Char. Be prosperous.
Aur. And let the Villain fall.
Nig. Fear nothing, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Delphia, *and* Drusilla.

Dru. 'Tis true, that *Diocles* is courteous,
And of a pleasant nature, sweet and temperate;

His Cousin *Maximinian* proud and bloudy.
Delph. Yes, and mistrustful too, my Girl, take heed,
Although he seem to love thee, and affect
Like the more Courtier, curious complement;
Yet have a care.
Dru. You know all my affection,
And all my heart-desires are set on *Diocles*;
But, Aunt, how coldly he requites this courtesie!
How dull and heavily he looks upon me!
Although I woo him sometimes beyond modesty,
Beyond a Virgins care; how still he slights me,
And puts me still off with your Prophecy,
And the performance of your late prediction,
That when he is Emperour, then he will marry me;
Alas, what hope of that?
Del. Peace, and be patient,
For though he be now a man most miserable,
Of no rank, nor no badge of honour on him,
Bred low and poor, no eye of favour shining;
And though my sure Prediction of his Rising
(Which can no more fail than the day or night does,
Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him)
Hath found some rubs and stops, yet hear me, Neece,
And hear me with a faith, it shall come to him;
I'll tell thee the occasion.
Dru. Do, good *Aunt*;
For yet I am ignorant.
Del. Chiding him one day
For being too near, and sparing for a Souldier,
Too griping, and too greedy; he made answer,
When I am *Cæsar*, then I will be liberal.
I, presently inspir'd with holy fire,
And my prophetick Spirit burning in me,
Gave answer from the gods, and this it was,
Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris:
Thou shalt be Emperour, O *Diocles*,
When thou hast kill'd a mighty Boar. From that time
(As giving credit to my words) he has employ'd
Much of his life in hunting; many Boars
Hideous and fierce, with his own hands he has kill'd too,

But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
Should raise him to the Empire; Be not sad, Neece,
E're long he shall; Come, let's go entertain him,
For by this time I guess he comes from hunting;
And by my Art I find this very instant
Some great design's o' foot.
Dru. The gods give good, Aunt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Geta, *with a Boar.*

Dio. Lay down the Boar.
Get. With all my heart; I am weary on't;
I shall turn Jew if I carry many such burthens:
Do you think, Master, to be Emperour
With killing Swine? you may be an honest Butcher,
Or allied to a seemly family of sowse-wives.
Can you be such an Ass, my Reverend Master,
To think these springs of Pork will shoot up *Cæsars*?
Max. The fool says true.
Dio. Come, leave your fooling, Sirrah,
And think of what thou shalt be when I am Emperour.
Get. Would it would come with thinking, for then o' my (conscience,
I should be at least a Senator.
Max. A Sowter;
For that's a place more fitted to thy nature,
If there could be such an expectation;
Or say, the Devil could perform this wonder;
Can such a Rascal as thou art, hope for honour?
Such a log-carrying Lowt?
Get. Yes, and bear it too,
And bear it swimmingly. I am not the first Ass, Sir,
Has born good office, and perform'd it reverendly. (a Senator?
Dio. Thou being the Son of a Tiler, canst thou hope to be
Get. Thou being the Son of a Tanner, canst thou hope to (be an Emperor?
Dio. Thou sayst true, *Geta*, there's a stop indeed;
But yet the bold and vertuous—
Get. Ye are right, Master,
Right as a Gun; For we the vertuous,

Though we be Kennel-rakers, Scabs, and Scoundrels,
We the discreet and bold; and yet, now I remember it,
We Tilers may deserve to be Senators;
And there we step before you thick-skin'd Tanners,
For we are born three stories high; no base ones,
None of your groundlings, master.
Dio. I like thee well,
Thou hast a good mind, as I have, to this Honour.
Get. As good a mind, Sir, of a simple plaisterer—
And when I come to execute my office,
Then you shall see.
Max. What?
Get. An Officer in fury;
An Officer as he ought to be; do you laugh at it?
Is a Senator (in hope) worth no more reverence?
By these hands I'll clap you by th' heels the first hour of it.
Max. O' my Conscience, the fellow believes.
Dio. I, do, do, *Geta*,
For if I once be Emperour—
Get. Then will I
(For wise men must be had to prop the Republick)
Not bate ye a single ace of a sound Senator.
Dio. But what shall we do the whilst?
Get. Kill Swine, and sowse 'em,
And eat 'em when we have bread.
Max. Why didst thou run away
When the Boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?
Get. No indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine honour too;
I took a Tree, 'tis true, gave way to the Monster;
Hark what discretion says, let fury pass;
From the tooth of a mad Beast, and the tongue of a Slanderer
Preserve thine honour.
Dio. He talks like a full Senator:
Go, take it up, and carry it in, 'tis a huge one,
We never kill'd so large a Swine, so fierce too,
I never met with yet.
Max. Take heed, it stirs again;
How nimbly the Rogue runs up! he climbs like a Squirrel.
Dio. Come down, ye Dunce, is it not dead?
Get. I know not.

Dio. His throat is cut, and his bowels out.
Get. That's all one,
I am sure his teeth are in; and for any thing I know,
He may have Pigs of his own nature in's Belly.
Dio. Come, take him up I say, and see him drest,
He is fat, and will be lusty meat: away with him,
And get some of him ready for our Dinner.
Get. Shall he be roasted whole,
And serv'd up in a souce-tub? a portly service,
I'll run i'th' wheel my self.
Max. Sirrah, leave your prating,
And get some piece of him ready presently,
We are weary both, and hungry.
Get. I'll about it.
What an inundation of Brewiss shall I swim in! [*Exit.*
Dio. Thou art ever dull and melancholy, Cousin,
Distrustful of my hopes.
Max. Why, can you blame me?
Do men give credit to a Jugler?
Dio. Thou knowst she is a Prophetess.
Max. A small one,
And as small profit to be hop'd for by her.
Dio. Thou art the strangest man; how does thy hurt?
The Boar came near you, Sir.
Max. A scratch, a scratch.
Dio. It akes and troubles thee, and that makes thee angry.
Max. Not at the pain, but at the practice, Uncle,
The butcherly, base custom of our lives now;
Had a brave enemies Sword drawn so much from me,
Or danger met me in the head o'th' Army,
To have blush'd thus in my blood, had been mine honour.
But to live base, like Swine-herds, and believe too,
To be fool'd out with tales, and old wives dreams,
Dreams, when they are drunk.
Dio. Certain you much mistake her.
Max. Mistake her? hang her; to be made her Purveyors,
To feed her old Chaps; to provide her daily,
And bring in Feasts while she sits farting at us,
And blowing out her Prophecies at both ends.
Dio. Prithee be wise; Dost thou think, *Maximinian*,

So great a reverence, and so stai'd a knowledge—
Max. Sur-reverence, you would say; what truth? what (knowledg?
What any thing but eating is good in her?
'Twould make a fool prophesie to be fed continually;
What do you get? your labour and your danger;
Whilst she sits bathing in her larded fury,
Inspir'd with full deep Cups, who cannot prophesie?
A Tinker, out of Ale, will give Predictions;
But who believes?
Dio. She is a holy *Druid*,
A woman noted for that faith, that piety,
Belov'd of Heaven.
Max. Heaven knows, I do not believe it:
Indeed I must confess they are excellent Juglers;
Their age upon some fools too flings a confidence:
But what grounds have they? what elements to work on:
Show me but that; the Sieve, and Sheers? a learned one,
I have no patience to dispute this Question,
'Tis so ridiculous; I think the Devil does help 'em,
Or (rather mark me well) abuse 'em, Uncle;
For they are as fit to deal with him; these old women,
They are as jump, and squar'd out to his nature—
Dio. Thou hast a perfect malice.
Max. So I would have
Against these purblind Prophets; for look ye, Sir,
Old women will lie monstrously; so will the Devil,
Or else he has had much wrong; upon my knowledge,
Old women are malicious; so is he;
They are proud and covetous, revengeful, lecherous;
All which are excellent attributes of the Devil;
They would at least seem holy; so would he;
And to vail over these villainies, they would prophesie;
He gives them leave now and then to use their cunnings,
Which is, to kill a Cow, or blast a Harvest,
Make young Pigs pipe themselves to death, choak poultry,
And chase a dairy-wench into a feaver
With pumping for her butter.
But when he makes these Agents to raise Emperours,
When he disposes Fortune as his Servant,
And tyes her to old wives tails—

Dio. Go thy ways,
Thou art a learned Scholar, against credit,
You hear the Prophecie?
Max. Yes, and I laugh at it;
And so will any man can tell but twenty,
That is not blind, as you are blind and ignorant:
Do you think she knows your fortune?
Dio. I do think it.
Max. I know she has the name of a rare Sooth-sayer;
But do you in your Conscience believe her holy?
Inspir'd with such prophetick Fire?
Dio. Yes, in my conscience.
Max. And that you must upon necessity,
From her words, be a *Cæsar*?
Dio. If I live.
Max. There's one stop yet.
Dio. And follow her directions.
Max. But do not juggle with me.
Dio. In faith, Cousin,
So full a truth hangs ever on her Prophecies,
That how I should think otherwise.
Max. Very well, Sir;
You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)
She knows her own Fate?
Dio. I believe it certain.
Max. Dare you but be so wise to let me try it,
For I stand doubtful.
Dio. How?
Max. Come nearer to me,
Because her cunning Devil shall not prevent me;
Close, close, and hear; If she can turn this destiny,
I'll be of your faith too.
Dio. Forward, I fear not;
For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing;

Enter Delphia.

I am so confident—
Max. 'Faith, so am I too,
That I shall make her Devils sides hum.
Dio. She comes here;

[illegible]

[illegible] for't. [*Exit.*

[illegible] should be so stubborn.

[illegible] temperate,

[illegible] Fortune;

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] game to day?

[illegible]

[illegible] well and lusty,

[illegible] empty shadows. (*day:*

[illegible] Rome *was not built in one*

[illegible] his hopes their Currents.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] make me follow

[illegible] hour?

[illegible] your appetites,

[illegible] forsake mine honour,

[illegible] a base memory?

[illegible] all sorts,

[illegible] name of Butcher?

[illegible]

[illegible] Mother;

[illegible] and the faith I give you,

[illegible] end, no honour:

[illegible] you take no labour;

[illegible] they know no market,

[illegible] this, you speak darkly,

[illegible] it, whilst I,

[illegible] a [illegible] and obsequious Coxcomb,

Hunt [illegible] and sweat hourly, to find out

[illegible] mystery; kill Boar on Boar,

And make your Spits and Pots bow with my Bounties;

Yet I still poorer, further still—

Del. Be provident,

And tempt not the gods dooms; stop not the glory

They are ready to fix on ye. Ye are a fool then;

Chearful and grateful takers, the gods love,

And such as wait their pleasures with full hopes;

The doubtful and distrustful man Heaven frowns at.
What I have told you by my inspiration,
I tell ye once again, must, and shall find ye.
Dio. But when? or how?
Del. *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*
Dio. I have kill'd many.
Del. Not the Boar they point ye;
Nor must I reveal further, till you clear it.
The lots of glorious men are wrapt in mysteries,
And so deliver'd; common and slight Creatures,
That have their ends as open as their actions,
Easie and open fortunes follow.
Max. I shall try
How deep your inspiration lies hid in ye,
And whether your brave spirit have a buckler
To keep this arrow off, I'll make you smoke else.
Dio. Knowing my fortune so precisely, punctually,
And that it must fall without contradiction,
Being a stranger, of no tye unto ye,
Methinks you should be studied in your own,
In your own destiny, methinks, most perfect,
And every hour, and every minute, Mother,
So great a care should Heaven have of her Ministers;
Methinks your fortunes both ways should appear to ye,
Both to avoid and take. Can the Stars now,
And all those influences you receive into you,
Or secret inspirations ye make shew of,
If an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
To pour it self upon your life, deliver ye?
Can they now say, take heed?
Del. Ha? pray ye come hither. (ye,
Max. I would know that; I fear your Devil will cozen
And stand as close as ye can, I shall be with ye.
Del. I find a present ill.
Dio. How?
Del. But I scorn it.
Max. Do ye so? do ye so?
Del. Yes, and laugh at it, *Diocles.*
Is it not strange these wild and foolish men
Should dare to oppose the power of Destiny?

That power the gods shake at? Look yonder, Son.
Max. Have ye spy'd me? then have at ye.
Del. Do, shoot boldly,
Hit me, and spare not, if thou canst.
Dio. Shoot, Cousin.
Max. I cannot; mine arm's dead, I have no feeling;
Or if I could shoot, so strong is her arm'd Vertue,
She would catch the arrow flying.
Del. Poor doubtful people,
I pity your weak faiths.
Dio. Your mercy, Mother,
And from this hour a Deity I crown ye.
Del. No more of that.
Max. O let my Prayers prevail too,
Here like a tree, I dwell else; free me, Mother,
And greater than great Fortune, I'll adore thee.
Del. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in ye.
Dio. Now I believe your words most constantly,
And when I have that power ye have promis'd to me.
Del. Remember then your Vow, my Niece *Drusilla*,
I mean to marry her, and then ye prosper.
Dio. I shall forget my life else.
Del. I am a poor weak woman, to me no worship.

Enter Niger, Geta, *and Souldiers.*

Get. And shall he have as you say, that kills this *Aper*?
Del. Now mark and understand.
Nig. The Proscription's up
I'th' Market place, 'tis up, there ye may read it,
He shall have half the Empire.
Get. A pretty farm i' faith.
Nig. And the Emperours Sister, bright *Aurelia*,
Her to his wife.
Get. Ye say well, Friend, but hark ye,
Who shall do this?
Nig. You, if you dare.
Get. I think so;
Yet I could poyson him in a Pot of Perry,
He loves that veng'ancely; But when I have done this,
May I lye with the Gentlewoman?

Nig. Lye with her? what else, man?
Get. Yes, man,
I have known a man married that never lay with his Wife:
Those dancing days are done.
Nig. These are old Souldiers,
And poor it seems, I'll try their appetites.
'Save ye, brave Souldiers.
Max. Sir, ye talkt of Proscriptions?
Nig. 'Tis true, there is one set up from the Emperour
Against *Volutius Aper.*
Dio. Aper?
Del. Now;
Now have you found the Boar?
Dio. I have the meaning;
And blessed Mother—
Nig. He has scorn'd his Master,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble Brother to him.
Dio. He lives here, Sir,
Sickly and weak.
Nig. Did you see him?
Max. No.
Nig. He is murthered;
So ye shall find it mentioned from the Emperour;
And honest faithful Souldiers, but believe it;
For, by the gods, ye will find it so, he is murthered,
The manner how, read in the large Proscription.
Del. It is most true, Son; and he cozens ye,
Aper's a Villain false.
Dio. I thank ye, Mother,
And dare believe ye; hark ye, Sir, the recompence?
As ye related.
Nig. Is as firm as faith, Sir;
Bring him alive or dead.
Max. You took a fit time, (not,
The General being out o' th' Town; for though we love him
Yet had he known this first, you had paid for't dearly.
Dio. 'Tis *Niger*, now I know him; honest *Niger*,
A true sound man, and I believe him constantly;
Your business may be done, make no great hurry

For your own safety.
Nig. No, I am gone; I thank ye. [*Exit.*
Dio. Pray, *Maximinian*, pray.
Max. I'll pray, and work too.
Dio. I'll to the Market-place, and read the offer,
And now I have found the Boar.
Del. Find your own faith too,
And remem[b]er what ye have vow'd.
Dio. O Mother.
Del. Prosper.
Get. If my master and I do this, there's two Emperours,
And what a show will that make! how we shall bounce it!
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Drusilla, *and* Delphia.

Dru. LEave us, and not vouchsafe a parting kiss
To her that in his hopes of greatness lives,
And goes along with him in all his dangers?
Del. I grant 'twas most inhumane.
Dru. O, you give it
Too mild a name; 'twas more than barbarous,
And you a Partner in't.
Del. I, *Drusilla*?
Dru. Yes,
You have blown his swoln Pride to that vastness,
As he believes the Earth is in his fathom,
This makes him quite forget his humble Being;
And can I hope that he, that only fed
With the imagin'd food of future Empire,
Disdains even those that gave him means and life
To nourish such desires, when he's possess'd
Of his ambitious ends (which must fall on him,
Or your Predictions are false) will ever
Descend to look on me!
Del. Were his intents
Perfidious as the Seas or Winds, his heart
Compos'd of falshood; yet the benefit,

The greatness of the good he has from you,
(For what I have confer'd, is thine, *Drusilla*)
Must make him firm, and thankful; But if all
Remembrance of the debts he stands engag'd for,
Find a quick Grave in his Ingratitude,
My powerful Art, that guides him to this height
Shall make him curse the hour he e'r was rais'd,
Or sink him to the Centre.

Dru. I had rather
Your Art could force him to return that ardour
To me, I bear to him; or give me power
To moderate my passions; yet I know not,
I should repent your grant, though you had sign'd it,
(So well I find he's worthy of all service)
But to believe that any check to him
In his main hopes, could yield content to me,
Were treason to true love, that knows no pleasure,
The object that it dotes on ill affected.

Del. Pretty simplicity; I love thee for't,
And will not sit an idle looker on,
And see it cozen'd; dry thy innocent eyes,
And cast off jealous fears, (yet promises
Are but lip comfort) and but fancy ought
That's possible in Nature, or in Art,
That may advance thy comfort, and be bold
To tell thy Soul 'tis thine; therefore speak freely.

Dru. You new create me. To conceal from you
My virgin-fondness, were to hide my sickness
From my Physician. O dear Aunt, I languish
For want of *Diocles*'s sight; he is the Sun
That keeps my blood in a perpetual Spring;
But in his absence, cold benumming Winter
Seizes on all my faculties. Would you bind me
(That am your Slave already) in more fetters,
And (in the place of service) to adore you?
O bear me then (but 'tis impossible,
I fear to be effected) where I may
See how my *Diocles* breaks thorow his dangers,
And in what heaps his honours flow upon him,
That I may meet him, in the height and pride

Of all his glories, and there (as your gift)
Challenge him as mine own.
Del. Enjoy thy wishes;
This is an easie Boon, which at thy years,
I could have given to any; but now grown
Perfect in all the hidden mysteries
Of that inimitable Art, which makes us
Equal even to the gods, and Natures wonders,
It shall be done, as fits my skill and glory:
To break thorow bolts, and locks, a Scholars prize
For Thieves, and Pick-locks: to pass thorow an Army
Cover'd with night, or some disguise, the practice
Of poor and needy Spies: No, my *Drusilla*,
From *Ceres* I will force her winged Dragons,
And in the air hung over the Tribunal;
(The Musick of the Spheres attending on us.)
There, as his good Star, thou shalt shine upon him,
If he prove true, and as his Angel guard him.
But if he dare be false, I, in a moment
Will put that glorious light out, with such horrour,
As if the eternal Night had seiz'd the Sun,
Or all things were return'd to the first Chaos,
And then appear like Furies.
Dru. I will do
What e're you shall command.
Del. Rest then assur'd,
I am the Mistris of my Art, and fear not. [*Exeunt.*
[*Soft Musick.*

SCENE II.

Enter Aper, Camurius, *Guard, a Litter covered.*

Aper. Your care of your sick Emperour, fellow-souldiers,
In colours to the life, doth shew your love,
And zealous duty: O continue in it.
And though I know you long to see and hear him,
Impute it not to pride, or Melancholy,
That keeps you from your wishes: such State-vices
(Too too familiar with great Princes) are
Strangers to all the actions of the life

Of good *Numerianus*: Let your patience
Be the Physitian to his wounded eyes,
(Wounded with pious sorrow for his Father)
Which time and your strong Patience will recover,
Provided it prove constant.

1 *Guard.* If he counterfeit,
I will hereafter trust a prodigal heir,
When he weeps at his Fathers Funeral.

2 *Guard.* Or a young widow following a bed-rid husband,
(After a three years groaning) to the Fire.

3 *Guard.* Note his humility, and with what soft murmurs
He does enquire his pleasures.

1 *Guard.* And how soon
He is instructed.

2 *Guard.* How he bows again too.

Aper. All your commands (dread *Cæsar*) I'll impart
To your most ready Souldier, to obey them;
So take your rest in peace. It is the pleasure
Of mighty *Cæsar* (his thanks still remembred
For your long patience, which a donative,
Fitting his State to give, shall quickly follow)
That you continue a strict Guard upon
His sacred person, and admit no stranger
Of any other Legion, to come near him;
You being most trusted by him. I receive
Your answer in your silence. Now, *Camurius*,
Speak without flattery; Hath thy *Aper* acted
This passion to the life?

Cam. I would applaud him,
Were he saluted *Cæsar*: but I fear
These long protracted counsels will undo us;
And 'tis beyond my reason, he being dead,
You should conceal your self, or hope it can
Continue undiscover'd.

Aper. That I have kill'd him,
Yet feed these ignorant fools with hopes he lives,
Has a main end in't. The *Pannonian* Cohorts
(That are my own, and sure) are not come up,
The *German* Legions waver, and *Charinus*
(Brother to this dead dog) (hells plagues on *Niger*)

Is jealous of the murther; and, I hear,
Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,
Till I have power, to justifie the Act,
To shew my self the authour: be therefore careful
For an hour or two (till I have fully sounded
How the Tribunes and Centurio[n]s stand affected)
That none come near the Litter. If I find them
Firm on my part, I dare profess my self,
And then live *Aper*'s equal.

Cam. Does not the body
Begin to putrifie?

Aper. That exacts my haste:
When, but even now, I feign'd obedience to it,
As I had some great business to impart,
The scent had almost choak'd me: be therefore curious:
All keep at distance. [*Exit.*

Cam. I am taught my part;
Haste you to perfect yours.

1 *Guard.* I had rather meet
An enemy in the field, than stand thus nodding
Like to a rug-gown'd Watch-man.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Geta.

Geta. The Watch at noon?
This is a new device.

Cam. Stand.

Dio. I am arm'd
Against all danger.

Max. If I fear to follow,
A Cowards name pursue me.

Dio. Now my Fate
Guide and direct me.

Cam. You are rude and sawcy,
With your forbidden feet to touch this ground,
Sacred to *Cæsar* only, and to these
That do attend his person; Speak, what are you?

Dio. What thou, nor any of thy faction are,
Nor ever were: Souldiers, and honest men.

Cam. So blunt?

Geta. Nay, you shall find he's good at the sharp too.

Dio. No instruments of craft: engines of murther,
That serve the Emperour only with oil'd tongues,
Sooth and applaud his vices, play the Bauds
To all his appetites; and when you have wrought
So far upon his weakness, that he's grown
Odious to the subject and himself,
And can no further help your wicked ends,
You rid him out of the way.
Cam. Treason?
Dio. 'Tis truth,
And I will make it good.
Cam. Lay hands upon 'em,
Or kill them suddenly.
Geta. I am out at that;
I do not like the sport.
Dio. What's he that is
Owner of any vertue worth a *Roman*,
Or does retain the memory of the Oath
He made to *Cæsar*, that dares lift his Sword
Against the man that (careless of his life)
Comes to discover such a horrid Treason,
As when you hear't, and understand how long
Y'ave been abus'd, will run you mad with fury?
I am no stranger, but (like you) a Souldier,
Train'd up one from my youth: and there are some
With whom I have serv'd, and (not to praise my self)
Must needs confess they have seen *Diocles*
In the late *Britain* wars, both dare and do
Beyond a common man.
1 *Guard.* *Diocles*?
2 *Guard.* I know him,
The bravest Souldier of the Empire.
Cam. Stand:
If thou advance an inch, thou art dead. [Dio. *kills* Camu.
Dio. Die thou,
That durst oppose thy self against a truth
That will break out, though mountains cover it.
Get. I fear this is a sucking Pig; no Boar,
He falls so easie.
Dio. Hear me, fellow Souldiers;

And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an act of Justice, and no Murther,
Cut me in pieces; I'le disperse the cloud
That hath so long obscur'd a bloody act
Ne'r equall'd yet: you all knew with what favours
The good *Numerianus* ever grac't
The Provost *Aper*?
Guard. True.
Dio. And that those bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e're had learn'd
The Elements of honesty and truth)
In loyal duty: But ambition never
Looks backward on desert, but with blind haste
Boldly runs on. But I lose time. You are here
Commanded by this *Aper* to attend
The Emperours person; to admit no stranger
To have access to him, or come near his Litter,
Under pretence (forsooth) his eyes are sore,
And his minde troubled: no, my friends, you are cozen'd;
The good *Numerianus* now is past
The sense of wrong or injury.
Guard. How, dead?
Dio. Let your own eyes inform you.
Get. An Emperours Cabinet?
Fough, I have known a Charnel-house smell sweeter.
If Emperours flesh have this savour, what will mine do,
When I am rotten?
1 *Guard.* Most unheard of villany.
2 *Guard.* And with all cruelty to be reveng'd.
3 *Guard.* Who is the murtherer? name him, that we may
Punish it in his family.
Dio. Who but *Aper*?
The barbarous and most ingrateful *Aper*,
His desperate Poniard printed on his breast
This deadly wound: hate to vow'd enemies
Finds a full satisfaction in death;
And Tyrants seek no farther. He (a Subject,
And bound by all the Ties of love and duty)
Ended not so; but does deny his Prince
(Whose ghost forbad pas[illegible]his rest,

Mourns by the *Stygian* shore) his Funeral-Rites.
Nay, weep not; let your loves speak in your anger;
And, to confirm you gave no suffrage to
The damned Plot, lend me your helping hands
To wreak the Parricide: and if you find
That there is worth in *Diocles* to deserve it,
Make him your leader.

Guard. A *Diocles*, a *Diocles*.

Dio. We'll force him from his Guards. And now, my Stars,
If you have any good for me in store,
Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Delphia *and* Drusilla, *in a Throne drawn by Dragons.*

Del. Fix here, and rest a while your Sail-stretch'd wings
That have out-stript the winds: the eye of Heaven
Durst not behold your speed, but hid it self
Behind the grossest clouds; and the pale Moon
Pluckt in her silver horns, trembling for fear
That my strong Spells should force her from her Sphere;
Such is the power of Art.

Dru. Good Aunt, where are we?

Del. Look down, *Drusilla*, on these lofty Towers,
These spacious streets, where every private house
Appears a Palace to receive a King:
The site, the wealth, the beauty of the place,
Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious *Rome*,
Rome, the great Mistris of the conquer'd world.

Dru. But without *Diocles*, it is to me
Like any wilderness we have pass'd o're:
Shall I not see him?

Del. Yes, and in full glory,
And glut thy greedy eyes with looking on
His prosperous success: Contain thy self;
For though all things beneath us are transparent,
The sharpest sighted, were he Eagle-ey'd,
Cannot discover us: nor will we hang
Idle Spectators to behold his triumph:

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, *Guard*, Aper, *Senators*, Geta, *Officers*, *with Litter.*

But when occasion shall present it self,
Do something to add to it. See, he comes.
Dru. How god-like he appears! with such a grace
The Giants that attempted to scale Heaven,
When they lay dead on the *Phlegrean* plain,
Mars did appear to *Jove.*
Del. Forbear.
Dio. Look on this,
And when with horrour thou hast view'd thy deed,
(Thy most accursed deed) be thine own judge,
And see (thy guilt consider'd) if thou canst
Perswade thy self (whom thou stand'st bound to hate)
To hope or plead for mercy.
Aper. I confess
My life's a burden to me.
Dio. Thou art like thy name,
A cruel Boar, whose snout hath rooted up
The fruitfull Vineyard of the common-wealth:
I long have hunted for thee, and since now
Thou art in the Toyl, it is in vain to hope
Thou ever shalt break out: thou dost deserve
The Hangmans hook, or to be punished
More majorum, whipt with rods to death,
Or any way, that were more terrible.
Yet, since my future fate depends upon thee,
Thus, to ful[fi]ll great *Delphia*'s Prophecie,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour [*Kills* Aper.
To fall by *Diocles* hand. Shine clear, my Stars,
That usher'd me to taste this common air
In my entrance to the world, and give applause
To this great work. [*Musick.*
Del. Strike Musick from the Spheres.
Dru. O now you honour me.
Dio. Ha! in the Air!
All. Miraculous.
Max. This shews the gods approve
The Person, and the Act: then if the Senate

(For in their eyes I read the Souldiers love)
Think *Diocles* worthy to supply the place
Of dead *Numerianus*, as he stands
His Heir, in his revenge, with one consent
Salute him Emperour.
Senat. Long live *Diocles*:
Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all Titles,
That are peculiar only to the *Cæsars*,
We gladly throw upon him.
Guard. We confirm it,
And will defend his honour with our Swords
Against the world: raise him to the Tribunal.
1 *Sen.* Fetch the Imperial Robes: and as a sign
We give him absolute power of life and death,
Bind this Sword to his side.
2 *Sen.* Omit no Ceremony
That may be for his honour.

SONG.

Max. Still the gods
Express that they are pleas'd with this election.
Geta. My Master is an Emperour, and I feel
A Senators Itch upon me: would I could hire
These fine invisible Fidlers to play to me
At my instalment.
Dio. I embrace your loves,
And hope the honours that you heap upon me,
Shall be with strength supported. It shall be
My studie to appear another *Atlas*,
To stand firm underneath this heaven of Empire,
And bear it boldly. I desire no Titles,
But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep
The name I had, being a private man,
Only with some small difference; I will add
To *Diocles* but two short syllables,
And be called *Dioclesianus*.
Geta. That is fine:
I'le follow the fashion; and when I am a Senator,
I will be no more plain *Geta*, but be call'd
Lord *Getianus*.
Dru. He ne'er thinks of me,

Nor of your favour.

Enter Niger.

Del. If he dares prove false,
These glories shall be to him as a dream,
Or an inchanted banquet.
Niger. From *Charinus*,
From great *Charinus*, who with joy hath heard
Of your proceedings, and confirms your honours:
He, with his beauteous Sister, fair *Aurelia*,
Are come in person, like themselves attended
To gratulate your fortune. [*Loud Musick.*

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, *Attendants.*

Dio. For thy news,
Be thou in *France* Pro-consul: let us meet
The Emperour with all honour, and embrace him.
Dru. O Aunt, I fear this Princess doth eclipse
Th' opinion of my beauty, though I were
My self to be the judge.
Del. Rely on me.
Char. 'Tis vertue, and not birth that makes us noble:
Great actions speak great minds, and such should govern;
And you are grac't with both. Thus, as a Brother,
A fellow, and Co-partner in the Empire,
I do embrace you: may we live so far
From difference, or emulous Competition,
That all the world may say, Although two Bodies,
We have one Mind.
Aur. When I look on the Trunk
Of dear *Numerianus*, I should wash
His wounds with tears, and pay a Sisters sorrow
To his sad fate: but since he lives again
In your most brave Revenge, I bow to you,
As to a power that gave him second life,
And will make good my promise. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deserve you,
And that in being your wife, I shall not bring
Disquiet and dishonour to your Bed,
Although my youth and fortune should require

Both to be su'd and sought to, here I yield
My self at your devotion.
Dio. O you gods,
Teach me how to be thankful: you have pour'd
All blessings on me, that ambitious man
Could ever fancie: till this happy minute,
I ne're saw beauty, or believ'd there could be
Perfection in a woman. I shall live
To serve and honour you: upon my knees
I thus receive you; and, so you vouchsafe it,
This day I am doubly married; to the Empire,
And your best-self.
Del. False and perfidious villain.—
Dru. Let me fall headlong on him: O my stars!
This I foresaw and fear'd.
Cha. Call forth a *Flamen*,
This knot shall now be ti'd.
Del. But I will loose it,
If Art or Hell have any strength.

Enter a Flamen, Thunder, and Lightning.

Cha. Prodigious!
Max. How soon the day's orecast!
Fla. The Signs are fatal:
Juno smiles not upon this Match, and shews too
She has her thunder.
Dio. Can there be a stop
In my full fortune?
Cha. We are too violent,
And I repent the haste: we first should pay
Our latest duty to the dead, and then
Proceed discreetly. Let's take up the body,
And when we have plac'd his ashes in his Urn,
We'll try the gods again, for wise men say,
Marriage and Obsequies do not suit one day. [*Senate Exit.*
Del. So, 'tis deferr'd yet, in despite of falshood:
Comfort *Drusilla*, for he shall be thine,
Or wish, in vain, he were not. I will punish [*Ascend.*
His perjury to the height. Mount up, my birds;
Some Rites I am to perform to *Hecate*,

To perfect my designs; which once perform'd,
He shall be made obedient to thy Call,
Or in his ruine I will bury all. [*Ascends throne.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Maximinian, (*solus.*)

Max. What powerful Star shin'd at this mans Nativity?
And bless'd his homely Cradle with full glory?
What throngs of people press and buz about him,
And with their humming flatteries sing him *Cæsar*?
Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with saluting him?
How the fierce-minded Souldier steals in to him,
Adores and courts his honour? at his devotion
Their lives, their vertues, and their fortunes laying?
Charinus sues, the Emperour intreats him,
And as a brighter flame, takes his beams from him.
The bless'd and bright *Aurelia*, she doats on him,
And, as the god of Love, burns incense to him.
All eyes live on him. Yet I am still *Maximinian*,
Still the same poor and wretched thing, his servant.
What have I got by this? where lies my glory?
How am I rais'd and honour'd? I have gone as far
To woo this purblind honour, and have pass'd
As many dangerous Expeditions,
As noble, and as high; nay, in his destinie
(Whilst 'twas unknown) have run as many hazards,
And done as much; sweat thorow as many perils;
Only the Hang-man of *Volutius Aper*
(Which I mistook) has made him Emperour,
And me his slave.

Enter Delphia, *and* Drusilla.

Del. Stand still; he cannot see us,
Till I please: mark him well, this discontentment
I have forc'd into him, for thy cause, *Drusilla.*
Max. Can the gods see this;
See it with justice, and confer their blessings
On him, that never flung one grain of incense

Upon their Altars? never bow'd his knee yet;
And I that have march'd foot by foot, struck equally,
And whilst he was a gleaning, have been praying,
Contemning his base covetous—

Del. Now we'll be open.

Max. Bless me, and with all reverence.

Del. Stand up, Son,
And wonder not at thy ungratefull Uncle:
I know thy thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.

Max. O Mother, did I stand the tenth part to ye
Engag'd and fetter'd, as mine Uncle does,
How would I serve, how would I fall before ye!
The poorer powers we worship.

Del. Peace, and flatter not;
Necessitie and anger draws this from ye;
Of both which I will quit ye: For your Uncle
I spoke this honour, and it fell upon him;
Fell, to his full content: he has forgot me,
For all my care; forgot me, and his vow too:
As if a dream had vanish'd, so h'as lost me,
And I him: let him now stand fast. Come hither;
My care is now on you.

Max. O blessed Mother!

Del. Stand still, and let me work. So now, *Maximinian*,
Go, and appear in Court, and eye *Aurelia*:
Believe, what I have done, concerns ye highly.
Stand in her view, make your addresses to her:
She is the Stair of honour. I'le say no more,
But Fortune is your servant: go.

Max. With reverence;—
All this as holy truths. [*Exit.*

Del. Believe, and prosper.

Dru. Yet all this cures not me; but as much credit,
As much belief from *Dioclesian*.

Enter Geta, *Lictors, and Suitors, (with Petitions.)*

Del. Be not dejected; I have warn'd ye often:
The proudest thoughts he has, I'le humble. Who's this?
O 'tis the fool and knave grown a grave Officer:
Here's hot and high preferment.

Get. What's your Bill?
For Gravel for the *Appian* way, and Pills?
Is the way rheumatick?
1 *Suitor.* 'Tis Piles, and't please you.
Get. Remove me those Piles to Port *Esquiline*,
Fitter the place, my friend: you shall be paid.
1 *Suit.* I thank your worship.
Get. Thank me when ye have it;
Thank me another way, ye are an Asse else.
I know my office: you are for the streets, Sir.
Lord, how ye throng! that knave has eaten Garlick;
Whip him, and bring him back.
3 *Suitor.* I beseech your Worship;
Here's an old reckoning for the dung and dirt, Sir.
Get. It stinks like thee: away. Yet let him tarry,
His Bill shall quit his Breath. Give your Petitions
In seemly sort, and keep your hat off, decently.
For scowring the water-courses thorow the Cities?
A fine periphrasis of a kennel-raker.
Did ye scour all, my friend? ye had some business:
Who shall scour you? you are to be paid, I take it,
When Surgeons swear you have perform'd your office.
4 *Suit.* Your Worship's merry.
Get. We must be sometimes wittie,
To nick a knave; 'tis as useful as our gravitie.
I'le take no more Petitions; I am pester'd;
Give me some rest.
4 *Suit.* I have brought the gold (and't please ye)
About the Place ye promised.
Get. See him enter'd.
How does your Daughter?
4 *Suit.* Better your worship thinks of her. (Daughter.
Get. This is with the least. But let me see your
'Tis a good forward maid; I'le joyn her with ye.
I do beseech ye, leave me.
Lictor. Ye see the *Edile's* busie.
Get. And look to your places, or I'le make ye smoke else.
Sirrah, I drank a cup of wine at your house yesterday;
A good smart wine.
Lictor. Send him the piece, he likes it.

Get. And ate the best wild Boar at that same Farmers.
2 *Su.* I have half left yet: your worship shall command it.
Get. A bit will serve: give me some rest: gods help me.
How shall I labour when I am a Senator?
Del. 'Tis a fit place indeed. 'Save your Mastership;
Do you know us, Sir?
Get. These women are still troublesom.
There be houses providing for such wretched women,
And some small Rents, to set ye a spinning.
Dru. Sir,
We are no Spinsters; nor, if you look upon us,
So wretched as you take us.
Del. Does your Mightiness
That is a great destroyer of your Memorie,
Yet understand our faces?
Get. 'Prethee keep off, woman;
It is not fit I should know every creature.
Although I have been familiar with thee heretofore,
I must not know thee now: my place neglects thee.
Yet, because I daign a glimpse of your remembrances,
Give me your Suits, and wait me a month hence.
Del. Our Suits are, Sir, to see the Emperour,
The Emperour *Dioclesian*, to speak to him,
And not to wait on you. We have told you all, Sir.
Get. I laugh at your simplicitie, poor women:
See the Emperour? why you are deceiv'd: now
The Emperour appears but once in seven years,
And then he shines not on such weeds as you are.
Forward, and keep your State, and keep beggers from me.
Drus. Here is a prettie youth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Diocles.

Del. He shall be prettie,
Or I will want my will, since ye are so high, Sir:
I'le raise ye higher, or my art shall fail me.
Stand close, he comes.
Dio. How am I cross'd and tortur'd!
My most wish'd happiness, my lovely Mistris,
That must make good my hopes, and link my greatness,
Yet sever'd from mine arms! Tell me, high heaven,

How have I sinn'd, that you should speak in thunder,
In horrid thunder, when my heart was ready
To leap into her breast? the Priest was ready?
The joyful virgins and the young men ready?
When *Hymen* stood with all his flames about him
Blessing the bed? the house with full joy sweating?
And expectation, like the *Roman* Eagle,
Took stand, and call'd all eyes? It was your honour;
And e're you give it full, do you destroy it?
Or was there some dire Star? some Devil that did it?
Some sad malignant Angel to mine honour?
With you I dare not rage.

Del. With me thou canst not,
Though it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted;
I'le fright thee more. With me thou canst not quarrel;
I rais'd the thunder, to rebuke thy falshood:
Look here, to her thy falshood. Now be angry,
And be as great in evil as in Empire.

Dio. Bless me, ye Powers.

Del. Thou hast full need of blessing.
'Twas I, that at thy great Inauguration,
Hung in the air unseen: 'twas I that honour'd thee
With various Musicks, and sweet sounding airs:
'Twas I inspir'd the Souldiers heart with wonder,
And made him throw himself, with love and duty,
Low at thy feet: 'twas I that fix'd him to thee,
But why did I all this? To keep thy honestie,
Thy vow and faith; that once forgot and slighted
Aurelia in regard, the Marriage ready,
The Priest and all the Ceremonies present,
'Twas I that thundred loud; 'twas I that threatned;
'Twas I that cast a dark face over heaven,
And smote ye all with terrour.

Dru. Yet consider,
As ye are noble, as I have deserv'd ye;
For yet ye are free: if neither faith nor promise,
The deeds of elder times may be remembred,
Let these new-dropping tears; for I still love ye,
These hands held up to heaven.

Dio. I must not pity ye;

'Tis not wise in me.
Del. How? not wise?
Dio. Nor honourable.
A Princess is my Love, and doats upon me:
A fair and lovely Princess is my Mistris.
I am an Emperour: consider, Prophetess,
Now my embraces are for Queens and Princesses,
For Ladies of high mark, for divine beauties:
To look so low as this cheap common sweetness,
Would speak me base, my names and glories nothing.
I grant I made a vow; what was I then?
As she is now, of no sort, (hope made me promise)
But now I am; to keep this vow, were monstrous,
A madness, and a low inglorious fondness.
Del. Take heed, proud man.
Drus. Princes may love with Titles,
But I with Truth.
Del. Take heed; here stands thy destinie;
Thy Fate here follows.
Dio. Thou doating Sorceress,
Wouldst have me love this thing, that is not worthy
To kneel unto my Saint? to kiss her shadow?
Great Princes are her slaves; selected beauties
Bow at her beck: the mighty *Persian's* Daughter
(Bright as the breaking East, as mid-day glorious)
Waits her commands, and grows proud in her pleasures.
I'le see her honour'd: some Match I shall think of,
That shall advance ye both; mean time I'll favour ye. [*Exit.*
Del. Mean time I'le haunt thee. Cry not (wench) be con-
E're long, thou shalt more pity him (observe me) (fident,
And pity him in truth, than now thou seek'st him:
My art and I are yet companions. Come, Girl. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Geta, *Lictors.*

Get. I am too merciful, I find it, friends,
Of too soft a nature to be an Officer;
I bear too much remorse.
1 *Lict.* 'Tis your own fault, Sir;

For look you, one so newly warm in Office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true Justice,
Hit where it will: the more ye whip and hang, Sir,
(Though without cause; let that declare it self afterward)
The more ye are admired.
Get. I think I shall be.—
2 *Lict.* Your worship is a man of a spare body,
And prone to anger.
Get. Nay, I will be angry,
And, the best is, I need not shew my reason.
2 *Lict.* You need not, Sir, your place is without reason;
And what you want in growth and full proportion,
Make up in rule and rigour.
Get. A rare Counsellor;
Instruct me further. Is it fit, my friends,
The Emperour my Master *Dioclesian*
Should now remember or the times or manners
That call'd him plain down *Diocles*?
1 *Lict.* He must not,
It stands not with his Royaltie.
Get. I grant ye,
I being then the *Edile Getianus*,
A man of place, and Judge, is it held requisite
I should commit to my consideration
Those Rascals of removed and ragged hours,
That with unreverend mouths call'd me Slave *Geta*?
2 *Lict.* You must forget their names; your honour bids ye.
Get. I do forget; but I'le hang their natures:
I will ascend my place, which is of Justice;
And mercy, I forget thee.
Suitor. A rare Magistrate!
Another *Solon* sure.
Get. Bring out the offenders.
1 *Lict.* There are none yet, Sir, but no doubt there will be.
But if you please touch some things of those natures.
Get. And am I ready, and mine anger too?
The melancholy of a Magistrate upon me,
And no offenders to execute my fury?
Ha? no offenders, knaves?
1 *Lict.* There are knaves indeed, Sir,

But we hope shortly to have 'em for your worship.
Get. No men to hang or whip? are you good officers,
That provide no fuel for a Judges fury?
In this place something must be done; this Chair, I tell ye,
When I sit down, must savour of Severitie:
Therefore I warn ye all, bring me lewd people,
Or likely to be lewd; twigs must be cropt too:
Let me have evil persons in abundance,
Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but say so,
That I may have fit matter for a Magistrate;
And let me work. If I sit empty once more,
And lose my longing, as I am true *Edile*,
And as I hope to rectifie my Countrie,
You are those scabs I will scratch off from the Commonwealth,
You are these Rascals of the State I treat of,
And you shall find and feel.—
2 *Lict.* You shall have many,
Many notorious people.
Get. Let 'em be people,
And take ye notorious to your selves. Mark me, my Lictors,
And you, the rest of my Officials;
If I be angry, as my place will ask it,
And want fit matter to dispose my Authoritie,
I'le hang a hundred of ye: I'le not stay longer,
Nor enquire no further into your offences:
It is sufficient that I find no Criminals,
And therefore I must make some: if I cannot,
Suffer my self; for so runs my Commission.
Suitor. An admirable, zealous and true Justice.
1 *Lict.* I cannot hold: if there be any people,
Of what degree soever, or what qualitie,
That would behold the wonderful works of Justice
In a new Officer, a man conceal'd yet,
Let him repair, and see, and hear, and wonder
At the most wise and gracious *Getianus*.

Enter Delphia, *and* Drusilla.

Get. This qualifies a little. What are these?
Del. You shall not mourn still: times of recreation,
To allay this sadness, must be sought. What's here?

A superstitious flock of sensless people
Worshipping a sign in Office?
Get. Lay hold on her,
And hold her fast,
She'll slip thorow your fingers like an Eel else;
I know her tricks: hold her, I say, and bind her,
Or hang her first, and then I'le tell her wherefore.
Del. What have I done?
Get. Thou hast done enough to undo thee; (warrant,
Thou hast pressed to the Emperours presence without my
I being his key and image.
Del. You are an image indeed,
And of the coursest stuff, and the worst making (Asse.
That e're I look'd on yet: I'le make as good an image of an
Get. Besides, thou art a woman of a lewd life.
Del. I am no whore, Sir, nor no common fame
Has yet proclaim'd me to the people, vitious.
Get. Thou art to me a damnable lewd woman,
Which is as much as all the people swore it;
I know thou art a keeper of tame Devils:
And whereas great and grave men of my place
Can by the Laws be allow'd but one apiece,
For their own services and recreations;
Thou, like a traiterous quean, keepst twenty devils;
Twenty in ordinary.
Del. Pray ye, Sir, be pacified,
If that be all: and if ye want a servant,
You shall have one of mine shall serve for nothing,
Faithful, and diligent, and a wise Devil too;
Think for what end.
Get. Let her alone, 'tis useful;
We men of business must use speedie servants:
Let me see your family.
Del. Think but one, he is ready.
Get. A Devil for intelligence? No, no,
He will lye beyond all travellers. A State-Devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own weapon.
For execution? he will hang me too.
I would have a handsom, pleasant and a fine she-devil,
To entertain the Ladies that come to me;

A travell'd Devil too, that speaks the tongues,
And a neat carving Devil. [*Musick.*

Enter a she-devil.

Del. Be not fearful.
Get. A prettie brown devil i'faith; may I not kiss her?
Del. Yes, and embrace her too; she is your servant.
Fear not; her lips are cool enough.
Get. She is marvellous well mounted; what's her name?
Del. *Lucifera.*
Get. Come hither, *Lucifera*, and kiss me.
Del. Let her sit on your knee.
Get. The Chair turns: hey-boys:
Pleasant i'faith, and a fine facetious Devil. [*Dance.*
Del. She would whisper in your ear, and tell ye wonders.
Get. Come; what's her name?
Del. *Lucifera.* (burnt to ashes.
Get. Come, *Lucie*, come, speak thy mind. I am certain
[*Exeunt.*
I have a kind of Glasse-house in my cod-piece.
Are these the flames of State? I am rosted over,
Over, and over-rosted. Is this Office?
The pleasure of authoritie? I'le no more on't,
Till I can punish Devils too; I'le quit it.
Some other Trade now, and some course less dangerous,
Or certainly I'le tyle again for two pence. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Cassana, *Ambassadours*, *Attendants.*

Aur. Never dispute with me; you cannot have her:
Nor name the greatness of your King; I scorn him:
Your knees to me are nothing; should he bow too,
It were his dutie, and my power to slight him.
Cha. She is her woman; never sue to me;
And in her power to render her, or keep her;
And she, my Sister, not to be compell'd,
Nor have her own snatch'd from her.
Amb. We desire not,
But for what ransom she shall please to think of;

Jewels, or Towns, or Provinces.
Aur. No ransom,
No, not your Kings own head, his crown upon it,
And all the low subjections of his people.
Amb. Fair Princes should have tender thoughts.
Aur. Is she too good
To wait upon the mighty Emperours Sister?
What Princess of that sweetness, or that excellence,
Sprung from the proudest, and the mightiest Monarchs,
But may be highly blest to be my servant?
Cas. 'Tis most true, mighty Lady.
Aur. Has my fair usage
Made you so much despise me and your fortune,
That ye grow weary of my entertainments?
Henceforward, as ye are, I will command ye,
And as you were ordain'd my prisoner,
My slave, and one I may dispose of any way,
No more my fair Companion: tell your King so:
And if he had more Sisters, I would have 'em,
And use 'em as I please. You have your answer. (it. [*Ex.*
Amb. We must take some other way: force must compel

Enter Maximinian.

Max. Now if thou beest a *Prophetess*, and canst do
Things of that wonder that thy tongue delivers,
Canst raise me too: I shall be bound to speak thee:
I half believe, confirm the other to me,
And Monuments to all succeeding Ages,
Of thee, and of thy piety.—Now she eyes me.
Now work great power of art: she moves unto me:
How sweet, how fair, and lovely her aspects are!
Her eyes like bright Eoan flames shoot thorow me.
Aur. O my fair friend, where have you been?
Max. What am I?
What does she take me for? work still, work strongly.
Aur. Where have you fled, my loves and my embraces?
Max. I am beyond my wits.
Aur. Can one poor Thunder,
Whose causes are as common as his noises,
Make ye defer your lawful and free pleasures?

Strike terrour to a Souldiers heart, a Monarchs?
Thorow all the fires of angry heaven, thorow tempests
That sing of nothing but destruction,
Even underneath the bolt of *Jove*, then ready,
And aiming dreadfully, I would seek you,
And flie into your arms.
Max. I shall be mighty,
And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;
For certain, a most handsom man.
Cha. Fie, Sister,
What a forgetful weakness is this in ye?
What a light presence? these are words and offers
Due only to your husband *Dioclesian*;
This free behaviour only his.
Aur. 'Tis strange
That only empty names compel affections:
This man, ye see, give him what name or title,
Let it be ne're so poor, ne're so despis'd, Brother,
This lovely man.—
Max. Though I be hang'd, I'le forward:
For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not.
Aur. This rare and sweet young man, see how he looks,
Max. I'le justle hard, dear Uncle. (Sir.
Aur. This thing, I say,
Let him be what he will, or bear what fortune,
This most unequall'd man, this spring of beauty
Deserves the bed of *Juno*.
Cha. You are not mad.
Max. I hope she be; I am sure I am little better.
Aur. O fair, sweet man!
Cha. For shame refrain this impudence. (blessing:
Max. Would I had her alone, that I might seal this
Sure, sure she should not beg: if this continue,
As I hope, Heaven, it will; Uncle, I'le nick ye,
I'le nick ye, by this life. Some would fear killing
In the pursuit now of so rare a venture;

Enter Diocles.

I am covetous to die for such a beauty.
Mine Uncle comes: now, if she stand, I am happie.

Cha. Be right again, for honours sake.
Dio. Fair Mistris—
Aur. What man is this? Away. What sawcy fellow?
Dare any such base groom press to salute me?
Dio. Have ye forgot me, Fair, or do you jest with me?
I'le tell ye what I am: come, 'pray ye look lovely.
Nothing but frowns and scorns?
Aur. Who is this fellow?
Dio. I'le tell ye who I am: I am your husband.
Aur. Husband to me?
Dio. To you. I am *Dioclesian.*
Max. More of this sport, and I am made, old Mother:
Effect but this thou hast begun.
Dio. I am he, Lady,
Reveng'd your Brothers death; slew cruel *Aper*;
I am he the Souldier courts, the Empire honours,
Your Brother loves; am he (my lovely Mistriss)
Will make you Empress of the World.
Max. Still excellent;
Now I see too, mine Uncle may be cozen'd:
An Emperour may suffer like another.
Well said, old Mother, hold up this miracle.
Aur. Thou lyest, thou art not he: thou a brave fellow?
Char. Is there no shame, no modesty in women?
Aur. Thou one of high and full mark?
Dio. Gods! what ails she?
Aur. Generous and noble? Fie, thou liest most basely.
Thy face, and all aspects upon thee, tell me
Thou art a poor *Dalmatian* Slave, a low thing,
Not worth the name of *Roman*; stand off farther.
Dio. What may this mean?
Aur. Come hither, my *Endymion*;
Come, shew thy self, and all eyes be blessed in thee.
Dio. Ha? what is this?
Aur. Thou fair star that I live by,
Look lovely on me, break into full brightness;
Look, here's a face now, of another making,
Another mold; here's a divine proportion,
Eyes fit for *Phœbus* self to gild the World with;
And there's a brow arch'd like the State of Heaven;

Look how it bends, and with what radiance,
As if the Synod of the gods sate under;
Look there, and wonder; now behold that fellow,
That admirable thing, cut with an Axe out. (pence,
Max. Old Woman, though I cannot give thee recom-
Yet certainly, I'll make thy name as glorious.
Dio. Is this in truth?
Char. She is mad, and you must pardon her.
Dio. She hangs upon him; see.
Char. Her fit is strong now,
Be not you passionate.
Dio. She kisses.
Char. Let her;
'Tis but the fondness of her fit.
Dio. I am fool'd,
And if I suffer this.
Char. 'Pray ye, friend, be pacified,
This will be off anon; she goes in. [*Exit* Aurelia.
Dio. Sirrah.
Max. What say you, Sir?
Dio. How dare thy lips, thy base lips?
Max. I am your Kinsman, Sir, and no such base one;
I sought no kisses, nor I had no reason
To kick the Princess from me; 'twas no manners;
I never yet compell'd her; of her courtesie,
What she bestows, Sir, I am thankful for.
Dio. Be gone, Villain.
Max. I will, and I will go off with that glory,
And magnifie my fate. [*Exit.*
Dio. Good Brother, leave me,
I am to my self a trouble now.
Char. I am sorry for't;
You'll find it but a woman-fit to try ye.
Dio. It may be so, I hope so.
Char. I am asham'd, and what I think I blush at. [*Exit.*
Dio. What misery hath my fortune bred me?
And how far must I suffer? Poor and low States,
Though they know wants and hungers, know not these,
Know not these killing Fates; little contents them,
And with that little they live, Kings commanding,

And ordering both their ends and loves. O Honour!
How greedily men seek thee, and once purchased,
How many Enemies to mans peace bringst thou!
How many griefs and sorrows, that like sheers,
Like fatal Sheers, are sheering off our lives still!
How many sad Eclipses do we shine thorow!

Enter Delphia, Drusilla, *vail'd.*

When I presum'd I was blessed in this fair woman.
Del. Behold him now, and tell me how thou lik'st him.
Dio. When all my hopes were up, and Fortune dealt me
Even for the greatest, and the happiest Monarch,
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated basely?
By mine own Kinsman cross'd? O villain Kinsman!
Curse of my blood; because a little younger,
A little smoother fac'd; O false, false woman,
False and forgetful of thy faith; I'll kill him.
But can I kill her hate too? No, he woos not,
Nor worthy is of death, because she follows him,
Because she courts him; Shall I kill an innocent?
O *Diocles*! would thou hadst never known this,
Nor surfeited upon this sweet Ambition,
That now lies bitter at thy heart; O Fortune,
That thou hast none to fool, and blow like bubbles,
But Kings, and their Contents!
Del. What think you now, Girl?
Dru. Upon my life, I pity his misfortune:
See how he weeps; I cannot hold.
Del. Away, fool;
He must weep bloody tears before thou hast him.
How fare ye now, brave *Dioclesian*?
What! lazy in your loves? has too much pleasure
Dull'd your most mighty faculties?
Dio. Art thou there!
More to torment me? dost thou come to mock me?
Del. I do, and I do laugh at all thy sufferings:
I, that have wrought 'em, come to scorn thy wailings;
I told thee once, this is thy fate, this woman,
And as thou usest her, so thou shalt prosper.
It is not in thy power to turn this destiny,

Nor stop the torrent of those miseries
(If thou neglectst her still) shall fall upon thee.
Sith that thou art dishonest, false of faith,
Proud, and dost think no Power can cross thy pleasures;
Thou wilt find a Fate above thee.
Dru. Good Aunt, speak mildly;
See how he looks and suffers.
Dio. I find and feel, woman,
That I am miserable.
Del. Thou art most miserable.
Dio. That as I am the most, I am most miserable.
But didst thou work this?
Del. Yes, and will pursue it.
Dio. Stay there, and have some pity, fair *Drusilla*
Let me perswade thy mercy, thou hast lov'd me,
Although I know my suit will sound unjustly
To make thy love the means to lose it self,
Have pity on me.
Dru. I will do.
Del. Peace, Niece,
Although this softness may become your love,
Your care must scorn it. Let him still contemn thee,
And still I'll work; the same affection
He ever shews to thee, be it sweet or bitter,
The same *Aurelia* shall shew him; no further;
Nor shall the wealth of all his Empire free this.
Dio. I must speak fair. Lovely young Maid, forgive me,
Look gently on my sorrows; you that grieve too,
I see it in your eyes, and thus I meet it.
Dru. O Aunt, I am bless'd.
Dio. Be not both young and cruel,
Again I beg it thus.
Dru. Thus, Sir, I grant it.

Enter Aurelia.

He's mine own now, Aunt.
Del. Not yet, Girl, thou art cozen'd.
Aur. O my dear Lord, how have I wrong'd your patience!
How wandred from the truth of my affections!
How (like a wanton fool) shun'd that I lov'd most!

But you are full of goodness, to forgive, Sir,
As I of grief to beg, and shame to take it;
Sure I was not my self, some strange illusion,
Or what you please to pardon.
Dio. All, my Dearest;
All, my Delight; and with more pleasure take thee,
Than if there had been no such dream: for certain,
It was no more.
Aur. Now you have seal'd forgiveness,
I take my leave, and the gods keep your goodness. [*Exit.*
Del. You see how kindness prospers; be but so kind
To marry her, and see then what new fortunes,
New joys and pleasures; far beyond this Lady,
Beyond her Greatness too.
Dio. I'll dye a dog first.
Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her
In spight of all thy spirits, and thy witchcrafts.
Del. Thou shalt not, fool.
Dio. I will, old doting Devil;
And wert thou any thing but air and spirit,
My Sword should tell thee.
Del. I contemn thy threatnings,
And thou shalt know I hold a power above thee.
We must remove *Aurelia*; Come, farewel, fool,
When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow to me.
Dio. Look thou appear no more to cross my pleasures.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *CHORUS.*

So full of matter is our Historie,
Yet mixt I hope with sweet varietie,
The accidents not vulgar too, but rare,
And fit to be presented, that there wants
Room in this narrow Stage, and time to express
In Action to the life, our Dioclesian
In his full lustre: Yet (as the Statuary,
That by the large size of Alcides's *foot,*

Guess'd at his whole proportion) so we hope
Your apprehensive judgments will conceive
Out of the shadow we can only shew,
How fair the Body was; and will be pleas'd,
Out of your wonted goodness, to behold
As in a silent Mirrour, what we cannot
With fit conveniency of time, allow'd
For such Presentments, cloath in vocal sounds.
Yet with such Art the Subject is conveigh'd,
That every Scene and passage shall be clear
Even to the grossest Understander here.

[Loud Musick.

Dumb Shew.

Enter, at one Door, *Delphia*, *Ambassadours*, They whisper together; they take an Oath upon her hand; She circles them (kneeling) with her Magick-rod; they rise and draw their Swords. *Enter*, at the other door, *Dioclesian*, *Charinus*, *Maximinian*, *Niger*, *Aurelia*, *Cassana*, Guard; *Charinus* and *Niger* perswading *Aurelia*; She offers to embrace *Maximinian*; *Diocles* draws his Sword, keeps off *Maximinian*, turns to *Aurelia*, kneels to her, lays his Sword at her feet, she scornfully turns away: *Delphia* gives a sign; the Ambassadours and Souldiers rush upon them, seize on *Aurelia*, *Cassana*, *Charinus*, and *Maximinian*; *Dioclesian*, and others offer to rescue them; *Delphia* raises a mist; *Exeunt* Ambassadours and Prisoners, and the rest discontented.

The skilful Delphia *finding by sure proof*
The presence of Aurelia *dim'd the Beauty*
Of her Drusilla; *and in spight of Charms,*
The Emperour her Brother, Great Charinus,
Still urg'd her to the love of Dioclesian,
Deals with the Persian *Legats, that were bound*
For the Ransom of Cassana, *to remove*

Aurelia, Maximinian, *and* Charinus
Out of the sight of Rome; *but takes their Oaths*
(In lieu of her assistance) that they shall not
On any terms, when they were in their power,
Presume to touch their lives; This yielded to,
They lye in ambush for 'em. Dioclesian
Still mad for fair Aurelia, *that doted*
As much on Maximinian, *twice had kill'd him,*
But that her frown restrain'd him: He pursues her
With all humility; but she continues
Proud and disdainful. The sign given by Delphia,
The Persians *break thorow, and seize upon*
Charinus *and his Sister, with* Maximinian,
And free Cassana. *For their speedy rescue,*
Enraged Dioclesian *draws his Sword,*
And bids his Guard assist him; Then too weak
Had been all opposition and resistance
The Persians *could have made against their fury,*
If Delphia *by her Cunning had not rais'd*
A foggy Mist, which, as a Cloud, conceal'd them,
Deceiving their Pursuers. Now be pleas'd,
That your imaginations may help you
To think them safe in Persia, *and* Dioclesian
For this disaster circled round with sorrow,
Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future fortunes
We will present in Action; and are bold,
In that which follows, that the most shall say,
'Twas well begun, but the End crown'd the Play.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Diocles, Niger, *Senators, Guard.*

Dio. Talk not of comfort; I have broke my faith,
And the gods fight against me; and proud man,
However magnified, is but as dust
Before the raging whirl-wind of their justice.
What is it to be great? ador'd on Earth?
When the immortal Powers that are above us
Turn all our Blessings into horrid Curses,

And laugh at our resistance, or prevention
Of what they purpose? O the Furies that
I feel within me! whipt on, by their angers,
For my tormentors. Could it else have been
In Nature, that a few fugitive *Persians*,
Unfriended, and unarmed too, could have rob'd me
(In *Rome*, the World's *Metropolis*, and her glory;
In *Rome*, where I command, inviron'd round
With such invincible Troops that know no fear,
But want of noble Enemies) of those jewels
I priz'd above my life, and I want power
To free them, if those gods I have provok'd
Had not given spirit to the undertakers,
And in their deed protected 'em?

Nig. Great *Cæsar*,
Your safety does confirm you are their care,
And that howe'r their practices reach others,
You stand above their malice.

1 *Sen.* *Rome* in us
Offers (as means to further your revenge)
The lives of her best Citizens,
And all they stand possess'd of.

1 *Guard.* Do but lead us on
With that invincible and undaunted Courage
Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd
The minion of Conquest; married rather
To glorious Victory, and we will drag
(Though all the Enemies of life conspire
Against our undertakings) the proud *Persian*,
Out of his strongest hold.

2 *Guard.* Be but your self,
And do not talk but do.

3 *Guard.* You have hands and swords,
Limbs to make up a well proportion'd Army,
That only want in you an Head to lead us.

Dio. The gods reward your goodness; and believe,
Howe'r (for some great sin) I am mark't out
The object of their hate, though *Jove* stood ready
To dart his three-fold thunder on this head,
It could not fright me from a fierce pursuit

Of my revenge; I will redeem my friends,
And with my friends mine honour; at least fall
Like to my self, a Souldier.
Nig. Now we hear
Great *Dioclesian* speak.
Dio. Draw up our Legions,
And let it be your care (my much lov'd *Niger*)
To hasten the remove; And, fellow Souldiers,
Your love to me will teach you to endure
Both long and tedious Marches.
1 *Guard.* Dye he accurs'd
That thinks of rest or sleep, before he sets
His foot on *Persian*-Earth.
Nig. We know our glory;
The dignity of *Rome*, and what's above
All can be urg'd, the quiet of your mind
Depends upon our haste.
Dio. Remove to night;
Five days shall bring me to you.
All. Happiness
To *Cæsar*, and glorious victory. [*Exeunt.*
Dio. The cheerfulness of my Souldiers gives assurance
Of good success abroad; if first I make
My peace at home here. There is something chides me,
And sharply tells me, that my breach of faith
To *Delphia* and *Drusilla*, is the ground
Of my misfortunes; And I must remember,
While I was lov'd, and in great *Delphia*'s Grace,
She was as my good Angel, and bound Fortune
To prosper my designs; I must appease her;
Let others pay their Knees, their Vows, their Prayers
To weak imagin'd Powers; She is my All,
And thus I do invoke her. Knowing *Delphia*,
Thou more than Woman, and though thou vouchsafest
To grace the Earth with thy celestial Steps,
And taste this grosser air, thy heavenly Spirit
Hath free access to all the secret Counsels
Which a full Senate of the gods determine
When they consider man: The brass leav'd Book
Of Fate lies open to thee, where thou read'st,

And fashionest the destinies of men
At thy wish'd pleasures; Look upon thy creature,
And as thou twice hast pleased to appear
To reprehend my falshood, now vouchsafe
To see my low submission. [Delphia *and* Drusilla *appear.*
Del. What's thy Will?
False, and unthankful, (and in that deserving
All humane sorrows) darst thou hope from me
Relief or Comfort?
Dio. Penitence does appease
Th' incensed Powers, and Sacrifice takes off
Their heavy angers; thus I tender both;
The Master of great *Rome*, and in that, Lord
Of all the Sun gives heat and being to,
Thus sues for mercy;- Be but as thou wert,
The Pilot to the Bark of my good fortunes,
And once more steer my actions to the Port
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
Hereafter from my faith to this sweet Virgin,
Joyn with those Powers that punish perjury,
To make me an example to deter
Others from being false.
Dru. Upon my soul,
You may believe him; nor did he e'r purpose
To me but nobly; he made tryal how
I could endure unkindness; I see Truth
Triumphant in his sorrow. Dearest Aunt,
Both credit him, and help him; and on assurance
That what I plead for, you cannot deny,
I raise him thus, and with this willing kiss
I seal his pardon.
Dio. O that I e'r lookt
Beyond this abstract of all womans goodness.
Del. I am thine again; thus I confirm our league;
I know thy wishes, and how much thou suffer'st
In honour for thy friends; thou shalt repair all;
For to thy Fleet I'll give a fore-right wind
To pass the *Persian* Gulf; remove all lets
That may molest thy Souldiers in their March
That pass by land, and destiny is false,

If thou prove not victorious; Yet remember,
When thou art rais'd up to the highest point
Of humane happiness, such as move beyond it
Must of necessity descend. Think on't,
And use those Blessings that the gods pour on you
With moderation.

Dio. As their Oracle
I hear you, and obey you, and will follow
Your grave directions.

Del. You will not repent it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Niger, Geta, *Guard*, *Souldiers*, *Ensigns*.

Nig. How do you like your entrance to the War?
When the whole Body of the Army moves,
Shews it not gloriously?

Get. 'Tis a fine *May-game*;
But eating and drinking I think are forbad in't,
(I mean, with leisure) we walk on, and feed
Like hungry Boys that haste to School; or as
We carried Fish to the City, dare stay no where,
For fear our ware should stink.

1 *Guard.* That's the necessity
Of our speedy March.

Get. Sir, I do love my ease,
And though I hate all Seats of Judicature,
I mean in the City, for conveniency,
I still will be a Justice in the War,
And ride upon my foot-cloth. I hope a Captain
(And a gown'd-Captain too) may be dispenc'd with.
I tell you, and do not mock me, when I was poor,
I could endure like others, cold and hunger;
But since I grew rich, let but my finger ake,
Or feel but the least pain in my great Toe,
Unless I have a Doctor, mine own Doctor,
That may assure me, I am gone.

Nig. Come, fear not;
You shall want nothing.

1 *Guard.* We will make you fight,

As you were mad.
Get. Not too much of fighting, friend;
It is thy trade, that art a common Souldier;
We Officers, by our place, may share the spoil,
And never sweat for't.
2 *Guard.* You shall kill for practice
But your dozen or two a day.
Get. Thou talkst as if
Thou wert lousing thy self; but yet I will make danger,
If I prove one of the Worthies, so; However,
I'll have the fear of the gods before my eyes,
And do no hurt I warrant you.
Nig. Come, march on,
And humour him for our mirth.
1 *Guard.* 'Tis a fine peak-Goose.
Nig. But one that fools to the Emperour, and in that,
A wise man, and a Souldier.
1 *Guard.* True morality. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cosroe, Cassana, *Persians*; *and* Charinus, Maximinian, Aurelia, *bound*, *with Souldiers.*

Cos. Now by the *Persian* gods, most truly welcome,
Encompass'd thus with tributary Kings,
I entertain you. Lend your helping hands
To seat her by me; and thus rais'd, bow all
To do her honour; O my best *Cassana*,
Sister, and Partner of my Life and Empire,
We'll teach thee to forget with present pleasures
Thy late Captivity; and this proud *Roman*,
That us'd thee as a Slave, and did disdain
A Princely Ransome, shall, if she repine,
Be forc'd by various Tortures, to adore
What she of late contemn'd.
Cas. All greatness ever
Attend *Cosroe*; though *Persia* be styl'd
The Nurse of Pomp and Pride, we'll leave to *Rome*
Her native Cruelty. For know, *Aurelia*,
A Roman Princess, and a *Cæsars* Sister

Though late, like thee captiv'd, I can forget
Thy barbarous usage; and though thou to me
(When I was in thy power) didst shew thy self,
A most insulting Tyranness, I to thee
May prove a gentle Mistriss.
Aur. O my Stars,
A Mistriss? can I live and owe that name
To flesh and blood? I was born to command,
Train'd up in Soveraignty; and I, in death
Can quit the name of Slave; she that scorns life,
May mock Captivity.
Char. *Rome* will be *Rome*
When we are nothing; and her power's the same
Which you once quak'd at.
Max. *Dioclesian* lives;
Hear it and tremble; Lives (thou King of *Persia*)
The Master of his Fortune, and his Honour;
And though by devilish arts we were surpriz'd,
And made the prey of Magick and of Theft,
And not won nobly, we shall be redeem'd,
And by a *Roman* War; and every wrong
We suffer here, with interest, be return'd
On the insulting doer.
1 *Per.* Sure these *Romans*
Are more than men.
2 *Per.* Their great hearts will not yield,
They cannot bend to any adverse Fate,
Such is their Confidence.
Cos. They then shall break.
Why, you rebellious Wretches, dare you still
Contend when the last breath, or nod of mine
Marks you out for the fire? or to be made
The prey of Wolves or Vulturs? the vain name
Of *Roman* Legions, I slight thus, and scorn;
And for that boasted bug bear, *Dioclesian*,
(Which you presume on) would he were the master
But of the spirit, to meet me in the field,
He soon should find that our immortal Squadrons,
That with full numbers ever are supply'd,
(Could it be possible they should decay)

Dare front his boldest Troops, and scatter him,
As an high towring Falcon on her stretches,
Severs the fearful fowl. And by the Sun,
The Moon, the Winds, the nourishers of life,
And by this Sword, the instrument of death,
Since that you fly not humbly to our mercy
But yet dare hope your liberty by force;
If *Dioclesian* dare not attempt
To free you with his Sword, all slavery
That cruelty can find out to make you wretched,
Falls heavy on you.

Max. If the Sun keep his course,
And the Earth can bear his Souldiers march, I fear not.

Aur. Or liberty, or revenge.

Char. On that I build too. [*A Trumpet.*

Aur. A *Roman* Trumpet!

Max. 'Tis; comes it not like
A pardon to a man condemn'd?

Cos. Admit him.

Enter Niger.

The purpose of thy coming?

Nig. My great Master,
The Lord of *Rome*, (in that all Power is spoken)
Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble Enemy,
And (in thy bold resistance) worth his conquest,
Defies thee, *Cosroe*.

Max. There is fire in this.

Nig. And to encourage thy laborious powers
To tug for Empire, dares thee to the field,
With this assurance, if thy Sword can win him,
Or force his Legions with thy barbed horse,
But to forsake their ground, that not alone
Wing'd Victory shall take stand on thy Tent,
But all the Provinces, and Kingdoms held
By the *Roman* Garrisons in this *Eastern* World,
Shall be deliver'd up, and he himself
Acknowledge thee his Sovereign. In return
Of this large offer, he asks only this,
That till the doubtful Die of War determine

Who has most power, and should command the other,
Thou wouldst entreat thy Prisoners like their Births,
And not their present Fortune; and to bring 'em,
Guarded, into thy Tent, with thy best strengths,
Thy ablest men of War, and thou thy self
Sworn to make good the place. And if he fail
(Maugre all opposition can be made)
In his own person to compel his way,
And fetch them safely off, the day is thine,
And he, like these, thy Prisoner.

Cos. Though I receive this
But as a *Roman* Brave, I do embrace it,
And love the sender. Tell him, I will bring
My Prisoners to the field, and without odds,
Against his single force, alone defend 'em;
Or else with equal numbers. Courage, noble Princes,
And let Posterity record, that we
This memorable day restor'd to *Persia*,
That Empire of the World, great *Philip*'s Son,
Ravish'd from us, and *Greece* gave up to *Rome*.
This our strong comfort, that we cannot fall
Ingloriously, since we contend for all. [*Exeunt.*

[*Flourish. Alarms.*

SCENE V.

Enter Geta, *Guard*, *Souldiers*.

Get. I'll swear the Peace against 'em, I am hurt,
Run for a Surgeon, or I faint.

1 *Guard.* Bear up, man,
'Tis but a scratch.

Get. Scoring a man o'r the Coxcomb
Is but a scratch with you! —— o' your occupation,
Your scurvy scuffling trade; I was told before
My face was bad enough; but now I look
Like bloody Bone, and raw head, to fright Children;
I am for no use else.

2 *Guard.* Thou shalt fright men.

1 *Guard.* You look so terrible now; but see your face
In the Pummel of my Sword.

Get. I dye, I am gone.
Oh my sweet physiognomy.

Enter three Persians.

2 *Guard.* They come,
Now fight, or dye indeed.
Get. I will 'scape this way;
I cannot hold my Sword; what would you have
Of a maim'd man?
1 *Guard.* Nay, then I have a goad
To prick you forward, Oxe.
2 *Guard.* Fight like a Man,
Or dye like a Dog.
Get. Shall I, like *Cæsar*, fall
Among my friends? no mercy? *Et tu Brute?*
You shall not have the honour of my death,
I'll fall by the Enemy first.
1 *Guard.* O brave, brave *Geta*, [Persians *driven off.*
He plays the Devil now.

Enter Niger.

Nig. Make up for honour,
The *Persians* shrink. The passage is laid open,
Great *Dioclesian*, like a second *Mars*,
His strong arm govern'd by the fierce *Bellona*,
Performs more than a man; his shield struck full
Of *Persian* Darts, which now are his defence
Against the Enemies Swords, still leads the way.
Of all the *Persian* Forces, one strong Squadron,
[*Alarm's continued.*
In which *Cosroe* in his own person fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted; Break thorow that,
The day, and all is ours. [*Retreat.*
All. Victory, Victory. [*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE VI.

Enter, in Triumph with Roman *Ensigns, Guard,* Dioclesian, Charinus, Aurelia, Maximinian, Niger, Geta, Cosroe, Cassana, *Persians, as Prisoners*; Delphia, *and* Drusilla, *privately.*

Dio. I am rewarded in the Act; your freedome
To me's ten thousand Triumphs; You Sir, share,
In all my glories. And unkind *Aurelia*,
From being a Captive, still command the Victor.
Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free;
You I afford my pity; baser minds
Insult on the afflicted, you shall know,
Vertue and Courage are admir'd and lov'd
In Enemies; but more of that hereafter.
Thanks to your valour; to your Swords I owe
This Wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot
My first poor Bondman, *Geta*, I am glad
Thou art turn'd a fighter.

Get. 'Twas against my will;
But now I am content with't.

Char. But imagine
What honours can be done to you beyond these,
Transcending all example; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it.

Nig. We will have
His Statue of pure gold set in the Capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a god,
Makes forfeit of his head.

Max. I burst with envy;
And yet these honours, which conferr'd on me,
Would make me pace on air, seem not to move him.

Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a man,
And all these glories, Empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant friends, and faithful Guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking Feaver,
Or bribe the uncorrupted Dart of Death
To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd

In these triumphant Robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow, than it did when I
Liv'd both poor and obscure; a Swords sharp point
Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep
As when I was a private man; my passions
Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is Greatness
A saving Antidote to keep me from
A Traytors poyson. Shall I praise my fortune,
Or raise the building of my happiness
On her uncertain favour? or presume
She is mine own, and sure, that yet was never
Constant to any? Should my reason fail me
(As flattery oft corrupts it) here's an example,
To speak how far her smiles are to be trusted;
The rising Sun, this morning, saw this man
The *Persian* Monarch, and those Subjects proud
That had the honour but to kiss his feet;
And yet e're his diurnal progress ends,
He is the scorn of Fortune: but you'll say,
That she forsook him for his want of courage,
But never leaves the bold. Now by my hopes
Of peace and quiet here, I never met
A braver Enemy; and to make it good,
Cosroe, *Cassana*, and the rest, be free,
And ransomless return.

Cos. To see this vertue
Is more to me than Empire; and to be
O'rcome by you, a glorious victory.

Max. What o' Devil means he next?

Dio. I know that glory
Is like *Alcides*'s Shirt, if it stay on us
Till pride hath mixt it with our blood; nor can we
Part with it at pleasure: when we would uncase,
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
And leaves us living Monsters.

Max. Would it were come
To my turn to put it on: I'd run the hazard.

Dio. No, I will not be pluck'd out by the ears
Out of this glorious Castle; uncompell'd
I will surrender rather; Let it suffice

I have toucht the height of humane happiness,
And here I fix *nil ultra*. Hitherto
I have liv'd a servant to ambitious thoughts,
And fading glories; what remains of life,
I dedicate to Vertue; and to keep
My faith untainted, farewel Pride and Pomp,
And circumstance of glorious Majestie,
Farewel for ever. Nephew, I have noted,
That you have long with sore eyes look'd upon
My flourishing Fortune; you shall have possession
Of my felicity; I deliver up
My Empire, and this gem I priz'd above it,
And all things else that made me worth your envy,
Freely unto you. Gentle Sir, your suffrage,
To strengthen this; the Souldiers love I doubt not;
His valour, Gentlemen, will deserve your favours,
Which let my prayers further. All is yours;
But I have been too liberal, and giv'n that
I must beg back again.

Max. What am I faln from!

Dio. Nay, start not; it is only the poor Grange,
The Patrimony which my father left me,
I would be Tenant to.

Max. Sir, I am yours;
I will attend you there.

Dio. No, keep the Court;
Seek you in *Rome* for honour: I will labour
To find content elswhere. Disswade me not,
By ——, I am resolv'd. And now *Drusilla*,
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
My wife, if thy love since hath felt no change,
I am ready to perform it.

Dru. I still lov'd
Your Person, not your fortunes: in a cottage,
Being yours, I am an Empress.

Del. And I'le make
The change most happy.

Dio. Do me then the honour,
To see my vow perform'd. You but attend
My Glories to the urn; where be it ashes,

Welcom my mean estate: and as a due,
Wish rest to me, I honour unto you. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *CHORUS.*

Cho. *The War with glory ended*; *and* Cosroe
(Acknowledging his fealtie to Charinus*)*
Dismiss'd in peace, returns to Persia:
The rest, arriving safely unto Rome,
Are entertain'd with triumphs: Maximinian,
By the grace and intercession of his Uncle,
Saluted Cæsar*: but good* Dioclesian,
Weary of Pomp and State, retires himself
With a small Train, to a most private Grange
In Lombardie; *where the glad Countrey strives*
With Rural Sports to give him entertainment:
With which delighted, he with ease forgets
All specious trifles, and securely tastes
The certain pleasures of a private life.
But oh Ambition, that eats into
With venom'd teeth, true thankfulness, and honour,
And to support her greatness, fashions fears,
Doubts, and preventions to decline all dangers,
Which in the place of safetie, prove her ruine:
All which be pleas'd to see in Maximinian,
To whom, his confer'd Sovera[ignt]y was like
A large sail fill'd full with a fore-right wind,
That drowns a smaller Bark: and he once faln
Into ingratitude, makes no stop in mischief,
But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian *all,*
Honour, and Empire, absolute command;
Yet being ill, long great he cannot stand. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Maximinian, *and* Aurelia.

Aur. Why droops my Lord, my Love, my life, my *Cæsar*?
How ill this dulness doth comport with greatness!
Does not (with open arms) your fortune court you?

Rome know you for her Master, I my self
Confess you for my husband? love, and serve you?
If you contemn not these, and think them curses,
I know no blessings that ambitious flesh
Could wish to feel beyond 'em.
Max. Best *Aurelia*,
The parent and the nurse to all my Glories,
'Tis not that thus embracing you, I think
There is a Heaven beyond it, that begets
These sad retirements; but the fear to lose
What it is hell to part with: better to have liv'd
Poor and obscure, and never scal'd the top
Of hilly Empire, than to die with fear
To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon
As we have reach'd it.
Aur. These are Pannick terrours
You fashion to your self: Is not my Brother
(Your equal and copartner in the Empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your friend? the Souldier constant?
Hath not your Uncle *Dioclesian* taken
His last farewel o'th' world? What then can shake ye?
Max. The thought I may be shaken: and assurance
That what we do possess is not our own,
But has depending on anothers favour:
For nothing's more uncertain (my *Aurelia*)
Than power that stands not on his proper Basis,
But borrows his foundation. I'le make plain
My cause of doubts and fears; for what should I
Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
With my most private thoughts? Is not the Empire
My Uncles gift? and may he not resume it
Upon the least distaste? Does not *Charinus*
Cross me in my designs? And what is Majestie
When 'tis divided? Does not the insolent Souldier
Call my command his donative? And what can take
More from our honour? No (my wise *Aurelia*,)
If I to you am more than all the world,
As sure you are to me; as we desire
To be secure, we must be absolute,
And know no equal: when your Brother borrows

The little splendor that he has from us,
And we are serv'd for fear, not at entreaty,
We may live safe; but till then, we but walk
With heavie burthens on a sea of glass,
And our own weight will sink us.
Aur. Your Mother brought you
Into the world an Emperour: you perswade
But what I would have counsell'd: Nearness of blood,
Respect of pietie, and thankfulness,
And all the holy dreams of vertuous fools
Must vanish into nothing, when Ambition
(The maker of great minds, and nurse of honour)
Puts in for Empire. On then, and forget
Your simple Uncle; think he was the Master
(In being once an Emperour) of a Jewel,
Whose worth and use he knew not: For *Charinus*,
No more my Brother, if he be a stop
To what you purpose; he to Me's a stranger,
And so to be remov'd.
Max. Thou more than woman,
Thou masculine Greatness, to whose soaring spirit
To touch the stars seems but an easie flight;
O how I glory in thee! those great women
Antiquitie is proud of, thou but nam'd,
Shall be no more remembred: but persevere,
And thou shalt shine among those lesser lights,

Enter Charinus, Niger, *Guard.*

To all posteritie like another *Phebe*,
And so ador'd as she is.
Aur. Here's *Charinus*,
His brow furrow'd with anger.
Max. Let him storm,
And you shall hear me thunder.
Cha. He dispose of
My Provinces at his pleasure? and confer
Those honours (that are only mine to give)
Upon his creatures?
Nig. Mighty Sir, ascribe it
To his assurance of your love and favour,

And not to pride or malice.
Cha. No, good *Niger*,
Courtesie shall not fool me; he shall know
I lent a hand to raise him, and defend him,
While he continues good: but the same strength
If pride make him usurp upon my Right,
Shall strike him to the Center. You are well met, Sir.
Max. As you make the Encounter: Sir, I hear,
That you repine, and hold your self much griev'd,
In that, without your good leave, I bestow'd
The Gallian Proconsulship upon
A follower of mine.
Cha. 'Tis true: and wonder
You durst attempt it.
Max. Durst, *Charinus*?
Cha. Durst:
Again, I speak it: Think you me so tame,
So leaden and unactive, to sit down
With such dishonour? But, recal your grant,
And speedily; or by the *Roman* ——
Thou tripst thine own heels up, and hast no part
In *Rome*, or in the Empire.
Max. Thou hast none,
But by permission: Alas, poor *Charinus*,
Thou shadow of an Emperour, I scorn thee,
Thee, and thy foolish threats: the gods appoint him
The absolute disposer of the Earth,
That has the sharpest sword. I am sure, *Charinus*,
Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel *Aper*
Had kill'd *Numerianus*, thy Brother,
(An act that would have made a trembling coward
More daring than *Alcides*) thy base fear
Made thee wink at it: then rose up my Uncle
(For the honour of the Empire, and of *Rome*)
Against the Traitor, and among his Guards
Punish'd the treason: This bold daring act
Got him the Souldiers suffrages to be *Cæsar*.
And howsoever his too gentle nature
Allow'd thee the name only, as his gift,
I challenge the succession.

Cha. Thou ar[t] cozen'd.
When the receiver of a courtesie
Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,
'Tis but a Trial, not a present Act.
Thou hast in a few dayes of thy short Reign,
In over-weening pride, riot and lusts,
Sham'd noble *Dioclesian*, and his gift:
Nor doubt I, when it shall arrive unto
His certain knowledge, how the Empire groans
Under thy Tyranny, but he will forsake
His private life, and once again resume
His laid-by Majestie: or at least, make choice
Of such an *Atlas* as may bear this burthen,
Too heavie for thy shoulders. To effect this,
Lend your assistance, Gentlemen, and then doubt not
But that this mushroom (sprung up in a night)
Shall as soon wither. And for you, *Aurelia*,
If you esteem your honour more than tribute
Paid to your loathsome appetite, as a Furie
Flie from his loose embraces: so farewel;
E're long you shall hear more. [*Exeunt.*

Aur. Are you struck dumb,
That you make no reply?

Max. Sweet, I will do,
And after talk: I will prevent their plots,
And turn them on their own accursed heads.
My Uncle? good: I must not know the names
Of Pietie or Pitie. Steel my heart,
Desire of Empire, and instruct me, that
The Prince that over others would bear sway,
Checks at no Let that stops him in his way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Shepherds, and two Countreymen.

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great man will continue here?

2 *Shep.* Continue here? what else? he has bought the (great Farm;
A great man, with a great Inheritance,
And all the ground about it, all the woods too;
And stock'd it like an Emperour. Now, all our sports again

And all our merry Gambols, our may-Ladies,
Our evening-daunces on the Green, our Songs,
Our Holiday good cheer, our Bag-pipes now Boyes,
Shall make the wanton Lasses skip again,
Our Sheep-sheerings, and all our knacks.
3 *Shep.* But hark ye,
We must not call him Emperour.
1 *Countr.* That's all one;
He is the King of good fellows, that's no treason;
And so I'le call him still, though I be hang'd for't.
I grant ye, he has given his honour to another man,
He cannot give his humour: he is a brave fellow,
And will love us, and we'l love him. Come hither *Ladon*,
What new Songs, and what geers?
3 *Shep.* Enough: I'le tell ye
He comes abroad anon to view his grounds,
And with the help of *Thirsis*, and old *Egon*,
(If his whorson could be gon) and *Amaryllis*,
And some few more o'th' wenches, we will meet him,
And strike him such new springs, and such free welcoms,
Shall make him scorn an Empire, forget Majestie,
And make him bless the hour he liv'd here happy.
2 *Countr.* And we will second ye, we honest Carters,
We lads o'th' lash, with some blunt entertainment,
Our Teams to two pence, will give him some content,
Or we'll bawl fearfully.
3 *Shep.* He cannot expect now
His Courtly entertainments, and his rare Musicks,
And Ladies to delight him with their voyces;
Honest and cheerful toyes from honest meanings,
And the best hearts they have. We must be neat all:
On goes my russet jerkin with blue buttons.
1 *Shep.* And my green slops I was married in; my bonnet
With my carnation point with Silver tags, boyes:
You know where I won it.
1 *Countr.* Thou wilt ne're be old, *Alexis*.
1 *Shep.* And I shall find some toyes that have been favors,
And nose-gayes, and such knacks: for there be wenches.
3 *Shep.* My mantle goes on too I plaid young *Paris* in,
And the new garters *Amaryllis* sent me.

1 *Count.* Yes, yes: we'l all be handsom, and wash our faces.
Neighbour, I see a remnant of March dust
That's hatch'd into your chaps: I pray ye be carefull,

Enter Geta.

And mundifie your muzzel.
2 *Countr.* I'le to th' Barbers,
It shall cost me I know what. Who's this?
3 *Shep.* Give room, neighbours,
A great man in our State: gods bless your worship.
2 *Countr.* Encrease your Mastership.
Get. Thanks, my good people:
Stand off, and know your duties: as I take it
You are the labouring people of this village,
And you that keep the sheep. Stand farther off yet,
And mingle not with my authoritie,
I am too mighty for your companie.
3 *Shep.* We know it Sir; and we desire your worship
To reckon us amongst your humble servants,
And that our Country Sports, Sir,—
Get. For your Sports, Sir,
They may be seen, when I shall think convenient,
When out of my discretion, I shall view 'em,
And hold 'em fit for licence. Ye look upon me,
And look upon me seriously, as ye knew me:
'Tis true, I have been a Rascal, as you are,
A fellow of no mention, nor no mark,
Just such another piece of durt, so fashion'd:
But Time, that purifies all things of merit,
Has set another stamp. Come nearer now,
And be not fearfull; I take off my austeritie:
And know me for the great and mighty Steward
Under this man of honour: know ye for my vassals,
And at my pleasure I can dispeople ye,
Can blow you and your cattel out o'th' Country:
But fear me, and have favour. Come, go along with me,
And I will hear your Songs, and perhaps like 'em.
3 *Shep.* I hope you will, Sir.
Geta. 'Tis not a thing impossible,
Perhaps I'le sing my self, the more to grace ye,

And if I like your women.
3 *Shep.* We'l have the best, Sir,
Handsom young Girls.
Geta. The handsomer, the better.

Enter Delphia.

'May bring your wives too, 'twill be all one charge to ye;
For I must know your families.
Del. 'Tis well said,
'Tis well said, honest friends; I know ye are hatching
Some pleasurable sports for your great Landlord:
Fill him with joy, and win him a friend to ye,
And make this little Grange seem a large Empire,
Let out with home-contents: I'le work his favour,
Which daily shall be on ye.
3 *Shep.* Then we'l sing daily,
And make him the best Sports.
Del. Instruct 'em *Geta*,
And be a merry man again.
Geta. Will ye lend me a devil,
That we may dance a while?
Del. I'le lend thee two.
And Bag-pipes that shall blow alone.
Get. I thank ye:
But I'le know your devils of a cooler complexion first.
Come, follow, follow; I'le go sit and see ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Diocles, *and* Drusilla.

Del. Do; and be ready an hour hence, and bring 'em;
For in the Grove you'l find him.
Dio. Come *Drusilla*,
The partner of my best contents: I hope now
You dare believe me.
Dru. Yes, and dare say to ye,
I think ye now most happie.
Dio. You say true, Sweet,
For by my ——, I find now by experience,
Content was never Courtier.
Dru. I pray ye walk on, Sir;
The cool shades of the Grove invite ye.

Dio. O my Dearest!
When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,
And sunk into the sweetness of himself;
Built his foundation upon honest thoughts,
Not great, but good desires his daily servants;
How quie[t]ly he sleeps! how joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,
And from his willing labours feeds with pleasure?
Here hang no Comets in the shapes of Crowns,
To shake our sweet contents: nor here, *Drusilla*,
Cares, like Eclipses, darken our endeavours:
We love here without rivals, kiss with innocence;
Our thoughts as gentle as our lips; our children
The double heirs both of our forms and faiths.

Dru. I am glad ye make this right use of this sweetness,
This sweet retiredness.

Dio. 'Tis sweet indeed, love,
And every circumstance about it, shews it.
How liberal is the spring in every place here?
The artificial Court shews but a shadow,
A painted imitation of this glory.
Smell to this flower, here nature has her excellence:
Let all the perfumes of the Empire pass this,
The carefull'st Ladies cheek shew such a colour,
They are gilded and adulterate vanities.
And here in Povertie dwells noble nature.
What pains we take to cool our wines, to allay us,
[*Musick below.*
And bury quick the fuming god to quench us,
Methinks this Crystal Well.—Ha! what strange Musick?
'Tis underneath, sure: how it stirs and joys me?
How all the birds set on? the fields redouble
Their odoriferous sweets? Hark how the echo's—

Enter a Spirit from the Well.

Drus. See, Sir, those flowers
From out the Well, spring to your entertainment.

Enter Delphia.

Dio. Bless me.

Dru. Be not afraid, 'tis some good Angel
That's come to welcome ye.
Del. Go near and hear, Son. [*SONG.*
Dio. O Mother, thank ye, thank ye, this was your will.
Del. You shall not want delights to bless your presence.
Now ye are honest, all the Stars shall honour ye.

Enter Shepherds and dancers.

Stay, here are Country-shepherds; here is some sport too,
And you must grace it, Sir; 'twas meant to welcom ye;
A King shall never feel your joy. Sit down Son.

A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses; Pan *leading the men*, Ceres *the maids.*

Hold, hold, my Messenger appears: leave off, friends,
Leave off a while, and breathe.
Dio. What news? ye are pale, Mother.
Del. No, I am careful of thy safety, Son,
Be not affrighted, but sit still; I am with thee.

Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, *Souldiers.*

And now dance out your dance. Do you know that person?
Be not amaz'd, but let him shew his dreadfullest.
Max. How confident he sits amongst his pleasures,
And what a chearful colour shews in's face,
And yet he sees me too, the Souldiers with me.
Aur. Be speedie in your work, (you will be stopt else)
And then you are an Emperour.
Max. I will about it.
Dio. My Royal Cousin, how I joy to see ye,
You, and your Royal Emperess!
Max. You are too kinde, Sir.
I come not to eat with ye, and to surfeit
In these poor Clownish pleasures; but to tell ye
I look upon ye like my Winding-sheet,
The Coffin of my Greatness, nay, my Grave:
For whilst you are alive—
Dio. Alive, my Cousin?
Max. I say, Alive. I am no Emperour;
I am nothing but mine own disquiet.

Dio. Stay, Sir.
Max. I cannot stay. The Souldiers doat upon ye.
I would fain spare ye; but mine own securitie
Compels me to forget you are my Uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me *Cæsar*:
For whilst you are remembred, I am buried.
Dio. Did not I make ye Emperour, dear [C]ousin,
The free gift from my special grace?
Del. Fear nothing.
Dio. Did not I chuse this povertie, to raise you?
That Royal woman gave into your arms too?
Bless'd ye with her bright beautie? gave the Souldiers,
The Souldier that hung to me, fix'd him on ye?
Gave ye the worlds command?
Max. This cannot help ye.
Dio. Yet this shall ease me. Can ye be so base, Cousin,
So far from Nobleness, so far from nature,
As to forget all this? to tread this Tie out?
Raise to your self so foul a monument
That every common foot shall kick asunder?
Must my blood glue ye to your peace?
Max. It must, Uncle;
I stand too loose else, and my foot too feeble:
You gone once, and their love retir'd, I am rooted.
Dio. And cannot this remov'd poor State obscure me?
I do not seek for yours, nor enquire ambitiously
After your growing fortunes. Take heed, my kinsman,
Ungratefulness and blood mingled together,
Will, like two furious Tides—
Max. I must sail thorow 'em:
Let 'em be Tides of death, Sir, I must stem up.
Dio. Hear but this last, and wisely yet consider:
Place round about my Grange a Garison,
That if I offer to exceed my limits,
Or ever in my common talk name Emperour,
Ever converse with any greedy Souldier,
Or look for adoration, nay, for courtesie
Above the days salute.—Think who has fed ye,
Think, Cousin, who I am. Do ye slight my misery?
Nay, then I charge thee; nay, I meet thy crueltie.

Max. This cannot serve; prepare: now fall on, souldiers,
And all the treasure that I have. [*Thunder and Lightning.*
Sould. The Earth shakes;
We totter up and down; we cannot stand, Sir;
Me thinks the mountains tremble too.
2 *Sould.* The flashes
How thick and hot they come? we shall be burn'd all.
Del. Fall on, Souldiers:
You that sell innocent blood, fall on full bravely.
Sould. We cannot stir.
Del. You have your libertie,
So have you, Lady. One of you come do it.
[*A hand with a Bolt appears above.*
Do you stand amaz'd? Look o're thy head, *Maximinian*,
Look to thy terrour, what over-hangs thee:
Nay, it will nail thee dead; look how it threatens thee:
The Bolt for vengeance on ungrateful wretches;
The Bolt of innocent blood: read those hot characters,
And spell the will of heaven. Nay, lovely Lady,
You must take part too, as spur to ambition,
Are ye humble? Now speak; my part's ended.
Does all your glory shake?
Max. Hear us, great Uncle,
Good and great Sir, be pitiful unto us:
Below your feet we lay our lives: be merciful:
Begin you, heaven will follow.
Aur. Oh, it shakes still.
Max. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge
Our base and foul intentions. Stand between us;
For faults confess'd, they say, are half forgiven.
We are sorry for our sins. Take from us, Sir,
That glorious weight that made us swell, that poison'd us;
That mass of Majestie I laboured under,
(Too heavie and too mighty for my manage)
That my poor innocent days may turn again,
And my mind pure, may purge me of these curses;
By your old love, the blood that runs between us.
[*The hand taken in.*
Aur. By that love once ye bare to me, by that Sir,
That blessed maid enjoys—

Dio. Rise up, dear Cousin,
And be your words your judges: I forgive ye:
Great as ye are, enjoy that greatness ever,
Whilst I mine own content make mine own Empire.
Once more I give ye all; learn to deserve it,
And live to love your Good more than your Greatness.
Now shew your loves to entertain this Emperour
My honest neighbours. *Geta*, see all handsom.
Your Grace must pardon us, our house is little;
But such an ample welcom as a poor man
And his true love can make you and your Empress.
Madam, we have no dainties.
Aur. 'Tis enough, Sir;
We shall enjoy the riches of your goodness.
Sould. Long live the good and gracious *Dioclesian.*
Dio. I thank ye, Souldiers, I forgive your rashness.
And Royal Sir, long may they love and honour ye.
[*Drums march afar off.*
What Drums are those?
Del. Meet 'em, my honest Son,
They are thy friends, *Charinus* and the old Souldiers
That come to rescue thee from thy hot Cousin.
But all is well, and turn all into welcoms:
Two Emperours you must entertain now.
Dio. O dear Mother,
I have will enough, but I want room and glory. (rily,
Del. That shall be my care. Sound your pipes now mer-
And all your handsom sports. Sing 'em full welcoms.
Dio. And let 'em know, our true love breeds more stories
And perfect joys, than Kings do, and their glories.
[*Exeunt*

APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline or mere 'rules.' Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versâ*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Misprints in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded when they appear to be interesting. A word or two from the printed text is attached to the variants recorded below in cases where the variant, by itself, would not be sufficiently clear.

A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

A=First Folio. **B**=Second Folio.

p. 1, ll. 3 ff. Not in A.

p. 2, l. 22. A] Ex. Lords.

p. 4, l. 23. B *misprints*] Your are.

p. 7, l. 33. A *here and sometimes elsewhere prints* Mar. *for* Queen.

p. 9, l. 24. A] God. l. 25. A] name him. l. 35. *A comma has been taken away after* Princess.

p. 10, l. 18. A *omits*] and Podramo. l. 19. A *prints* Pod. *for* Cam. l. 26. A] mothers.

p. 11, l. 12. A] feeles. l. 24. A] eyes. l. 36. A] had.

p. 12, l. 12. A] At their. l. 34. A] all on.

p. 13, l. 30. A] whipt there.

p. 15, l. 29. A *punctuates*] him in death,

p. 19, l. 18. A] vertues.

p. 20, l. 1. A] conceive she has you. l. 31. A] dead on's.

p. 22, l. 24. B] Cassander. l. 25. A] calls. l. 26. A] carin'd.

p. 23, l. 1. A] a thy.

p. 24, l. 1. A] Beside . . soules. l. 17. A] wings to our. l. 35. A] A the.

p. 25, l. 1. *A comma has been taken out after* Tony. B *reads* Tony following, and Foole following. l. 4. A] vergis. B] Veriuyce. l. 17. A] curtall'd. l. 24. A] sweet-meats.

A WIFE FOR A MONTH

p. 26, l. 26. A] a bed.

p. 28, l. 8. A] for it. l. 13. A] Enanthe. l. 38. B] late.

p. 29, l. 36. A *omits the colon.*

p. 31, l. 8. A] much may it do ye with it my. l. 11. A *omits*] Exit. l. 12. *After this line instead of the second Exit and the stage direction,* A *adds*]

And when you please, and how allay my miseries.

Enter Frederick.

To whom I kneele be mercifull unto me,
Looke on my harmelesse youth Angels of pitty,
And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrowes,
The power, the pride, the malice and injustice
Of cruell men are bent against mine innocence.
You that controwle the mighty wills of Princes,
And bow their stubborne armrs, look on my weaknesse,
And when you please, and how, allay my miseries. *Exit.*

Fred. Hast etc.

l. 38. B *misprints*] speechs.

p. 32, l. 22. A] minutes.

p. 33, l. 2. B *misprints*] Soveragin. l. 20. B *misprints*] Can.

p. 34, l. 18. A] goody.

p. 35, l. 39. B] learn.

p. 36, l. 17. A] credit yea.

p. 37, l. 10. A] desire.

p. 38, l. 25. A] honour'd. l. 27. B *misprints*] is.

p. 40, l. 1. A] my rulnes. l. 31. A *omits*] part. l. 37. B] Worship.

p. 41, l. 8. A] it too.

p. 42, ll. 14 and 15. A *inserts stage direction* Enter Cassandra *here instead of on* p. 43, ll. 20, 21.

p. 43, l. 3. A *transfers* too *from end of line to before* grown. l. 14. A] has given. l. 23. A *omits stage direction.* l. 24. A *omits* Fred. *and gives the line to* Val.

p. 44, l. 2. A] your face. l. 19. A] by her. l. 22. A] friends to tell. ll. 37, 38. A *adds the following lines, repeated from* p. 42, ll. 25—34 *with slight differences:*

Fred. You have the happinesse you ever aim'd at,
The joy, and pleasure.
Val. Would you had the like, Sir.
Fred. You tumble in delights with your sweet Lady,
And draw the minutes out in deare embraces,
You lead a right Lords life.
Val. Would you had tryed it,
That you might know the vertue but to suffer,
If anger, though it be unjust and insolent
Sits hansomer upon you then your scorne, Sir.
Fred. You cleerly, etc.

p. 46, l. 5. A] to Valerio. l. 6. A] off, l. 31. A] excellence in honesty.

APPENDIX

p. 47, l. 5. A] ye. l. 6. A] ye.

p. 48, l. 17. A] lyen.

p. 49, l. 1. A] speak, is.

p. 50, l. 27. A] dare.

p. 51, l. 6. A] what is.

p. 52, l. 9. A] vilde.

p. 53, l. 6. A] Tameris.

p. 54, l. 1. A] in a Coach. l. 8. A] Raines. l. 26. A] cold,

p. 56, l. 17. A] juster then thine, in. l. 19. A *omits*] thee. l. 31. A] times. l. 37. A] mine.

p. 57, l. 23. A] rights.

p. 61, l. 29. A] a my. l. 36. A *omits stage direction.*

p. 62, l. 8. A] Gallenatius. l. 11. A] Has. l. 15. A] an't. l. 38. A] flung i'th.

p. 65, l. 12. B *misprints*] abilily. l. 16. A] Eason. l. 23. A] outsides.

p. 66, l. 34. B *misprints*] me.

p. 67, l. 22. *A comma has been added at the end of the line.* l. 34. A] Abidig. l. 35. *Repeated twice in error in* A.

p. 69, l. 25. A] And woe.

p. 71, l. 32. B] swell.

p. 73, l. 1. B] Majors. l. 8. A] you have.

THE LOVERS PROGRESS.

p. 74, ll. 3 *to end of page not in* A. l. 10. *A comma has been substituted for a full stop after* Calista. l. 20. B] Lemeor.

p. 75, l. 10. *A comma has been supplied at the end of the line.* l. 26. A] glister.

p. 78, l. 24. A *adds after* Oratory] tickle her to the quick,

p. 79, l. 31. A *omits*] as.

p. 81, l. 4. B] knee'ld. l. 16. A] honour. l. 33. A] Oke. *A superfluous* t *takes the place of the comma at the end of the line.*

p. 82, l. 9. B] Clender.

p. 83, l. 21. B *misprints*] languishng.

p. 85, l. 8. B *misprints*] Cla. l. 33. A *adds* his *after* of.

p. 88, l. 4. A] mettle.

p. 90, l. 25. A *omits*] is.

p. 95, l. 6. B *misprints*] Cal.

p. 97, l. 1. B *misprints*] as.

p. 98, l. 24. A] it blowes. l. 32. A] a pieces.

p. 99, l. 7. A] some cure. l. 35. A] feld'st.

p. 101, l. 16. A] Ex. Manet. Cal. Clarin. Stayes Calist. l. 23. B *misprints*] Cla. l. 25. A] but you.

THE PILGRIM

p. 102, l. 22. A] with ye. l. 28. B *misprints*] Col.
p. 103, l. 23. A] dranke. l. 34. A] he's.
p. 105, l. 6. A] lock'd his graces.
p. 106, l. 5. A] afflict you.
p. 107, l. 5. A] burn. l. 6. A *omits*] it. l. 8. A] faith and dull. l. 34. A] never.
p. 108, l. 13. A *omits the second*] do. l. 39. A *omits*] in.
p. 110, l. 22. A] kill cow.
p. 111, l. 21. B *misprints*] hyprocisie.
p. 112, l. 17. A *omits*] doth. l. 23. B] loves. l. 31. A] hopes.
p. 114, l. 6. B *misprints*] Dor. l. 39. A *omits*] Hark, a Song *and inserts it after* clean, p. 5, l. 20.
p. 115, l. 6. A] beds .downe. l. 18. A *omits the second*] welcom.
p. 119, l. 4. B] coversation. l. 5. A] yon'd. l. 29. B] understand.
p. 120, l. 2. A] wil'ing. l. 36. B *misprints*] net.
p. 121, l. 5. A] your fathers. l. 18. A] kinsmen. l. 23. A and B] Chrysantes.
p. 122, l. 16. B] Ghosty.
p. 125, l. 20. B] Clorindon.
p. 126, l. 3. A] Mistris.
p. 131, l. 16. A] to a.
p. 133, l. 30. A] Womens.
p. 136, l. 8. A] sake. l. 21. A] misery's.
p. 138, l. 5. A] ever.
p. 142, l. 14. B *misprints*] dequeath.
p. 147, l. 19. B *misprints*] you. l. 35. A] and I.
p. 149, l. 20. A and B] Crysanthes.
p. 150, l. 11. B] Leon. l. 29. A and B] Crysanthes.
p. 151, l. 27. A and B] of.
p. 152, l. 16. B] nor.

'THE PILGRIM.

p. 153, ll. 3 *to end of page not in* A.
p. 154, l. 2. A *omits*] and.
p. 155, l. 32. A] family, I hate young. B *misprints*] Pearo.
p. 156, l. 36. A] sort.
p. 157, l. 28. A] tettish.
p. 159, l. 5. A *omits*] and. l. 16. B *misprints*] 1 Beg.
p. 160, l. 24. A] ye' are hartly. l. 36. A] knew.
p. 161, l. 11. A *omits*] and.
p. 162, l. 3. A] mediate. ll. 5 and 11. A] Are ye...ye on. l. 35. A] ye have. l. 40. A] appeares.

APPENDIX

p. 163, l. 9. B *misprints*] calimities. l. 15. A] do ye. l. 20. A] you holy wounderers. l. 23. A] Have. l. 25. A] he is. l. 39. A *omits stage direction.*

p. 164, l. 1. A] O' me. l. 8. A] Tis so too true. l. 9. A] engraved. l. 18. A *omits*] so. l. 26. A] ith ayre. l. 28. A] Ye amaze. l. 34. A] hang'em all.

p. 165, l. 9. A] Her band.

p. 166, l. 26. A] upwards.

p. 167, l. 2. A] but ye. l. 6. B *misprints*] stilI. l. 17. A] Shalt.

p. 168, l. 8. A] Teresse. l. 37. A] Jumping-Jone. l. 38. A] joggle.

p. 169, l. 17. A] o' foot. l. 18. A] shall be.

p. 170, l. 12. A] Ye. l. 13. A] flea. l. 23. A] Loper *here and on* p. 171, l. 8. l. 34. A] nor harshly.

p. 171, l. 10. A] well what :

p. 172, l. 34. A] upon me.

p. 173, l. 25. A] as you.

p. 174, l. 8. A and B] Loper.

p. 175, l. 37. A] vildly.

p. 176, l. 12. A] sue to thee.

p. 177, l. 4. A] will.

p. 178, l. 20. A] filde.

p. 181, l. 24. A] Loper.

p. 182, l. 29. A] O.

p. 183, l. 1. *A full stop has been added at the end of the line.* l. 15. B] let.

p. 184, l. 13. *A mark of interrogation has been substituted for a colon.* l. 25. A] Fastwes.

p. 185, l. 1. B] me. l. 20. A] know. l. 34. B *misprints*] now.

p. 186, l. 33. B *punctuates*] me ; when ye see me,

p. 187, l. 22. B *misprints*] Jap.

p. 188, l. 6. B *misprints*] Alphoso.

p. 190, l. 37. A] his corum.

p. 191, l. 19. A] Goffer.

p. 195, l. 18. B] shold.

p. 196, l. 18. A *omits*] Mast. *and continues speech as* Ped.'s.

p. 197, l. 35. A] Sigonia.

p. 199, l. 8. A] yond...scape. l. 30. A *adds after* Posie:] Prick me, and heale me.

p. 200, l. 7. A] coxcomes. l. 30. A] a'.

p. 201, l. 1. A] Is't it not. l. 19. A] I shall.

p. 202, l. 17. A] shall be. l. 26. A *omits the 2nd comma after* heavier.

p. 203, l. 1. A] content. l. 7. B *misprints*] 3. l. 33. A] Has been tormented.

THE CAPTAIN

p. 204, l. 24. A] O'. l. 33. A] O'. l. 36. A] to guid.

p. 205, l. 31. A] should now. l. 35. A] the mine.

p. 206, l. 23. A] by th' word...ye. l. 32. A] 'th as in (*i.e. omits* been).

p. 207, l. 14. A] decarded. l. 26. A] where this. l. 27. A] scar. l. 34. A *omits* Rod. *and gives both speeches in error to* Ped.

p. 208, l. 3. A] Keep us thus.

p. 209, l. 7. A] mackrels. l. 32. A] shee-foole.

p. 210, l. 7. A] do ye. l. 9. A] plumb. l. 27. A] cares.

p. 211, l. 11. A] pig thy. l. 18. A] cod pice. l. 38. A] Heaven.

p. 212, l. 13. A] like he.

p. 214, l. 12. A *omits*] a.

p. 216, l. 3. A] Segonia.

p. 217, l. 11. A *omits*] do. l. 22. A] stroke. l. 37. A] I see. l. 40. A] Simon.

p. 218, l. 19. A] Segonia.

p. 219, l. 7. A] gambals. l. 36. A and B *punctuate*] choice men,

p. 221, l. 4. A] is as fine a place. l. 7. A] any away.

p. 222, l. 28. A] Segonia.

p. 223, l. 19. A] Segonia.

p. 224, l. 2. A] For there.

p. 225, l. 1. *A full stop has been added at the end of the line.* l. 6. A] ye.

p. 227, l. 29. A] *A semi-colon has been added after* nothing.

p. 228, l. 32. A] Segonia.

THE CAPTAIN.

p. 230, ll. 3 *to end of page not in* A. l. 9. B] Julia. l. 27. B] Clara.

p. 232, l. 20. A] a war. l. 37. A] Oh God.

p. 233, l. 3. A] not percell.

p. 235, l. 3. A] for gods. l. 7. A] behold. l. 21. A *gives from here to* Fra. l. 23. A] O God what. l. 24. A] if were...thank God. l. 36. A] decaid crare of.

p. 236, l. 5. A] ya're. l. 7. A] as? she. l. 19. A *omits*] wench. l. 20. A *omits* Clo. *and gives the line to* Fran.

p. 237, l. 22. A] If God had.

p. 238, ll. 27—32. A *divides thus*] such...will...let. ll. 33—35. A *divides into 2 ll. at*] love.

p. 239, l. 2. A] thank God.

p. 240, l. 34. A] a'th. l. 35. A] good God.

p. 241, l. 5. A] 'ath Cithron. l. 37. B] ought.

p. 242, l. 21. A] swallows.

p. 244, l. 26. A *omits comma after*] modest. l. 29. A] a conscience. l. 35. A] will you.

APPENDIX

p. 245, l. 5. A] deadly. l. 6. A] has held...good God. l. 8. A] dare. l. 22. A] ye would.

p. 246, l. 5. A] have strooke. l. 30. A *adds at end*] omnes.

p. 247, l. 5. B *misprints*] up. l. 8. A] to God. l. 14. A] of my. l. 17. B *misprints*] that. l. 31. A] Pox a. l. 34. A] make. l. 38. A] mischiefe.

p. 248, l. 6. A] And seasons. l. 40. A] a'th.

p. 249, l. 9. A *here and often elsewhere*] Jacamo. l. 24. A] Cat skins.

p. 250, l. 29. A] heads. l. 32. A] suffering.

p. 251, l. 8. A] are ye. l. 37. A] sinews.

p. 252, l. 11. B] 'll. l. 13. A] yet 'a.

p. 253, l. 19. A] he were. l. 20. A] He could. l. 22. A] of their. l. 37. A] opinions.

p. 254, l. 4. A] in need. l. 13. A] yon.

p. 255, l. 12. A] orethrow.

p. 256, l. 13. A *omits*] have.

p. 258, l. 9. A *omits*] and Jacomo. l. 22. A *gives this line also to* Fred. l. 23. A *omits*] Fred.

p. 259, l. 10. A *omits*] will. l. 32. B *misprints*] Faih.

p. 261, l. 24. A] purge your.

p. 262, l. 16. A] thank God. l. 22. A *here and often elsewhere prints* Angilo.

p. 263, l. 14. A] mongst.

p. 264, l. 30. A] Pray God.

p. 265, l. 34. A] God pardon.

p. 266, l. 18. A] pottage.

p. 268, l. 14. A] trucks. l. 34. B *misprints*] stavre.

p. 270, l. 21. A] ha been.

p. 271, l. 18. A] I, though you. l. 29. B] so be. l. 31. A] t'were.

p. 272, l. 32. A *omits*] t'.

p. 273, l. 31. A] Tyre-wench. l. 33. A] for Gods.

p. 274, l. 33. A *omits*] O me.

p. 275, l. 10. A] it has. l. 11. A] to Jove. l. 15. B] quamish. l. 29. A *omits the comma after* honest. l. 33. A] away for Gods sake Julio. B] away, Julio.

p. 277, l. 2. A] you yet.

p. 278, l. 16. A] I was. l. 21. A] When you.

p. 279, l. 21. A] disgrace you. l. 38. A] Shart?

p. 280, l. 21. A *omits*] a. l. 22. A] Codpeeece.

p. 281, l. 19. B *misprints*] IV. l. 24. A] be he mine Host. l. 26. A] bitten.

p. 282, l. 3. A *punctuates*] parcells here, l. 5. A] vellet. l. 7. A] sudd. l. 17. A] pray to God thou. B] pray thou. l. 37. A] yon.

p. 284, l. 3. A] has. l. 35. A *omits*] all.

THE PROPHETESS

p. 285, l. 20. A] Marry God bless. B] Marry bless.

p. 286, l. 13. A] pox a. l. 18. A] you too. l. 39. A] thank God.

p. 287, l. 11. A] this way. l. 33. A] Pray God.

p. 288, l. 23. A] Brother fly. l. 36. B *misprints*] A.

p. 289, l. 7. A *gives this line to* Jac. l. 16. A] to God. l. 20. A] please God. l. 26. A] 'a will.

p. 290, l. 25. A *adds*] God, *before* I. l. 26. A] S'blood ye. l. 30. A] S'blood but.

p. 291, l. 3. A *omits*] and Servants. l. 9. A] For heaven God sake. l. 23. A] for God. l. 31. A *omits stage direction.*

p. 292, l. 17. A *adds*] *Exeunt.*

p. 294, l. 16. A *omits*] not.

p. 296, l. 36. B *misprints*] bead.

p. 297, l. 21. A *puts mark of interrogation after* stone.

p. 298, l. 33. A *gives* That thou *to previous line.*

p. 299, l. 2. A] fires. l. 11. A] Gods will. l. 15. A] help ther. A] Gods sake.

p. 300, l. 9. A] Yon.

p. 303, l. 7. A] you are.

p. 304, l. 15. B *misprints*] Lod.

p. 305, l. 23. A] Had. l. 29. A] Art sure it was. B *omits*] it.

p. 306, l. 2. A] old leg. l. 13. A *adds*] and *before* go. l. 15. A *omits*] will. l. 22. A *adds*] more *before* loth. l. 26. A *continues*] If so *and omits* Fran. *in line below.* l. 35. A] y' faith.

p. 307, l. 34. A *prints* It *at end of line instead of beginning of following line.*

p. 308, l. 1. A] head, add Probatum. l. 11. A *adds*] above *after* wench. l. 19. A] God send.

p. 309, l. 2. A] Lift. l. 4. A] do you. l. 13. A] that you. l. 15. A *omits*] I. l. 31. A] jest. l. 33. A] Gentlewoman.

p. 310, l. 6. A] the strongest. l. 10 (*in small type stage direction*). A] goes his wails.

p. 311, l. 16. A] counterfeit it crying. l. 22. A] a face.

p. 312, l. 2. A] off, the fresh. l. 15. A] lift.

p. 313, l. 17. B] hastly. l. 32. B] Clora?

p. 314, l. 14. A] Enter Father and Servant. l. 36. A *omits stage direction here and inserts it on* p. 315, l. 3.

p. 315, l. 5. B *misprints*] unepected. l. 14. A] slubberd. l. 25. A] that that.

p. 316, l. 2. A] began.

THE PROPHETESS.

p. 320, ll. 3 *to end of page not in* A.

p. 322, l. 23. A *adds*] now *after* not.

p. 324, l. 7. A] is set. l. 23. A] Have.

APPENDIX

p. 325, l. 6. A] a foot. l. 14. A] ye may. l. 32. A *omits*] of. l. 33. A *omits*] the.

p. 327, l. 18. A] can ye.

p. 328, l. 20. A *punctuates*] Or rather, (mark. l. 31. A] at last.

p. 329, l. 9. A] South-sayer.

p. 330, l. 25. A] that Cannon...give ye.

p. 331, l. 26. A] into ye.

p. 333, l. 13. A] have ye. l. 26. A] you will.

p. 334, l. 8. B *misprints*] rememher. l. 11. A] do do.

p. 335, l. 23. A] comforts.

p. 338, l. 6. B *misprints*] Centurius. l. 17. A] parts.

p. 339, l. 34. A *omits stage direction.*

p. 342, l. 28. B *misprints*] fulfull. l. 29. A *omits stage direction.* l. 36. A *prints marks of interrogation instead of exclamation.*

p. 347, l. 28. A] the Satyre of.

p. 348, l. 17. A] hats.

p. 351, l. 25. A] as the mid. l. 27. A] Watch.

p. 353, l. 15. A] those.

p. 354, l. 16. A] am no where, Sir.

p. 355, l. 22. A] pleasures.

p. 356, l. 31. A] Ian flames shot.

p. 358, l. 22. A] hold but up. l. 28. A] aspect...tells.

p. 359, l. 36. A] my great fortune.

p. 360, l. 25. A] ye now.

p. 361, l. 1. A] Not stop. l. 3. A] Sigh that.

p. 362, l. 19. A] Divels.

p. 364, l. 8. A] much upon.

p. 365, l. 5. A] few poor fugitives.

p. 367, l. 2. A] pleasure.

p. 370, l. 1. A] Though now like. l. 7. A] I love. l. 31. A] the least.

p. 371, l. 1. A] scatter 'em. l. 12. A] keeps.

p. 374, l. 4. A *omits*] and. l. 13. A] Courage is.

p. 375, l. 11. A] my. l. 29. A] What a.

p. 377, l. 25. B *misprints*] Soveraginsy.

p. 381, l. 1. B] are.

p. 385, l. 6. B *misprints*] quiely.

p. 387, l. 7. B *misprints*] Dousin.

END OF VOL. V.

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